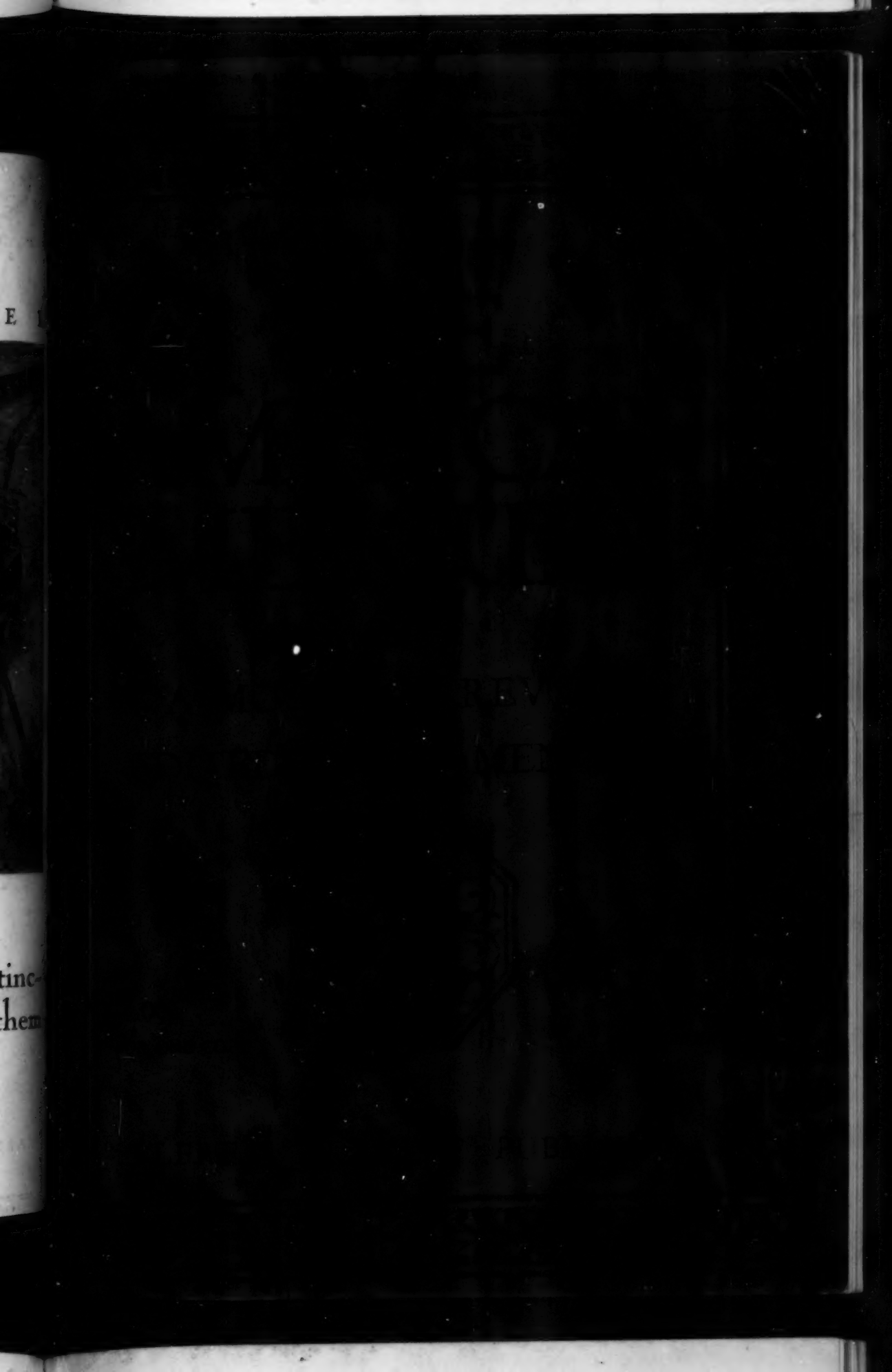

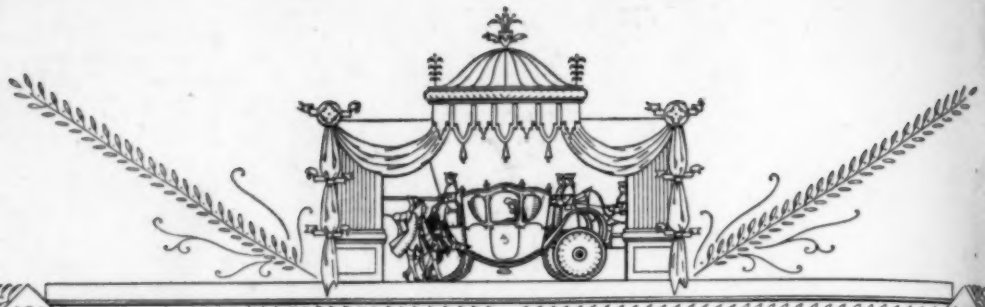

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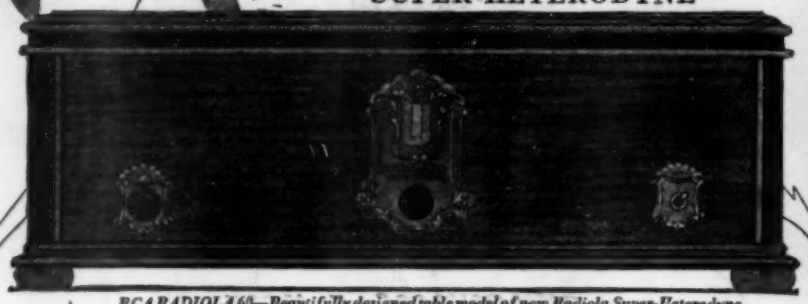

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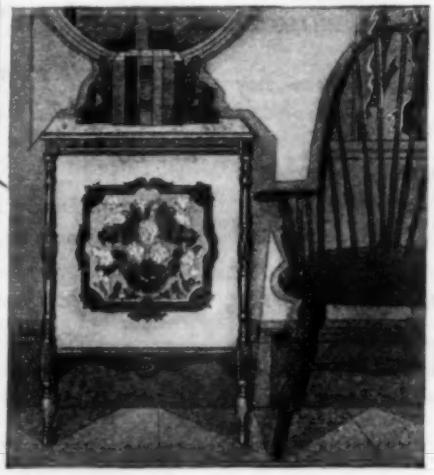

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VOLUME XVI February 1929 NUMBER 62

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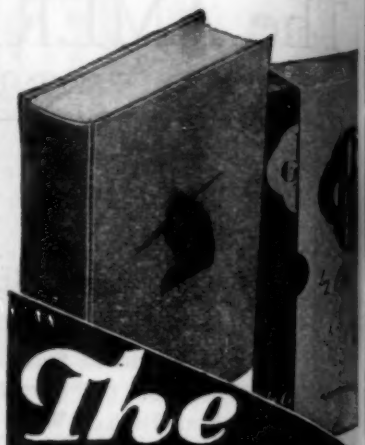

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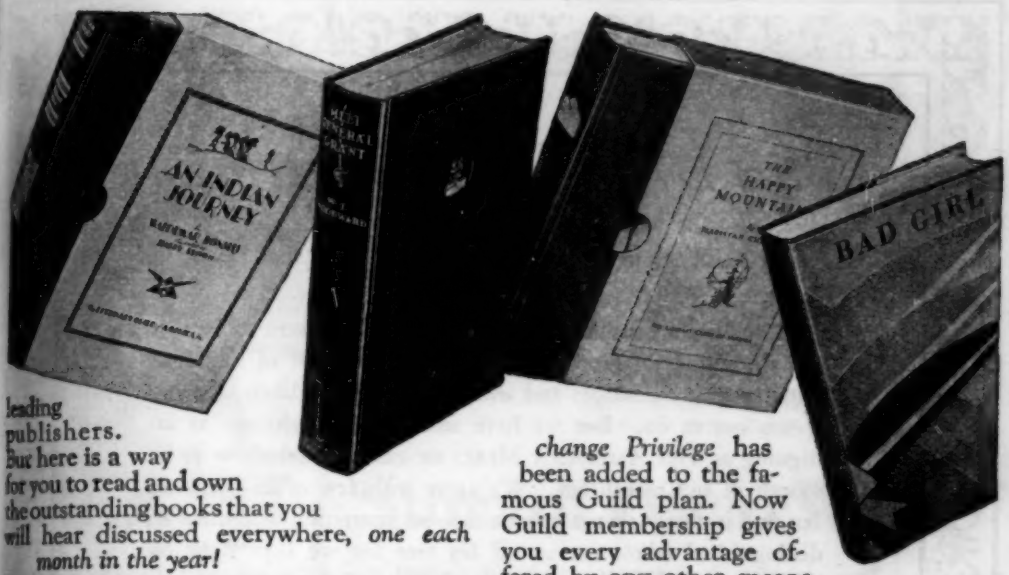

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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

UNPOPULAR ESSAYS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.
By Moorhouse F. X. Millar. *The Fordham University Press*
$2.50 9½ x 6¼; 214 pp. *New York*

Father Millar, who is a Jesuit, is professor of the scholastic philosophy of government and of historical research at Fordham, and professor of constitutional law in the Fordham Law School. The essays which make up his book are reprinted from *America* and the *Catholic World*, and cover a wide range, but in general one idea informs them: that the remedy for the current sorrows of the world is to be found in the teachings of the Catholic Church. Most of the liberties which Americans now believe they possess, argues the author, are the fruits, not of the Eighteenth Century, but of the Catholic canon law. The doctrine of equality before the law, for example, he traces back to Jonas of Orleans, who lived in the time of Charles the Bald. In Catholic Spain in the Sixteenth Century, he says, "liberty was far more advanced than it was in England even in the time of George III." Father Millar's arguments show a vast learning and a great ingeniousness. His book sadly wants an index.

EMOTION AS THE BASIS OF CIVILIZATION
By J. H. Denison. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 5¾; 555 pp. *New York*

The author's thesis here is that the thing which holds men together in society is not the force of ideas but the force of emotions. It is by experiencing the same feelings that they get the sensation of likeness, and so act in large groups. This fact is so obviously true most of the time that it scarcely needs argument; unfortunately, there are also times when it is not true, or only half true. Mr. Denison does not argue for it very impressively. His acquaintance with anthropology shows no sign of being wide, and not infrequently he has to torture the common meaning of words to fit his thesis, as when he quotes George Washington on page 416. His discussion of the revolutionary movements of modern times, in Chapter VIII, is extraordinarily puerile. In Chapter VI he considers gravely an idiotic pronunciamento by the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Altogether, his book is amateurish and of little value. What is sound in it might have been said in much less space. It has a brief bibliography and an index. Who the author may be does not appear. He is introduced by Dr. George Foot Moore, professor of the history of religion at Harvard, but one learns only that "he has travelled widely and observed intelligently."

THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING. *Guesses & Forecasts of the Years Ahead.*
By H. G. Wells. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 324 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This is a reprint of twenty-six newspaper articles, all of them dated 1927, together with a lecture delivered at the Sorbonne on March 15 of that year. There is nothing very novel or important in the collection, but in even the least of Wells' writings there are always the marks of a lively and enterprising mind. Here he discusses such things as the uproars in China, the doings of the Fascists, the future of labor, the situation of the British Empire, the movies, airships, radio, psychical research, and the sins of Americans. One of the articles deals with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Wells says in the book that the American newspaper which contracted for one of the chapters—apparently the New York *Times*—paid for it, but failed to print it. Another article, a reply to certain strictures of Lord Birkenhead on novel writing, "suffered exceptionally in the London version."

LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
By Harry Elmer Barnes. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 392 pp. *Indianapolis*

The civilized man of today, says Dr. Barnes, "departs more widely from the intellectual equipment and outlook of Henry Ward Beecher than that of Beecher did from the knowledge and view-points of the age of St. Augustine." In fifty years the world has become transformed, not only in its ideas but also in its everyday ways of living. Dr. Barnes traces this transformation in detail, showing how it came about, what problems it has brought with it, and what plans have been projected for their solution. He deals in detail with certain factors of change—the vast improvement in communications, the rise of the new capitalism, the practical achievements of the sciences and especially of chemistry, the vicissitudes of democratic theory, and the new movements of peoples. He says in his preface that he has endeavored to keep his own theories out of the discussion, but more than once they force themselves into it. He is obviously a thoroughgoing libertarian, and hence in opposition to compulsion in every form, whether it show itself as war or as mere social or industrial oppression. At the end he prints an interesting chapter on the new history, in which he argues eloquently that "the

Continued on page x

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Continued from page viii

naïve simplicity and dogmatic certainty of the older history must be abandoned," and that the historian of the future must "adopt a tentative and empirical attitude toward historical causation and accept a pluralistic outlook." The book has a good index, and bibliographies follow the different chapters.

THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.
By J. A. Spender. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 324 pp. *New York*

Mr. Spender, until 1922 editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, is a journalist of long experience and great skill, and so his discussion of the United States as he found it in 1927 is marked by accurate observation and a sound common sense. He first describes his tour through the country, then discusses some of the fundamental problems of American politics and life, and then takes up the vexed matter of British-American relations. The salient mark of the United States, as he sees it, is its exaltation of the business man. Even the statesman is less admired, and so there is little incentive for young men of ability to go into politics. "The American is convinced that he is doing the chief part of a citizen's duty in pursuing business. . . . Far too little of the brains and character of the country is going into its public affairs. . . . The majority of Americans seem to be convinced that if only they stick to business everything else will cure itself." The book needs an index.

THE NEW MORALITY.
By Durant Drake. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 359 pp. *New York*

Dr. Drake, who teaches philosophy to the lovely girls at Vassar, appears to be a Liberal of a mild and cautious type, and not unlike, in his ideas, a somewhat advanced suburban rector. He is against violence, even when it appears under the color of law, and he speaks up boldly for such naughty reforms as birth control, but he is convinced that "no one has a moral right" to violate the Volstead Act, and he inclines to believe that some sort of censorship of books and the theatre is necessary, at least so long as "few of our youths grow up quite healthy-minded." He has little to say that is new, but on the whole he acquits himself respectably. His book should have an index.

ADAM SMITH. 1776–1926.
The University of Chicago Press
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 241 pp. *Chicago*

The substance of this book formed a series of lectures delivered at the University of Chicago during the months of December, 1926–February, 1927, to commemorate the sesquicentennial of the publication of "The Wealth of Nations." Some of the chapter titles will give a good idea of the range of the discussions: "The Founder of a School," by Jacob H. Hollander; "Adam Smith and the Currents of History," by John Maurice Clark; "Smith's Theory of Value and Distribution," by Paul H. Douglas; "Adam Smith and Laissez Faire," by Jacob Viner; and "Adam Smith: Moralist and Philosopher," by Glenn R. Morrow.

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD VIEW.
By William Kay Wallace. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 316 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wallace argues that "the religious world-view" is outmoded, and that "the word *divine* no longer expresses a valid social motive." It is not sufficient to try to reconcile science and religion; the fact must be recognized that religion has almost passed out of the consciousness of the more civilized varieties of men. There remains the need of something to take its place as a moving force. Mr. Wallace believes that that something is to be found in the desire for efficiency—not in its common and sordid sense, but in the sense of an intelligent scheme for bringing the behavior of man into harmony with natural forces. "Morality," he says, "remains the ultimate fact of experience, the spiritual ground that makes possible a good life. Science, by offering intellectual certitude in the place of the vague surmises of religion, marks a step toward the emancipation of man." The book has an index, but no bibliography.

WHITHER MANKIND. *A Panorama of Modern Civilization.*
Edited by Charles A. Beard.
Longmans, Green & Company
$5 8¼ x 5¼; 408 pp. *New York*

In general, this book is optimistic in tone. Dr. Beard says in his preface that it represents an attempt to grapple realistically with "the assumption that science and the machine are two invincible facts with which all must reckon who write, teach, preach, lead, or practise the arts in our time." In place of "visions of despair," the volume "substitutes a more cheerful outlook." The editor simply chose his contributors, and then threw them overboard, to sink or swim. Among them are Bertrand Russell, who discusses science; Emil Ludwig, whose theme is war and peace; John Dewey, who discourses on philosophy; Havelock Ellis, who has the family for his subject, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who write about labor. Other contributors are Hendrik Willem van

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Continued from page x

Loon, Carl Van Doren, Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, Julius Klein, Lewis Mumford, James Harvey Robinson and George A. Dorsey. Finally, there is an epilogue by the editor. There is not much in the book that is new, but most of the chapters are plausible and readable. An index is sadly lacking.

THE BALANCE OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.
By Robert R. Kuczynski. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 7¾ x 4¾; 140 pp. *New York*

Dr. Kuczynski holds that, despite the present excess of births over deaths, the population of Europe is almost certain to decline. That excess, he says, is largely a statistical delusion. It is caused by the fact that, at the moment, an extraordinarily large proportion of European women are of the child-bearing age. As they pass beyond that age, or die, it will be found that they have left behind them insufficient female children to take their places, and so, unless there is an improbable leap in the birth-rate, the population will begin to decline. Dr. Kuczynski believes that the death-rate among adults is approaching a minimum, and cannot decline much further. The present study is confined to Western and Northern Europe. It will be followed by a volume dealing with Southern and Eastern Europe, Africa, and Asia, and by another covering North and South America, and Australia. The author was trained in the Berlin Statistical Office under Richard Boeckh. His investigation was supported by the Brookings Institution.

HEADING FOR WAR.
By W. H. Edwards. *Payson & Clarke*
$1.50 7⅜ x 5⅛; 161 pp. *New York*

This is a rapid survey of the political and military condition of the Great Powers of Europe. Dr. Edwards' conclusion is that "there are greater latent dangers in the present situation than in the situation of 1908." Surely not a novel observation, but one well worth repeating.

FORTHRIGHT OPINIONS WITHIN THE CHURCH.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$2.50 7⅜ x 5¼; 334 pp. *New York*

In April, 1928, in Providence, R. I., was held the fifty-fourth congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Like its predecessors, it passed no resolutions, but devoted itself wholly to the discussion of dominant problems within its fold, such as diocesan organization, Prohibition, the unity of all Christian churches, and church training for marriage. The general chairman was Bishop-coadjutor Charles Lewis Slattery, of Massachusetts. The present book is a record of the discussions. Save in the discussion on Prohibition, where much disagreement was shown, the delegates, it seems, really had very little to say to one another. As Bishop Slattery pointed out in his closing address—a masterpiece of blarney, by the way, even for the heir to the throne of Bishop Brooks—, they were all united in their stand for loyalty "to our Church as it is now organized" and in their support of the secular government.

HISTORY

DESERT DRUMS. *The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 1540–1928.*
By Leo Crane. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 9 x 6; 393 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Crane, after years as an Indian agent among the Hopis and Navajos, was transferred to New Mexico in 1919 and put in charge of the Pueblo Indians. There he remained until his retirement from the service, a year or two ago. His book is devoted in part to the history of the Pueblos and in part to his own experiences among them. He served throughout the term of Albert B. Fall as Secretary of the Interior, and has much that is both amusing and shocking to say about the ideas and doings of that great statesman. But the most interesting portions of his book describe the daily life of his charges. Catholics for centuries, they yet cling to many of the customs of their ancestors, and so their ceremonials are full of color and they frequently revert to acts that give a conscientious Indian agent grave concern. Mr. Crane seems to have got on with them capitally, and to have acquired a genuine liking for them. They face changes, and their future looks dark. "The Pueblo drums," says the author, "are still throbbing, but the Pueblo Indian has become distinctly the product of a garbled environment, and is today neither don nor chief, neither savage nor peon. Perhaps this will the sooner make of him a mediocre citizen of the United States." The book is handsomely illustrated and contains a good map of the Pueblo country, but there is no index.

EVANGELIZED AMERICA.
By Grover C. Loud. *The Dial Press*
$4 8⅜ x 5¾; 373 pp. *New York*

This is a rapid survey of all the evangelical movements that have cursed the United States, from the Great Awakening of the Seventeenth Century to the Foursquare Gospel of today. It is little more than a reporter's job. The author reveals no new insight into the perennial theological disease, and his facts,

Continued on page xiv

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though accurate, are by no means new. A much more serious defect, however, is his inclination to seek some vague sort of good in the doings of such performers as Cartwright, Moody and Sankey. He thinks that they "preached repentance to a nation, made it better, brought its people closer to their God." The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD. 1918–1928.
By C. Delisle Burns. *Payson & Clarke*
$3.50 9⅜ x 5¾; 473 pp. *New York*

This is an outline of the political history of the world since the Armistice. It is accurate and well told. In the appendix there is much valuable material, including a list of the chief treaties, a chronology of events from November, 1918, to May, 1928, a collection of brief biographical notes, and a bibliography. The maps, however, leave something to be desired. They are too small and too bare of important data.

WHEN LOVERS RULED RUSSIA.
By V. Poliakoff. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 284 pp. *New York*

For the greater part of the Eighteenth Century Russia was, officially at least, a matriarchy. The four women who sat on the throne of the Empire in that period were Catherine I, Anna, Elizabeth, and Catherine II. All of them, with the exception of Catherine the Great, of course, were nothing more than illiterate prostitutes, and it was their numerous lovers who really ruled Russia, and not they. The government of these favorites, naturally, was a tremendous burden on the nation, and forms one of the most scandalous chapters in the history of the Empire. Mr. Poliakoff presents an excellent picture of what went on in the royal palace at the time, and how the country suffered as a result. There are twelve illustrations.

TEXT-BOOKS

NATURAL CONDUCT. *Principles of Practical Ethics.*
By Edwin Bingham Copeland.
The Stanford University Press
$3.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 262 pp. *Stanford, Calif.*

This is a combination text-book of civics and ethics, intended apparently for college freshmen. On the whole it is no better and no worse than such things go. It is full of preposterous definitions of the good, the right, the ethical and the moral, and the usual admonitions to be thrifty, honest, public spirited, healthy and "mentally clean." But it goes further than this, since the author pretends to base his thinking on solid scientific grounds. He is convinced that there is "a general agreement of religious and scientific ethics," and that "Christian morality is valid ethics." On the latter point he feels very strongly, especially in its implications regarding the married state. "The temporary disparity of the sexes due to modern wars or emigrations does not justify polygamy, sanctioned or illicit, at all. Even a whole state which so offends may properly be disciplined by its neighbors." Mr. Copeland was formerly dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines, and instructor in bionomics at Stanford.

READINGS IN PUBLIC OPINION.
Edited by W. Brooks Graves. *D. Appleton & Company*
$6 8¾ x 5¾; 1281 pp. *New York*

On the whole this is a good book. Most of the men represented are prominent in their respective fields and have something to say. Among them are Walter Lippmann, Floyd Henry Allport, President Lowell, John B. Watson, Dr. Freud, Professor A. N. Holcombe, Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Norman Angell, Bruce Bliven, Leon Whipple, Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell, Graham Wallas, Charles Evans Hughes and Oswald Garrison Villard. But there are also represented such platitudinarians as Otto H. Kahn, the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Edward L. Bernays, Calvin Coolidge, and Bruce Barton. They, however, do not occupy much space in the book, nor do the idiotic review questions at the ends of the chapters. There is a fourteen-page introduction by Professor Clyde L. King, of the political science department of the University of Pennsylvania, in which he develops the profound thesis that "public opinion is at once an agency of social direction and of social control. As such, no more important subject lies at the threshold of successful democracy." Dr. Graves, the editor, is professor of political science at Temple University.

MODERN ENGLISH IN THE MAKING.
By George H. McKnight & Bert Emsley
D. Appleton & Company
$4 8 x 5; 590 pp. *New York*

This history of English has many merits. It is comprehensive, it is well-informed and it is clearly written. Beginning with the chaos that prevailed in the Fourteenth Century, the authors show how the language was gradually brought within bounds by a long succession of writers and printers, and how it finally took its present form. There are excellent chapters on the movement toward formalism in the Eighteenth Century, on the rise of American English, and on the recent rebellions against the tyranny of the grammarians. Such subsidiary matters as spelling and punctuation are adequately discussed, and there is a good summary of the recent history of pronunciation. The book is not for philologians, but

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HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR

by George A. Dorsey

The reasons why we do certain things and do not do others—why people, including our bosses, our associates, friends, wives, children or father and mother, act as they do is a mystery that is now rapidly being revealed. In his *new* book the author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" has taken the most vital and interesting of these mysteries, and made them fascinatingly clear, in terms the general reader will understand. $3.50

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for the general reader. It fulfills its purpose admirably. Some of the manuscripts illustrated are reduced too much to be quite clear. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. *A Tragic History.*
By Lytton Strachey. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8¾ x 5¾; 296 pp. *New York*

The Virgin Queen comes out of this excellent book one of the greatest paradoxes and "one of the supreme diplomatists of history." She was perhaps the shrewdest and most vigorous ruler England ever had, but it is also true that she was of "dissimulation, pliability, indecision, procrastination, parsimony" all compact. Of genuine charm she had plenty, but the facts also reveal that "she swore; she spat; she struck with her fist when she was angry; she roared with laughter when she was amused." And in her relations with her male courtiers she could be both dignified and outrageously coarse. Of marriage she once said, "I hate the idea," but she spent all her adult days in playing with it, and finally sent her most ardent lover, Essex, to the block because he took her amorousness seriously and assumed all the prerogatives of one truly beloved. Mr. Strachey tells her story with all that charm of style and thorough scholarship for which he has become famous. He is still the master of them all, and his would-be imitators would do well to try to imitate him more closely. He is never cheap; he never stoops to that bastard and putrid form of modern literature, "imaginative biography," the refuge of lazy historians and hair-brained novelists. There are a good bibliography and a good index, and six fine illustrations.

MOUSSORGSKY.
By Oskar von Riesemann. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8¼ x 5½; 429 pp. *New York*

Moussorgsky was one of the five men—the others were Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodine, Cui and Balakirev—who made the new music of Russia. Like the others he began as an amateur, but unlike them he remained an amateur to the end. Educated for the army, he spent four unhappy years as an officer, and then began long years of drudgery in the civil service. In his later years he took to drink, and toward the end he was a sorry figure indeed—poor, shabby and more or less irrational. His greatest work, "Boris Godounov," he wrote between the years 1868 and 1874. It was produced in the latter year (with extensive cuts), but seems to have made very little impression. Not until Rimsky-Korsakov reorchestrated it (and considerably bowdlerized it) did it come to success on the stage. Today it is popular everywhere. Various attempts have been made to produce a version more in harmony with the manner of the composer, but without success. Herr von Riesemann's book is the best on its subject yet published. In its preparation he had the aid of many surviving friends of the composer and of a number of other Russian authorities. In an appendix he prints a chronological list of the works of Moussorgsky and a bibliography of Russian, German, French, English, Italian and Dutch books and articles discussing him. The book has a good index.

THE JAMES GORDON BENNETTS. *Father and Son.*
By Don C. Seitz. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 8⅜ x 5⅜; 405 pp. *Indianapolis*

Much of what Mr. Seitz has to say about the elder Bennett has been said before, especially by Frederic Hudson, who was his managing editor for many years and the author of the highly admirable "History of American Journalism," and by Isaac C. Pray, author of "James Gordon Bennett and his Times." But the chapters dealing with the younger one contain a great deal that is more or less new. The book, however, shows haste in its preparation. It is badly organized, and the writing is heavy and lifeless. There are twenty-one illustrations.

SCHUBERT, THE MAN. *A Biography of Franz Schubert.*
By Oscar Bie. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 215 pp. *New York*

The title here is somewhat misleading. Herr Bie actually devotes but thirty-nine pages to Schubert the man. The rest of his interesting book is given over to a detailed discussion of the Schubert music, beginning with the piano pieces, and proceeding to the songs, the chamber music, the symphonies, and the operas and choral works. Herr Bie's high rating as a Schubertian is instantly apparent. What he has to say about composition after composition is not only acute and illuminating; it is also often new. His discussion is illustrated with many musical examples, and there are numerous other illustrations. The excellent translation from the German is by Jean Starr Untermeyer. The book sadly lacks an index.

FRANZ SCHUBERT: *The Man and His Circle*
Newman Flower. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 369 pp. *New York*

In this book, which deals wholly with Schubert the man and omits all criticism of his music, there is

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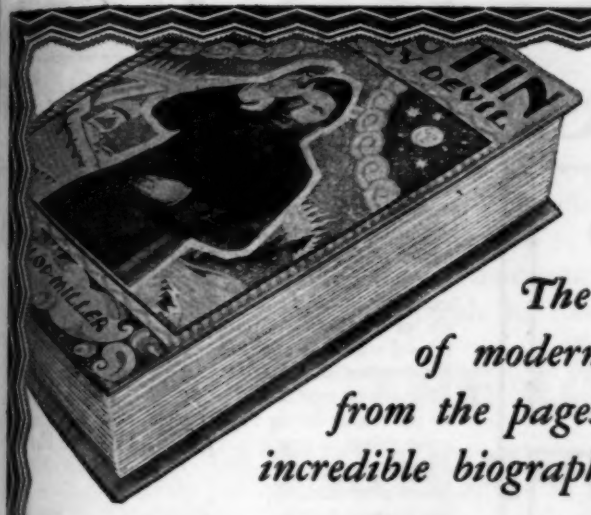

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much new material. Mr. Flower, who is an Englishman, went to Vienna to study the original sources, and had the aid of a number of Schubert authorities, including Professor Otto Erich Deutsch. In two directions he opens new ground: in his intelligent and extensive use of the Luib correspondence and in his use of little-known records by Schubert's friend, Eduard von Bauernfeld. He develops a fact that few Schubertians are aware of: that the composer became infected with syphilis in 1822, and was greatly afflicted by the disease during the six years following. Among other things, it cost him his hair, and caused him, at least for a while, to wear a wig. It probably also explains his withdrawal from the Fröhlich circle, and his frequent moods of black depression. It was not, however, syphilis that killed him, but typhus. Mr. Flower tells more about him than is to be found in any other book in English. Scores of his friends pass in review, and there is a great deal of intimate and interesting matter about them. The volume is well illustrated, and there are excellent bibliographies and an exhaustive index.

THE COLVINS AND THEIR FRIENDS.
By E. V. Lucas. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 365 pp. *New York*

The Colvins were possible only in London. It is there alone that all the various upper classes have contact with one another, and a poet may be influential in politics, as a politician may be an authority on Aristotle, counterpoint or dry-point etching. In his own person Sidney Colvin represented such an amalgamation. A member of a well-to-do county family, whose money had come from India, he turned journalist after leaving Cambridge, and then became, in succession, an art and literary critic, an amateur archeologist, Slade professor of fine arts at Cambridge, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum there, and finally Keeper of Prints at the British Museum. Meanwhile, he met almost everyone, from Gladstone to George Meredith, and from J. R. Green to Lord Curzon. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of his closest friends. Joseph Conrad was another. He wrote a competent life of Keats, and a huge monograph on early Italian engravings. After a courtship of twenty years he married a learned widow, Mrs. Sitwell, and their house within the gates of the British Museum became a resort for all the young writers and artists of London. Finally, he died at 82, leaving a huge mass of letters from the great and not so great. In the present book Mr. Lucas presents some of these letters—from Mrs. Stevenson, from Conrad, from Henry James, from scores of others. Not many of them are of great interest, but they at least throw light upon a long, a

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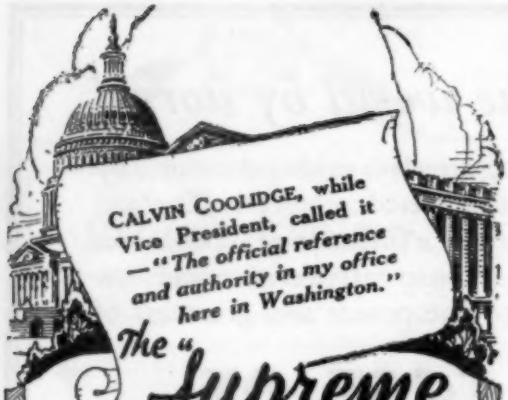

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busy, and, on the whole, a very useful life. Colvin was a second-rater, but in the curious society of London he had his function. He was a sort of liaison officer in general practise. He helped to organize and orient the civilization of his time in England.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COLLEY CIBBER. *By Dorothy Senior.* *The Rae D. Hinkle Company*
$5 9 x 5⅜; 286 pp. *New York*

Cibber was one of that large group of fourth-raters whose chief claim to remembrance lies in the fact that Pope included them in his celebrated "Dunciad." He tried his luck at acting, at poetry and at playwrighting, and did each of them very badly. His odes, in fact, are among the worst in the language. Miss Senior's study of him is rather sketchy, but is a very fair job. The appendix occupies nearly half the book, and includes a complete reprint of one of Cibber's most-talked-of plays, "The Careless Husband." There are several fine illustrations.

SIXTEEN AUTHORS TO ONE. *By David Karsner.* *The Lewis Copeland Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 290 pp. *New York*

The authors that Mr. Karsner discusses are Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Eugene O'Neill, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Christopher Morley, Clarence Darrow, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, Ben Hecht, Konrad Bercovici, Upton Sinclair and Will Rogers. With some of them he has had long acquaintance, and with all of them he has had more or less contact. When he attempts criticism he is not always felicitous, but his pictures of his subjects in their homes are always vivid and not infrequently illuminating. Accompanying each sketch there is a wood-cut portrait by Esther M. Mattson. Those of Dreiser and Lewis are the best.

THE SCIENCES

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF JUAN DE MARIANA. *By John Laures.* *The Fordham University Press*
$3 9⅜ x 6¾; 319 pp. *New York*

Mariana was born in Spain in 1536 and spent the whole of his mature years in the Jesuit order. His history of Spain is still valued by scholars, and he was long notorious for his doctrine, set forth in "De Rege et Regis Institutione" (1599), that tyrannicide is morally justifiable. But he was also an economist of considerable attainments, and in the present volume Dr. Laures, himself a Jesuit, summarizes his political

Continued on page xxii

FOR THAT FIRESIDE PARTY—when it's cold and blustery outside, you're bound to settle down to a snug, jolly evening at home in front of a blazing fire. As you reach for a book we suggest:—

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson. John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and Thomas Hardy ranked him with W. H. Hudson. William Rose Benet ranks him with Thomas Hardy. While this is his first novel, he is already known to many people through *Tarka The Otter,* published last year and awarded the Hawthornden Prize. Among the six best sellers in England, we recommend it as the outstanding book of the Spring published by this firm.

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night and had an eerie feeling that burglars or ghosts were prowling around? That's how you feel all the way through **THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED,** a new type of ghost-mystery novel by Samuel Emery. It's the Dutton Mystery for February.

What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man? Sheila Kaye-Smith answers in **THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, the Dutton Book of** the Month for February. A new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith is an event in the publishing world.

Insatiable demand is a guide to good books. To satisfy that demand we are issuing a new edition of Mary Webb's **PRECIOUS BANE** with an introduction by Premier Stanley Baldwin. Over 50,000 copies sold in England the last two months.

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FALSEHOOD IN WARTIME, a completely different type of book, tells how the assorted governments spread assorted lies during the Great War. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., presents the evidence.

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It might seem strange to publish a golf book in mid-winter, but **IDA BROKE,** The Humor and Philosophy of Golf, like the *Compleat Angler,* is a book for any season. Grantland Rice wrote the introduction to Chick Evans' opus.

If you like the story of those adventurous men who explored the Americas you will like **BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS** (Father of the Indians). Marcel Brion created this vivid biography of one man who dared take the part of the Incas against the Spanish Conquistadores.

Our colleges have received a full measure of sensational publicity, but very little comment based on fact. James Anderson Hawes, travelling secretary of D. K. E., evens the balance by writing of his **TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR OLDS.**

Sir Francis Younghusband's **THE COMING COUNTRY,** will fascinate you; an allegorical novel; a modern Pilgrim's Progress.

The fireside is a perfect place to find spiritual peace. For this, no book could be more fitting than **WHO IS THEN THIS MAN?** a life of Christ by Melanie Marnas, translated by Henry Longan Stuart.

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and economic ideas. He conceived the state as a sort of voluntary association, ordained by God but waiting for its appearance upon human initiative. He regarded the sovereign as a sort of agent, and believed that the grant of powers made to him by the whole people might be withdrawn. On the economic side he was a vigorous advocate of sound money, and argued against inflation with great ingenuity and eloquence. He was unquestionably a man of wide learning and great originality, but most of his writings sank into obscurity and have been reëxamined only lately. This neglect Father Laures ascribes to the fact that both non-Catholics and Catholics were arrayed against him. The former disliked his defense of tyrannicide, and the latter feared that it tended to compromise the Jesuit order. The present volume is very well made. It contains a preface by Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia, and a good brief life of Mariana. At the end the original Latin text of his "Monetæ Mutatione" is reprinted, and there are a bibliography and an index.

WHENCE AND HOW THE UNIVERSE?

By J. Guibert. *The Ecclesiastical Supply Association*

$4.50 8½ x 5¾; 631 pp. *San Francisco*

This lengthy and somewhat formidable book may be accepted as an authoritative statement of the Catholic position on the evolution question. The author, Father J. Guibert, was for many years professor of the sciences at the École Supérieure de Théologie at Issy, near Paris, and the text of the French edition from which the present translation was made was revised by his successor, Father L. Chinchole. The translator is Dr. Victor A. Bast, professor of science at St. Joseph's College, Mountain View, Calif., and the book appears under the imprimatur of the Vicar General of San Francisco and is dedicated to the Archbishop thereof, Mons. Edward J. Hanna. It shows a wide range of information and a very enlightened spirit. The author does not hesitate to set forth doctrines that are plainly heretical, and to point out plausibilities in them. He accepts evolution as a fact, and marshals the evidence for it, astronomical, geological and biological, with considerable skill. He thinks it probable that life originated on earth, not in one primitive form, but in several forms. He grapples with the difficulties presented by Genesis with ingenuity, and holds that what is set forth therein is "limited to a popular historical narrative," and therefore need not be taken too literally. When he comes to the origin of man he argues that the immense differences between the lowest man and the highest of the lower animals points to an act of special creation "at a very remote period, whose date science

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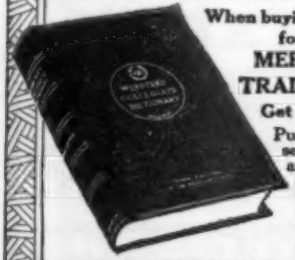

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cannot determine, but which may be more than 15,000 years," but the question whether this special creation was confined to putting reason into some animal then existing or involved the fabrication of a complete human pair—this he does not attempt to answer. The extensive bibliography has been revised by the translator. Unfortunately, the book has no index.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ADOLESCENT.
By Leta S. Hollingsworth. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¾; 227 pp. *New York*

The author, who is an associate professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia, combats the common notion that there is a "magic change" at puberty. The special problems of adolescence, she says, strike back into childhood and often carry themselves into maturity. But there is nevertheless a "psychological weaning" during the teens, and on its management by parents depends, to a large extent, what happens afterward. The author dismisses the work of the late G. Stanley Hall as mainly of "historical interest." Her bibliography includes not only scientific works, but also biography and fiction. Her book has an index.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.
By C. G. Jung. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5.50 8¼ x 5¾; 410 pp. *New York*

These papers cover a period of ten years or more, and differ widely in theme. They include a long essay on psychical energy, a chapter on "Mind and the Earth" written for Count Keyserling's "Mensch und Erde," two essays on women and marriage, one on the sexual life of students (at the Swiss universities), one on the relation of psychoanalysis to poetry, one on the psychological foundations for the belief in spirits, one on instinct and the unconscious, a lecture on psychological types, and four on education. Dr. Jung's dullness is well-known. He lacks almost completely the literary skill of Freud and Adler. But what he has to say here is frequently interesting and sometimes novel and important. The faithful translation is by H. G. and Cary F. Baynes. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden. It lacks a bibliography, but has a good index.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIAL LIFE.
By Henry Pratt Fairchild. *John Wiley & Sons*
$2.75 8 x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fairchild, who is professor of sociology at New York University, explains in his preface that he

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was led to write this book by the fact that, in giving various courses in the social sciences, he found it necessary to begin them all with a review of "certain fundamental facts about man, society, and the world, and the relations of each to the others." This review, somewhat amplified, he now presents. It is adroitly arranged, well informed, and sensible. Beginning with a consideration of man the animal, it proceeds to a discussion of the basic problems of psychology and sociology, with side glances at half a dozen other sciences. The author coördinates his complex material very competently, and his commentary is always careful and sound. Human progress, he believes, depends upon free inquiry. "No social form or institution must be regarded as too sacred to be submitted to critical examination and analysis, not monogamy, nor monotheism, nor the Constitution of the United States. No doctrine can be regarded as too new or novel to be given a chance to justify itself, not feminism, nor free love, nor communism." There is a short bibliography at the end, and following it an index.

ANTHOLOGIES

GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE WORLD. *Edited by Barrett H. Clark.* *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$5 9¾ x 6; 1407 pp. *New York*

This formidable volume runs to 700,000 words and weighs more than three pounds. The biographies reprinted are well selected and include some of the best ever written. Among the authors represented are Voltaire, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Goldsmith, De Quincey, Emerson, Sainte-Beuve and von Ranke.

NOT AT NIGHT! *Edited by Herbert Asbury.* *The Vanguard Press*
$2 7¾ x 5; 386 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of tales of horror, and was first printed in England. The stories are almost bare of literary merit, but they are at least sufficiently shocking. There are twenty-five of them. The editor supplies a preface.

MISCELLANEOUS

WALT WHITMAN'S WORKSHOP. *A collection of Unpublished Manuscripts. Edited by Clifton Joseph Furness.* *The Harvard University Press*
$7.50 10¾ x 7¾; 265 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

The notes and other papers here printed all see type for the first time. Some of them are in the Library of

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Congress and some come from the collections of private persons. They include a long and extremely interesting series of notes for lectures, another series on slavery, the text of a political pamphlet that Whitman prepared during the campaign of 1856, introductions written for various American and English editions of "Leaves of Grass," and a brief manifesto entitled "To the Foreign Reader." It is not recorded that the notes ever became actual lectures, though Whitman, in his early days, was not a stranger to the platform. They show him giving thought, not only to the things to be said, but also to the right way of saying them. His political pamphlet apparently never got to publication; it exists today only as a set of proof-sheets. It shows Whitman as a violent opponent of slavery, and, taken in connection with his notes on slavery, probably explains some of his difficulties during the years before the Civil War. Mr. Furness has edited all these curious and instructive papers with great competence. His notes are copious and full of interesting matter. The book is printed in the quarto form that Whitman preferred, and shows certain peculiarities of punctuation borrowed from the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass." It is bound decorously in gray boards with a black back, and makes a very sightly volume. There are many illustrations, mainly reproductions of manuscripts.

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH APHORISMS. *Collected by Logan Pearsall Smith.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company* $2 7½ x 5¼; 262 pp. *Bellow*

The only Americans represented in this collection are Emerson, William James and Benjamin Franklin. All the others are English, and they range in time from Francis Bacon to Shaw. In his excellent fifty-page historical survey of the English aphorism Dr. Smith quotes Lord Morley's statement: "The obvious truth is that in this department our literature is particularly weak, while French literature is particularly strong in it. With the exception of Bacon, we possess no writer of apophthegms of the first order," and argues that his collection disproves it completely. One wonders whether it does. The fact is that about four-fifths of the aphorisms here are pretty banal. Had Lord Morley included in his statement Dr. Johnson, the Earl of Chesterfield and perhaps one or two others, he would have told the whole truth. Such men as Hazlitt, Shelley, Thackeray, Ruskin, Gibbon, Bagehot, the two Samuel Butlers and even Swift did not shine in the art of composing "short pithy strassments containing truths of general import," to follow the definition given by the Oxford Dictionary. Maybe it is only a second-rate art, in which only second-rate men dazzle. Aristotle and Plato and Kant and Darwin and Keats and Tolstoy were very bad at it.

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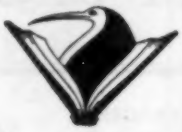

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THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

BY H. H. SAWYER

IF THE President of the United States should die or resign or for any reason be unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, any schoolboy can tell you that the Vice-President would succeed to that office, and that if there were no Vice-President, then the members of the Cabinet would succeed in the order fixed by the Act of January 19, 1886. But who can answer the following questions?

If a Cabinet officer succeeded to the Presidency, would he fulfill the unexpired term of the President or would his position be only temporary?

If a Vice-President succeeded to the Presidency, and himself desired to resign, could he discharge the Secretary of State so as to appoint a man of his choice to succeed himself in the Presidency?

If the House of Representatives impeached a President, could he be removed or suspended from office during the pendency of the trial, or would he continue to exercise the powers and duties of the office until tried and convicted?

If a Vice-President became President by reason of the President's inability to act, would he relinquish the office on the President's disability being removed? And who would have the power to determine and declare the President's inability to act, and when the disability was removed?

If a President-elect should die or resign before his inauguration, who then would become President?

These questions baffle both schoolboys and statesmen, yet they are likely to arise in practise at any time and demand immediate answers. Few questions regarding the presidential succession have ever been decided until an emergency arose, and then they had to be decided hastily in the midst of disputes and turmoils. Under such conditions the settlement has sometimes proved to be as unsatisfactory as the dispute. Most of these questions could be decided at any time by act of Congress, but some of them may call for constitutional amendments. In any case, they are all of sufficient importance to warrant whatever procedure is necessary to set them at rest.

The American government is proverbially one of checks and balances, but in the succession to the Presidency there are many things that neither check nor balance. A few times in our history the failure of the machinery to work has led perilously near to insurrection or secession. In the election of the third President there was a tie vote in the Electoral College, a contingency that should have been foreseen from the beginning, but was not provided for until the Jefferson-Burr fiasco demonstrated the inadequacy of the then existing provisions of the Constitution for electing Presidents. The Adams-Jackson contest of 1826, when no candidate received a majority of the electoral votes, showed that a situation might arise in any State at any time when there would be a contest over which party's presidential electors had the right to vote, as later happened in the Tilden-Hayes controversy. The Johnson impeachment trial showed that there

might be danger in permitting a President to occupy the office while under impeachment, and that it would be especially dangerous if the impeachment were for treason during time of war or great danger. But no action has yet been taken to remedy the situation.

No Cabinet officer has ever yet succeeded to the office of President. Whether, when succeeding, such an officer becomes the *actual* President, or only the *acting* President *ad interim*, and whether he may fill out the unexpired term has never been brought to the test. Some laws have been passed regarding the question, but they are not as clear as they ought to be. In 1792 Congress provided that in the absence of both President and Vice-President the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and if there were none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives, should succeed to the office of President until the disability of the President or Vice-President was removed or a new President elected. The act also provided for electing a new President in such cases. "The Secretary of State shall thereupon cause a notification to be made to the executives of every State, and a new election shall thereupon be ordered." This act was repealed and superseded by the present law, approved January 19, 1886. The latter provides that the members of the Cabinet shall have succession in the order of the seniority of their departments, beginning with the Secretary of State. Further, it provides that any Cabinet officer succeeding

> shall *act as President* until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or a President shall be elected; *Provided*, that whenever the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States shall devolve upon any of the persons named herein, if Congress be not then in session, or if it would not meet in accordance with law within twenty days thereafter, it shall be the duty of the person upon whom said powers and duties shall devolve to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice of the time of meeting.

This law, like the former one repealed by it, indicates that a Cabinet officer does not become actual President without some further formal election, but merely acting President *ad interim*. But just how the vacancy is to be filled does not appear in the law, although it was provided for in the preceding one. Presumably, the purpose of calling Congress in extraordinary session is to provide for the election of a new President.

II

Several acrimonious debates have arisen over the right of a President to discharge Cabinet officers, and at least three laws have been passed regarding it. The first Congress in 1789 created the departments of State, War, and Finance, and provided that their heads should be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. In the debate on the bill the question of their possible removal was discussed at length. The original bill contained the clause, "to be removable from office by the President." The House of Representatives readily agreed to this provision, but the Senate, jealous of its prerogative, contended that all officers appointed with its advice and consent should be removable only with its advice and consent. When the bill came to a vote in the Senate it was a tie and the Vice-President, John Adams, cast the deciding vote in favor of removal by the President.

The law remained in effect until the quarrel between President and Congress over Johnson's attempted removal of Secretary of War Stanton, when it was repealed in the heat of that controversy and the Tenure of Office Act was passed over Johnson's veto. It read:

> Every person holding any civil office to which he has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. . . . [Cabinet officers] shall hold their offices for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Johnson considered this act unconstitutional and it was largely his refusal to

regard it during his persistent attempts to remove Stanton which led to his impeachment.

The result of Johnson's trial,—thirty-five votes for conviction and nineteen for acquital, being one less than the necessary two-thirds,—left the question of the right of a President to discharge a Cabinet officer in a worse muddle, if possible, than before. After twenty years, when the bitterness of the Johnson episode had been forgotten, Congress again reversed its position on the question and in 1887 repealed the Tenure of Office Act, leaving the question of the right of a President to discharge Cabinet officers an open one. In 1925 Chief Justice Taft, speaking for the Supreme Court in Myers *vs.* United States, said:

> On the merits we find our conclusions strongly favoring the view which prevailed in the First Congress, and we have no hesitancy in holding that conclusion to be correct; and it therefore follows that the Tenure of Office Act of 1867, in so far as it attempted to prevent the President from removing executive officers who have been appointed by him by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, was invalid and that subsequent legislation of the same effect was equally so.

Thus the Supreme Court recognizes the constitutional right of a President to discharge a Cabinet officer at any time.

But as to a Vice-President, who has become President, resigning, and dictating his successor in the Presidency by discharging the Secretary of State and appointing a man of his choice, that is quite another matter. The second section of the Presidential Succession Act, passed in 1886, reads:

> This act shall only be held to describe and apply to such officers as shall have been appointed by the advice and consent of the Senate to the offices named therein, and to such as are eligible to the office of President under the Constitution, and not under impeachment.

So that the only way in which a Vice-President become President would be able to choose his successor on resigning would be to secure the advice and consent of the Senate in appointing a new Secretary of State.

Whether a President can be suspended from office during impeachment proceedings has never been definitely settled. Strong and convincing arguments can be produced on both sides. On one side is the fundamental principle of English and American jurisprudence, that every man is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty—and impeachment is merely a formal accusation. The Constitution contains no direct reference to suspension during trial, but says, "The President shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." There is also the precedent of allowing President Johnson to continue in office during his trial.

On the other side, a careful reading and construction of all parts of the Constitution bearing on the subject might sustain the suspension of a President until trial was had. Whether the words "removed" and "removal" as used in the Constitution should be construed to include temporary suspension or only apply to cases of permanent removal is not clear. It is equally uncertain whether "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the office" and "until the disability be removed" refer to a temporary suspension from office during impeachment or are confined to the disabilities of sickness or absence. Whether or not the power to remove from office on conviction carries with it the lesser power to suspend from office during trial to remove, is a question. The further power vested in Congress to "provide for the case of removal, . . . or disability, declaring what officer shall *then act as President until the disability be removed*" lends strong color to a construction that would give the right to suspend a President during impeachment.

The precedent established by President Johnson remaining in office during his trial is not of controlling force when we take into consideration other precedents established both in England and the United States by the suspension of other officers while under impeachment. A large

number of States provide that all officers on impeachment are automatically suspended from office until acquitted. On the assassination of Lincoln, Johnson, the Vice-President, had succeeded him in office. The law then in effect provided that in such cases the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and if there were none the Speaker of the House, respectively, should succeed to the office in case of vacancy. An attempt to suspend Johnson from office would have given the appearance of Congress trying to remove him to favor one of its own members. The fact that following the trial Congress changed the succession law, providing that Cabinet officers should succeed to the Presidency instead of the officers of Congress, indicates that the situation had something to do with permitting Johnson to remain in office during his trial.

In the very nature of the case it would be dangerous to the peace and safety of the nation in time of war or other great crisis to permit a President, charged by formal impeachment with treason or other high crimes, to exercise the tremendous powers at his command until a trial could be had. The dangers of an impeached President remaining in office are well shown by C. E. Stevens in "Sources of the Constitution," where he quotes President Hayes as saying:

> Few writers or public persons have understood the real power of the American Executive. Practically, the President has the nation in his hand. He is commander in chief of the army and navy, and has control of foreign affairs. He could at any time force Congress into war with foreign powers. . . . If once war exists, the President has the "war powers" and no man has defined what those are, or placed a limit on them. The executive power is large because not defined in the Constitution. The real test has never come, because the Presidents have, down to the present, been conservative, or what might be called conscientious men, and have kept within limited range. There is an unwritten law of usage that has come to regulate an average administration; but if a Napoleon ever became President, he could make the Executive almost what he wished to make it. The power of President Lincoln went to lengths which could scarcely be surpassed in despotic principle. The scope of the executive power has never been really realized and the practical use of power by an ordinarily strong President is greater than the books ever described.

Probably it was in the minds of the framers of the Constitution that either a high sense of the proprieties of the situation would prompt a President under impeachment to call the Vice-President or the next succeeding officer to occupy the position until the trial was over, or that Congress could at its discretion suspend him from office during impeachment. At any rate, the question is still an open one.

If a Vice-President becomes President by reason of the President's inability to act, does he relinquish that office on the President's disability being removed? And who has the power to determine and declare such inability to exist and when it is removed? The question has never been answered because no Vice-President has ever had the temerity to assume the office so long as the President was living.

Six Vice-Presidents have taken the oath of office and fulfilled the unexpired terms of their predecessors, which establishes the precedent that on the death of a President the Vice-President becomes *actual* President, although the Constitution is far from clear on this point. But if a temporary vacancy were created by reason of the sickness, absence, or suspension from office of the President, and the Vice-President assumed the office, what would be his status if the President's disability were afterwards removed? The Constitution makes no provision for the Vice-President relinquishing the office once he is sworn in. He is in just the same position when he assumes the office because of a temporary vacancy as when there is a permanent removal. Custom having established that on the death of a President the Vice-President becomes President and not *acting* President *ad interim*, it would not be a far step to claim that at any time he takes the oath of office he supersedes the President.

Consideration of the office of Vice-President did not come up in the Constitutional Convention until the last days, and for that reason provision for the office was not clearly formulated. It seems from the wording, "the powers and duties . . .

shall devolve upon the Vice-President, and Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, . . . until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected," that the election of a new President was contemplated in all cases of death or permanent removal of the President. It seems clear that the intention was that the Vice-President should act as President *ad interim* during any and all vacancies in that office, but that he should relinquish the office as soon as the inability of the President was removed or a new President elected. Every reference in the Constitution bearing on the office of Vice-President carries out this idea. It does not say that he shall become President, but that "he shall *exercise the office* of President," that its "*duties shall devolve upon him*" and that he shall merely "*act* as President." If such was the plan contemplated, it has never been followed. When the first vacancy occurred in 1841, the party system having been established, the Vice-President was sworn in as President and filled the unexpired term.

Although the inability of the President to act has existed several times, no one has ever attempted to determine and declare it. On July 2, 1881, President Garfield was shot and for almost three months he was unable to perform any of the duties of his office; on September 18, following, he died. During that time the only official act which he performed was to sign his name to an extradition paper. Here was an occasion for calling the Vice-President to act "until the inability was removed," but it was not done because there was no way of determining and declaring the inability of the President. It was such a delicate matter that in the absence of an actual crisis, and with the question unsettled as to whether or not the Vice-President should relinquish the office should the President recover, Vice-President Arthur could hardly take the responsibility of assuming to act, and the whole nation was left in a state of uncertainty. In 1919, when President Wilson left the country to attend the Peace Conference in Europe, there was no way to determine whether or not his absence constituted "inability to act."

If a Vice-President assumed the "powers and duties of the office of President" then he would be bound to act until it was determined that the disability of the President was removed, but there is now no way of officially determining it. If the Vice-President were disposed to do so, he might, with the tremendous powers at his command, block any attempt to remove him. If such a situation ever arises it is likely to lead to very serious trouble. Imagine a Woodrow Wilson as President and a Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President. Would a Wilson ever voluntarily acknowledge his inability to discharge the powers and duties of the office? And if a Roosevelt assumed the Presidency, would he ever voluntarily acknowledge that a Wilson's inability had been removed and surrender the office to him? Certainly some plain and authoritative method should be provided for determining when inability of a President begins and when it ceases.

III

If the President-elect should die or resign before his inauguration, who then will become President? This question has not yet arisen in our history and therefore no attempt has been made to answer it. But recently a quite similar question arose in Mexico on the death of President-elect Obregon shortly before the date fixed for his inauguration.

There is no election of President until the Electoral College meets and the presidential electors cast their votes, which, under the present law, is the second Monday in January following the election in November. If a vacancy happened before that time, then of course the duty would clearly devolve upon the presidential electors to elect another man as President, as in 1872 the Democratic electors, on the death of

Horace Greeley, cast their votes for persons who were not candidates at the popular election. The early Presidents were elected by the presidential electors without popular vote at all. The first nominations for President were made by caucuses of Congress, and the first party conventions for nominations were in 1832. In the last century the custom was established which binds presidential electors to the mere formality of casting their ballots for the candidates of the party which has carried their respective States, but there is no law compelling them to do so.

If a vacancy happened after the electors had met and cast their ballots and these had been forwarded to the President of the Senate, then we would have a different situation and one that would be a great deal more difficult to deal with. Congress meets according to law, "on the second Wednesday in February succeeding every meeting of the electors," to canvass the electoral vote and declare the result. If a vacancy had happened in the meantime, Congress, on canvassing the vote, might declare no election of a President and turn the matter over to the House of Representatives for the election of a President, or Congress might declare the election of the Vice-President, and that on his inauguration as Vice-President he should immediately succeed to the office of President. The Twelfth Amendment provides:

> If no person have a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, then from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the lists voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. . . . And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice devolves upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in case of death or other constitutional disability of the President.

Either of the suggested solutions would be on the assumption that the Twelfth Amendment applied in case of vacancy before inauguration, but it would require a decided stretch of the Constitution to make it applicable and, besides, either one would be a very impolitic thing to do under our present party system. An election by the House of Representatives would restrict the selection of a President to the candidates of the rival parties, which would be wholly improbable under existing political conditions. On several occasions third party candidates have relied on the contingency of no choice by the Electoral College for their election to the Presidency by the House of Representatives. In the 1924 election Senator LaFollette, with thirteen electoral votes, hoped for this balance of power, and in the Harrison-Cleveland contest of 1893 General Weaver, with twenty-two electoral votes, hoped likewise. Under the Twelfth Amendment the Vice-President cannot act as President unless the House of Representatives has failed to elect a President before March 4, and a combination of two or more minority parties in the House might elect a President in opposition to the majority.

If the vacancy occurred before the second Wednesday in February, then Congress would be in session or called to meet on that date and could deal with the situation; but if it occurred after that date Congress might not be in session again until March 4, when the President-elect should take office. Other than this everything applicable to one case would be equally applicable to the other, as Congress has no duty to perform regarding the election save to canvass the votes and declare the result.

In order to make the point clear, let us suppose that both the President-elect and the Vice-President-elect have died or resigned. There would be no Cabinet officers to succeed, as they are not appointed until the President takes office, so that the Presidential Succession Act offers no solution. The President in office might hold over, but there is no provision for his doing so. The Constitution says, "He shall hold his office during the term of four years." It does not provide that he shall serve after the expiration of his term until a successor is elected and qualified. To permit him to

do so would encourage him to hinder rather than aid in a solution of the tangle. If a majority of Congress were of a different political party from the President we can be sure that he would not be permitted to hold over, and to permit it even though he were of the same party would be a dangerous political precedent and undoubtedly would not be done in the absence of some clear authority.

The President in office might call Congress in extraordinary session to cope with the situation,—a thing provided for in the Presidential Succession Act,—but the time is so short that the term of the President in office might expire before Congress could pass a bill, and there might not be a constitutional President to either sign or veto the bill when it was passed. If Congress did assemble, it is by no means certain that it could agree on any plan, especially if the House and Senate were controlled by different political parties, or if the President were of a different political faith from Congress.

Altogether, the most likely thing for Congress to do would be to provide for the reassembling of the presidential electors to elect another President. There is nothing in the Constitution repugnant to the idea that electors hold their offices for four years and that they may be called together at any time during that period for the purpose of filling a vacancy. On the contrary, all parts of the Constitution touching the subject indicate that the method originally intended for filling vacancies was by the electors. It says: "President and Vice-President . . . shall be elected as follows: . . . The electors shall meet . . . and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President. . . . If no person have a majority, then the House of Representatives shall choose a President. Congress may determine the time of choosing electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes." Congress has already provided that "each State may by law provide for the filling of vacancies which may occur in its College of Electors when such college meets to give its electoral vote." The old Succession Act of 1792 provided that in case of vacancy in both the Presidency and Vice-Presidency the executives of the States should be notified and a new election ordered, which at that time simply meant the calling of the presidential electors together to choose a new President. Section 131 of the Revised Statutes now recognizes meetings of the presidential electors other than the ordinary presidential election. The present Succession Act provides for calling Congress within twenty days after a vacancy. These laws indicate that the Electoral College could be reconvened to elect a President.

Recalling the presidential electors might be objected to on the ground that they would not agree on any candidate and therefore no election would ensue. A sufficient answer is that the Constitution provides in that case that the House of Representatives shall at once elect a President from the three candidates receiving the highest number of votes. However, there is nothing to prevent submitting to the presidential electors candidates agreed upon by conventions, caucuses, or by the national committees.

The really serious danger of the present situation lies in the fact that Congress has not anticipated and provided for all the "cases of removal, death, resignation or inability of the President and Vice-President." It is certain that Congress could better provide for such vacancies before they happen than it ever will in the haste and excitement bound to prevail when an emergency arises. If a vacancy happened during a close political contest, or if either political party could gain any advantage by any law proposed, or if the House and Senate were controlled by different parties, then it might become extremely difficult if not downright impossible to frame and pass the necessary legislation.

THE SAD CASE OF PORTO RICO

BY LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

Two major problems perplex the old Spanish province of Porto Rico, arising out of its enforced relationship to the United States. One deals with the consequences of American economic development, the other with cultural Americanization. Both go to the root of the drama now being acted on that gorgeous stage; both are portentous in their potentialities.

The importance of the economic problem is obvious to all, whatever their views or interests. Americanization is more insidious. The tendency works while you sleep. It changes the expression of your eyes, the form of your paunch, the tone of your voice, your hopes of Heaven, what your neighbors and your women expect of you—all without giving you a chance to fight back, without even presenting to you the dilemma of fighting back or not. Certainly no two things are more important than to have what you want and to live as spontaneously as you can manage. These two hopes are now in process of being shot to hell in my country.

The American flag found Porto Rico penniless and content. It now flies over a prosperous factory worked by slaves who have lost their land and may soon lose their guitars and their songs. In the old days most Porto Rican peasants owned a few pigs and chickens, maybe a horse or a cow, some goats, and in some way had the use of a patch of soil. Today this modest security has been replaced by a vision of opulence. There are more things that they can't get. The margin between what they have and what they can imagine has widened monstrously. While there are many more schools for their hungry children and many more roads for their bare feet, their destiny is decidedly narrower now than it was when they were part and parcel of one of the most interesting and incompetent nationalities in the world.

In 1898 Porto Rico was a semi-feudal country, typical of the old Spanish provinces in America, willing and capable of assuming with a natural grace and a natural awkwardness its position in the Spanish commonwealth of provinces, or to venture into a simple, old-fashioned Latin-American national form. Its economics were those developed by Spain in the tropical New World: fiscally rotten, socially humble and sound. Culturally, it was a slow, calm place. Racially, it shared with Costa Rica one peculiarity: a predominantly unmixed European peasantry—if Spain be Europe.

Schools were few, roads were fewer; chickens laid eggs under thatched cottages, goats cavorted outside and were corraled for a milking and sometimes killed for a stuffing, the squeal of pigs and not of factory whistles woke up the countryside. Pale, wiry, moustached, sleepy-eyed men tumbled out of hammocks pulling up their trousers for the day, and barefooted women in terribly starched dresses of many colors began preparing strong coffee in iron kettles and serving it steaming in polished cocoanut shells. Although Porto Rico was not then one of the great sugar producing centres of the world, there was usually sugar at the bottom of the cocoanut and the sleepy-eyed man stirred it lazily with a wooden spoon, tasting it with his eyes and his nose. Inside the hut the brats wailed; one of them soothed itself by find-

ing five eggs, certified by cackles, under the floor, another by plucking from the wall the image of the Virgin, printed in screaming blue and red. The men left for the field to cut cane, to lead the oxen on their sugar grinding merry-go-round, to prune or pick the coffee bushes in the sloping shade of the tall guavas, to pick and seed the cotton or sift the tobacco leaves or spade in their masters' truck field. As they wound their way along the coastal plain or twisted along the precipitous mountain paths a very few pennies jingled in their pockets.

At noon the *jibaro* comforted himself, for two cents, with a tumbler of rum bought at the store under the ceiba tree, and went home to a meal of codfish with sweet potatoes and rice mixed with beans. The rice and beans were plentiful; he ate of them until he had enough, and then he slept. After the day's work he loafed in the starlight, sang fantastic songs, usually depicting a topsy-turvy grandeur of some sort, made love to one or two girls, and then went home and made love to his wife.

Of a Sunday, he might with a number of his friends eat a barbecued pig, get drunk in the shade and go to a cockfight. If there was sickness in the family, the master of the plantation would send his doctor, and the master's wife might send some quinine or rhubarb or cadillo leaves. I don't believe he ever went to bed hungry or muddled through a spell of sickness without attention.

As he could not read, it was unlikely that he would discover that Porto Rico's total production for the year came to something less than $9,000,000, and that 950,000 human beings were living, sleeping, eating, drinking, feasting, gambling, singing, and loving on that money.

His master, the feudal lord, rose out of an enormous mahogany bed, washed his hands and face in cold water out of an enamelled bowl with a design of roses, and breakfasted on a cup of coffee, rolls, butter, and cheese. Then he shouted for his horse and rode over his land, seeing that everyone was at work, inquiring after those who were sick or lazy, listening to gossip, giving advice on marriages. It was not until later in the morning that, coming upon a secluded bend of the stream where the *pomarrosales* bent over the water, he took off his clothes and bathed.

He owned his house; his hills and ravines were lightly mortgaged or not at all; he chose out of several horses for his tours of his domain; he bred, bought or swapped roosters to uphold the honor of his judgment; he fathered his men gruffly or kindly, intelligently or stupidly. Perhaps he wanted a house in the nearest town, or, perhaps not in the nearest town but in the capital of the district. Maybe some day he would even move to San Juan. Someone had a horse or a rooster he coveted. They said that Madrid was a lively place, but it would probably bore him, so far from home, where no one would know him or greet him with deference or seek his advice. His son might be sent across to study, and might receive a visit from his parents during his last year at the university. It was a long trip though.

In San Juan, a city of many colors crowded within thick brown walls, occasional carriages clattered over the cobblestones; high ceilings made cool dark interiors; a rare cocoanut shell mounted in silver gave evidence in certain old houses of the time when glassware was an infrequent importation; the cafés were clubs where politics and women were discussed over ice cream, chocolate, or rum; and a bowlegged mulatto was famous as a procurer. Regional autonomy had been granted by Spain, and a native Cabinet with a native Premier ruled the green fields and polychromatic towns.

If you didn't own a house, you might own one. If you didn't have a carriage, you might have one. If you did have these goods and a little money in the bank for a trip to Madrid or Paris now and then, you were at the top, and peace, romance, or prestige were your remaining goals. Porto Rico was a land of opportunity. Oppor-

tunity in a serene Spanish sense. Opportunity within classes. All that a man of a given class could imagine himself as attaining, he could attain. His economic imagination wasn't stimulated by the brash parade of contraptions which were later to become badges of honor and tokens of social superiority. You didn't have much, and you could only want a little more. There was only one millionaire on the island, but there were many lords and masters of the soil.

II

Presto, the flag! The one and only. The magic carpet on which Rotary, benevolence, and interference fly over the crumbling liberties and inefficiencies of the earth. It found a dignified little world, bearing with an easy penury, playing the *tiple*, and dreaming of a moon which was attainable. Its servitors set to work to transform that little world into a hasty one, pushing great iron wheels, slipping innumerable bills of lading across Grand Rapids desks, and dreaming of automobiles, which are mostly unattainable. "Mother," the troubadours used to sing.

> I bought a toy
> In the market-place of love.
> How pretty it was, oh, how pretty it was,
> But what price I had to pay!

But soon they were singing:

> The automobile, oh, mother, is something
> That surprises all people, oh, mother,
> And is prodigious.

Spain had recently granted Porto Rico an autonomous form of government. The island was run by Porto Ricans under a responsible Cabinet system, and the Governor-General, barring his military command, was as purely ceremonial as his colleague of Canada. Porto Rico had control of her customs, a measure of treaty-making power, sixteen representatives in the Madrid Cortes. She was empowered to develop her economic life as best suited her tastes and interests. Her statesmen and politicians had the future in their hands. Theirs was the responsibility for molding this quiet lovely place into an image of unassuming prosperity and justice. Porto Rico is small, not very complex, and the task was—and is—an easy one, if only it be undertaken in a spirit of objective statesmanship, with no axes to grind.

But there seems to be a feeling in the United States against permitting others to be responsible for their own welfare. Under American rule the native Cabinet, tolerated at first, soon found its existence made unendurable by the encroachments of the Military Governors. It resigned. A mongrel system of government, under the Foraker Act, took the place of the ample autonomy established by Spain. The Lower House was elected by popular suffrage. The Cabinet was the Upper House, blithely combining legislative and executive functions. This Cabinet-Senate was composed of six Porto Ricans and five Americans, all appointed by the American authorities.

It was not difficult to find six adequate Porto Ricans. They were found. But, although a community can be ruled by a few men willing to rule it in a nice way, some kind of supporting majority is demanded by the democratic yen. So a majority was found. To be a member of this majority all you had to do was to proclaim yourself an ardent American in bad English, or in no English at all. If you were a member of the majority, you could become a street-cleaner or a health inspector, or you could recommend some poor henchman for either job.

Then the tariff wall was thrown around the island. Sugar became the chief beneficiary and cane spread over the valleys and up the hillsides like wildfire. The Spanish economy had been somewhat haphazardly predicated on small land-holdings. The American economy, introduced by the Guanica, the Aguirre, the Fajardo and other great *centrales*, was based on the million-dollar mill and the tight control of the surrounding countryside.

By now the development of large absentee-owned sugar estates, the rapid cur-

tailment in the planting of coffee—the natural crop of the independent farmer—, and the concentration of cigar manufacture into the hands of the American trust, have combined to make Porto Rico a land of beggars and millionaires, of flattering statistics and distressing realities. More and more it becomes a factory worked by peons, fought over by lawyers, bossed by absent industrialists, and clerked by politicians. It is now Uncle Sam's second largest sweat-shop.

It is a sweat-shop that has a company store—the United States. American dollars paid to the peons are so many tokens, redeemable in the American market exclusively, at tariff-inflated prices. The same tariff that protects the prices of sugar and tobacco, controlled by the few, skyrockets the prices of commodities that must be consumed by all. Porto Rico obtains tariff prices and pays tariff prices. The appearance of justice is maintained, but the reality is a pawn-broker's reality.

The favorable trade-balances, so naïvely emphasized by the official reports, are therefore a choice bit of irony. During the last twenty-eight years of American rule the island has enjoyed an unfavorable trade-balance only twice. In each of the other twenty-six years the exports have exceeded the imports in the same manner that the exports of a burglarized house exceed its imports. In brief, the renowned favorable balance is nothing but the profit of the absentee landlords and industrialists.

Here, as Al Smith would say, is the low-down. From 1901 to 1927 $228,000,000 was extracted from Porto Rico and reported as a favorable trade-balance. But if the island had been privileged to forego that flattering balance, a reasonable proportion of those millions would have gone into the development of its industrial resources. As the whole island is now valued at about $300,000,000, the effect of such reinvestment on the living standards of its overcrowded population would have been very important. To the American people, on the other hand, that money spread over that number of years, means nothing. Its ingress, even in one single year would have no more appreciable effect on their prosperity than a bucket of water on the tides of the Great Lakes. Yet these life-giving pennies have been filched from the pocket of a pauper by the fingers of an opulent kleptomaniac.

Of course, no such gorgeous dividends could have been declared had not the influence of American enterprise and the actual investment of American capital increased Porto Rico's output of dollars so fabulously. Certainly, the imperialists could argue if they felt compelled to, those millions represent but a small percentage of the increase of wealth brought about by the American régime. In dollars, they represent a profit of 16%. In value they represent incalculably more. The operation of the tariff against the consumer and the expanding land monopoly explain the discrepancy. So far as the bulk of the population is concerned, only an eighty-cent wage paid during six months of the year to the head of each family, and redeemable only in the world's highest market, separates them from the angels.

III

It is close contact with the United States rather than the influence of the small group of resident Americans that has given a decided, if superficial, direction to the institutional life of the island. The Y. M. C. A. has its swimming pool, its basket ball court, its inspirational talks, but I doubt that such implied notions as Christ's disapproval of cigarettes get much serious attention from the local young men. Rotary slaps backs, sings, and hears speeches in a bored and genial way, but when I gave it a somewhat fantastic talk on the culture of light ladies as an index of civilization, the members really had a good time. The Elks and Odd Fellows play with their rituals, charity becomes slightly organized, evangelical preachers thunder in the villages, Holy Rollers roll in the back alleys,

three or four prominent citizens become Protestants and are considered funny, women are beginning to be feared as the rolling-pin follows the flag, virginity still abounds and often attains to old age, but is perceptibly on the wane.

It is probably through the women that the largest doses of Americanism are being administered. The Latin-American attitude in this respect is confusing to a narrowly egalitarian world. Certainly we are wont to make a sharp nonsensical distinction between good and bad women—there is hardly any middle ground between chastity and prostitution. But this has not heretofore meant that the mere goodness of good women gave them any appreciable influence on the social point of view. Good women have been powerless and tame among us, and have grown smug in the consciousness of their hard luck. Generally speaking, there were only four things Latin women could be: old maids, wives, mistresses, or prostitutes. Now they can be girls. They can be girls for a long time. They can also be stenographers, bookkeepers, telephone operators, shop assistants, and feminists. They may speak in public and harass legislators.

Porto Rican politicians may now be publicly accused of keeping mistresses. The charge doesn't come near defeating them, but evidently there is some suggestion in the atmosphere that makes it seem relevant. Twenty years ago it would have seemed preposterous to advance such an argument as in any way affecting a man's fitness for office.

The indications are that we may soon find ourselves adopting a subtly feminized point of view as unsatisfactory to both men and women as the one now prevailing in the United States. The change, in spite of the stupid simplicity of our traditional *mores*, would seem to be for the worse. We were groping toward adjustment; now we are drifting toward equality.

There are two kinds of Americanized Porto Ricans: the young men freely and spontaneously shaped into the image of whatever happens to be the Young Generation up here, just as young Germans, Italians, and Swedes are shaped in New York or Pittsburgh; and the older fellows who Americanize themselves out of a sense of their inadequacy as Porto Ricans. The former may be as charming and as innocuous as the youths who play tennis in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The latter are a sight for the gods. Their manner is as unctuous as that of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and quite as unreal. They approve and disapprove of many things. They have Ethics and go in for Service. They emphasize the importance of their smallest actions to the working of the sacred social machinery. They need the crutch of a principle to support their conduct as it hobbles along the straight and narrow path where the primroses grow—and, of course, they always find one.

Whether as a result of American tailoring or of psycho-biological imitation, their paunches no longer grow in the reticent Spanish fashion, but rather in the aggressive, imperialistic, genial American fashion. They are gregarious and dull and oversimian, and try pathetically to find innocent amusements. They immolate the paramount heritage of Spain—individuality—in the altar of regular-fellowship. The girls don't like them, and I maliciously suggest this fact as an issue to the Porto Rican nationalists.

The tone of life in the cities has been speeded up. A certain efficiency is observable. Clerks take shorter siestas after lunch. Telephone connections are quickly achieved, although private messages may still be conveyed through the operators if they like your voice. Transportation is rapid and cheap. Good liquor is delivered within a few minutes—Scotch, $5 a quart; champagne, $7; Holland gin, $8. Soda fountains suffuse the narrow streets with their sweet odor. Cafés are arranged to look more and more like glittering American beaneries, but conversation and not food is still the major inducement for tarrying in them.

The population is about as susceptible to nationalist emotions as to American manners. While the latter grow like a monstrous parasite on the island's Latinity, it remains a fact that whenever a politician of intelligence and prestige has taken up the issue of national independence, he has swayed the island. It is the students at the university, however, who give expression to the most conscious and complex form of nationalism, not only as a sovereign control of the jobs, but as a cultural continuity.

They don't want the local temperament violated by the bayonets of education or by the contagion imminent in close commercial relationships. They want Porto Rico to be Porto Rico, not a lame replica of Ohio or Arizona. They want its spirit to be part of the great Spanish spirit, now in process of saving itself from its political and economic ruin.

IV

The university authorities, under the leadership of Dr. Thomas Benner, who is far from sharing the political viewpoint of the students, follow a policy that is friendly to this end. The university can boast of the most brilliant Spanish department on American territory. It is in fact among the soundest of any to be found in Spanish-speaking countries, having enjoyed at one time or another the services of such men as Vasconcelos, ex-Minister of Education of Mexico; De Onis, head of the Spanish department at Columbia; Amado Alonso, of the Centro de Estudios Historicos of Madrid; Americo Castro of Oxford, and many other first-rate men.

What effect this may have on the destiny of the island is of course doubtful. However, saving a culture, even an inferior one, from becoming the monkey of another, even a superior one, is a good in itself. And in the present case it is by no means certain that the heritage shared by Porto Rico is to be unfavourably compared with the heritage to which the blind forces of production and exchange now seek to hook it up.

The haphazard manner in which the character of the island spars for survival may influence its political future. Whether the island is to be semi-independent, like Cuba, or autonomous under some special dispensation of Congress, is a question to be determined by the interplay of politic and economic interest. But it is certain that it will never be incorporated into the Union as a State save through the operation of cultural forces: that is, not unless, and until, our manner of life and thought has been respectably Americanized.

Will this ever come about? Will the island retain its historical personality? An unqualified answer to either of these questions would necessarily fall short of the possibilities. Perhaps a more absurd fate is in store for us. Perhaps we are destined to be neither Porto Ricans nor Americans, but merely puppets of a mongrel state of mind, susceptible to American thinking and proud of Latin thought, subservient to American living and worshipful of the ancestral way of life. Perhaps we are to discuss Cervantes and eat pork and beans in the Child's restaurant that must be opened sooner or later. Perhaps we will try not to let mother catch us reading the picaresque verses of Quevedo. Perhaps we are going to a singularly fantastic and painless hell in our own sweet way. Perhaps all this is nothing but a foretaste of Pan-Americanism.

OLD MAN ISBELL'S WIFE

BY H. L. DAVIS

The cow-town started as an overnight station on the old Military Road through Eastern Oregon into Idaho. The freighters wanted a place to unhitch and get the taste of sagebrush out of their mouths. They were willing to pay for it, and one was built for them by the people who like, better than anything else, money that has been worked hard for—not to work hard for it themselves, but to take it from men who do.

The cow-town itself was a kind of accident. When they built it, they had no idea beyond fixing up a place where the freighters could buy what they wanted. They fixed it up with houses—houses to eat in, houses to get drunk in, houses to sleep in, or stay awake in, houses to stable horses in; and, as an afterthought, houses for themselves to live in while they took the freighters' and cattlemen's money. And money came—not fast, but so steadily that it got monotonous. There were no surprises, no starvation years, no fabulous winnings or profits; simply, one year with another, enough to live on and something over. They got out of the habit of thinking the place was an overnight station to make money in. They began, instead, to look at it as a place to live in. That, in Eastern Oregon, meant a change of status, a step up. The risk of the place being abandoned was over; there, straddling the long road between Fort Dalles on the Columbia and Fort Boise on the Snake river, was a town.

The new status had no effect upon its appearance. Ugly and little it had begun, and ugly and little it stayed. The buildings were ramshackle and old, with the paint peeled off; and, including the stack of junk behind the blacksmith shop, the whole thing covered an area of ten blocks. Two acres of town, in the middle of a cattle range of ten thousand square miles. Yet in those ten blocks a man could live his entire lifetime, lacking nothing, and perhaps not even missing anything. Food, warmth, liquor, work, and women; love, avarice, fear, envy, anger, and, of a special kind, belonging to no other kind of life, joy.

Over the ten thousand miles of range, whole cycles of humanity—flint Indians, horse Indians, California Spaniards, emigrants, cattlemen—had passed, and each had marked it without altering its shape or color. The cow-town itself was one mark, and not the biggest, either; but that was a comparison which none of the townspeople ever made. They were too much used to it, and they had other things to think about. What interested them was their ten blocks of town, and the people who lived in it.

All country people keep track of each other's business—as a usual thing, because they haven't anything else to think about. But the cow-town people did it, not in idleness, but from actual and fundamental passion. They preferred it to anything else in the world. It was not in the least that they were fond of one another—though, of course, some of them were. That had nothing to do with their preference. It was merely that what their town did was life—clear, interesting, recognizable; and nothing else was. They stuck to what was familiar. It must be remembered that these people were not chance-takers. They were more like the peddlers who follow an army, not fighting themselves, but living on the men who do. The freighters and

cattlemen, and the men from the range, were a different race; the range itself was a strange element; and they were too small to have much curiosity about either. The women were the smallest. It was they who backed the movement to ship Old Man Isbell out of town.

II

Old Man Isbell lived in the cow-town because there was no other place he could live. He had ridden the range, at one job or another, for more than fifty years, and the town would have been strange and foreign to him, even if it had made him welcome. It did not. For one thing, he was not a townsman, but a member of the race which they preyed on. For another, he was eighty-five years old, slack-witted, vacant-minded, doddering, dirty, and a bore. It took an hour to get the commonest question through his head, and another hour for him to think up an answer to it. He never tied his shoes, and he had to shuffle his feet as he walked, to keep them from falling off. Nor did he ever button his trousers, which fact was cited by the women as indicating complete moral decay. He ought to be sent away, they said, to some institution where such cases were decently taken care of.

The clerk in the general store agreed with them, and perhaps he, at least, had a right to. It was his job, every day, to sell Old Man Isbell a bill of groceries, and the old man could never remember what it was he wanted. Sometimes it took hours, and while he was there ladies couldn't come in the store, on account of his unbuttoned trousers and his pipe.

His pipe was another just ground for complaint. It was as black as tar and as soggy as a toadstool, with a smell like carrion and a rattle like a horse being choked to death. To get it lit took him hours, because his hand shook so he couldn't hold a match against the bowl. It was his palsy, no doubt, that was to blame for his unbuttoned trousers, his dangling shoestrings, and the gobs of food smeared on his clothes and through his whiskers. But that was not conclusive evidence that he was feeble-minded. Even a sane man would have trouble tying a bow-knot or hitting a buttonhole if his hands insisted on jumping two inches off the target at every heart-beat. The ladies added it to their evidence, but it should not have been allowed to count. Old Man Isbell's chief abnormality was of longer standing. He was simply, and before anything else, a natural-born bore.

The dullness of his speech was a gift of God. He had lived his eighty-five years through the most splendidly colored history that one man could ever have lived through in the world—the Civil War, the Indian campaigns in the West, the mining days, the cattle-kings, the long-line freighters, the road-agents, the stockmen's wars—the changing, with a swiftness and decision unknown to history before, of a country and its people; yes, and of a nation. Not as a spectator, either. He lived in the middle of every bit of it, and had a hand in every phase. But, for all the interest it gave to his conversation, he could just as well have spent his life at home working buttonholes.

"I remember Lincoln," he would say. "I drove him on an electioneerin' trip, back in Illinoy. Him and Stephen A. Douglas. I drove their carriage."

One would sit up and think, "Well! The old gabe does know something good, after all!" Expecting, of course, that he was about to tell some incident of the Lincoln-Douglas debates—something, maybe, that everybody else had missed. But that was all. So far as he knew, there hadn't been any incidents. They electioneered. He drove their carriage. They rode in it. That was all that had impressed him.

Or he would remember when there had been no Military Road, and no cow-town, nor even any cattle; only, instead, great herds of deer pasturing in grass belly-deep to a horse. A herd of over a hundred big mule-deer trotting close enough for a man

to hang a rope on, right where the town was. But when you tried to work him for something beside the bare fact that they had been there you struck bottom. They had been there. Hundreds of them. He had seen them, that close. That ended that story. I asked him, once, if he remembered anything about Boone Helm, an early-day outlaw and all-round mean egg. He considered, sucked his pipe through a critical spell of croup, and finally said, "They used to be a road-agent by that name. He cut a feller's ears off."

It was not a prelude, but a statement of what he remembered. Some old men remember more than what actually happened; some remember things that never happened at all. Old Man Isbell remembered the exact thing, and, that being done, he stopped. He ought to have been writing military dispatches. Or had he? It never came into his head to tone up or temper down the exact and religious truth, and amplifying what he had seen simply wasn't in him.

To events that went on in the town he never appeared to pay the smallest attention. Indeed, he paid none to the people there, either, and, though they laid that to the condition of his wits, it irritated them. Yet it was no more than an old range-man's indifference to things which he considers immaterial. He was sharp enough when anything was going on that interested him—cattle-branding in the corrals below town, or the state of the water on the range. South of town was a long slope, with a big spring almost at the top, ringed with green grass except when the spring went dry. Then the grass turned brown. The old man never failed to notice that. He would stop people in the street and point it out.

They laughed at him for it, behind his back. What did it matter to him whether the cattle had a dry year or not? He had an Indian War pension to live on, and he would get it whether the cattle throve or died to the last hoof. But, of course, he remembered what cattle looked like when they died of thirst, and swelled and popped open in the unmerciful heat, their burnt tongues lolling in the dust. It excited him to think of it, and he made a nuisance of himself about it. Sometimes he would stop strangers to tell it to them, which gave the town a bad name. Beside, his critics added he smelled bad. Not being able to wait on himself, and never having been particular about washing or laundry, he did smell bad. The place for him, they agreed, was in some nice home where he could be waited on decently. He needed looking after.

In that they were right. He did need looking after. The trouble was that their plan involved sending him away from the sagebrush country, and that would have been the same thing as knocking him in the head with an ax. He was an old sagebrusher. To take him out of sight of his country—the yellow-flowered, silver-green sage, the black-foliaged greasewood, blossoming full of strong honey; the strong-scented, purple-berried junipers, and the wild cherry shrub, with its sticky, bitterish-honied flowers and dark sour fruit; the pale red-edged ridges, and the rock-breaks, blazing scarlet and orange and dead-black—to lose them would have killed him. By these things, an old sagebrusher lives. Out of reach of them, silly as it sounds to say so, he will die. I've seen them do it.

Old Man Isbell, incapable and slack-witted, helpless with age, and, so far as anybody could tell, without any suspicion of what the townspeople were thinking about him or that they were making designs against his life, did the one thing that could save him. He had nobody to take care of him. It was to see him taken care of that they wanted to send him away, and, surely without knowing it, he stumbled on the way to head them off. He got married.

The wedding threw the town into a perfect panic of delighted horror. This was one of the things that made life a fine thing to live. Other people, other communities, had diversions which the cow-town did

without; this made up for them. The justice of the peace, having performed the ceremony, put out for home on a gallop to tell his wife the news. Hearing it, she came out with her hair down, and canvassed the houses on both sides of the street, knocking at every door, and yelling, without waiting for anybody to open—"Old Man Isbell's got married! You'll never guess who to!"

III

The bride alone would have made a rich story. She was about twenty-eight years old—Old Man Isbell being, as I've mentioned, eighty-five—and the rest of her was even more incongruous than her youth. She weighed close to three hundred pounds, being almost as broad as she was tall, and she had to shave her face regularly to keep down a coarse black beard, which showed in the wrinkles of fat where a razor could not reach.

As Old Man Isbell was the town nuisance, she was the town joke. Even in that scantily-womaned place, where only the dullest girls lived after they were big enough to look out for themselves, she had never had a suitor. The men were not too particular, but nobody dared pay court to her, for fear of getting laughed at. She was so fat that to walk downtown for Old Man Isbell's order of groceries took her almost an hour. It made one tired to watch her. Even the Indian squaws, riding through town, their matronly bellies overhanging the horns of their saddles, drew rein to admire Old Man Isbell's bride for an adiposity which laid theirs completely in the shade. They were fat, all right, but good heavens! They cackled and clucked to each other, pointing.

Housewives ran to peep through the curtains at the twenty-eight-year-old girl who had been hard up enough to marry an old, dirty, feeble-minded man of eighty-five. Store loafers perked up and passed remarks on her and on the match. But in spite of them all, in spite of the tittering, and the cruelty and the embarrassment, and her own exertion, she carried home the groceries every day. She cooked and cleaned house, too; and kept it clean; and one of the first things she bought after her marriage was a clothesline. It was full every day, and the clothes on it were clean. So were Old Man Isbell's. He sat on his front porch, wobbling matches over his black gaggling pipe, without a thing in the world to bother his mind except his pipe and the spring on the slope south of town. His trousers were fully buttoned, his shoes tied, and his beard and clothing washed, brushed and straightened, without a speck upon them to show what he had eaten last, or when.

Town joke or not, the fat woman was taking care of him. She was being a housewife, attending to the duties of her station exactly as the other married women in town attended to theirs, and that was something they had not expected. There wasn't any fun for them in that. They wanted her to remain a joke; and they couldn't joke about her housework without belittling their own. They took it out on her by letting her alone. There was no woman in town for Old Man Isbell's wife to talk to, except my mother, who, being the school-teacher's wife, didn't quite belong to the townspeople, and would probably have repudiated their conventions if she had. Across the back-fence she got all of the fat woman's story—not all of it, either, but all its heroine was willing to volunteer.

The fat woman had come to the country with her father, who took up a homestead on Tub Springs Ridge. But he got himself in jail for vealing somebody else's calf, and she moved into town to live till he served out his time. For a while she lived by selling off the farm machinery he had left. But it didn't take very long to live that up—"not that I eat so much," she hastened to add, "I really don't eat as much as . . . as ordinary folks do . . ."—and, when that was gone she was broke. That was what induced her to listen, she said, to Old Man Isbell, when he first began to

talk about getting married. She was desperate. It seemed the only resort, and yet it was so unheard of that she hesitated.

Finally, she borrowed a lift from a stage-driver, and went to the county jail to ask advice from her father. He knew the old man. It would be all right, he said, for her to marry him. But not unless she realized what kind of job she was taking on, and was game to live up to it. She mustn't bull into it and then try to back out. The old man would have to be tended exactly like a small infant—the work would be just as hard, and just as necessary—and, in addition, he was uglier, meaner and dirtier. If she wanted to undertake the contract, all right; but she must either stick to it or let it entirely alone. When Old Man Isbell died, she would get what money he had saved up, and his Indian War pension. Enough to keep her, probably, for life. But it was up to her to see that she earned it.

"He made me promise I would," she told my mother, "and the Lord knows I have. It's just exactly like pa said, too. He's just like a little baby. To see him set and stare at that spring for hours on end, you wouldn't believe how contrary and mean he can be around the house. All the time. He'll take a notion he wants something, and then forget the name of it and get mad because I don't guess it right. I have to pick up things and offer 'em to him, one at a time, till I manage to hit the one he's set his mind on. And him gettin' madder every time I pick up the wrong thing. Just like a baby. And his clothes—they're the same, too." She sighed into her series of stubbly chins. "It keeps me goin' every minute," she said. "It's mighty hard work."

"You do keep him clean, though," my mother said. "He was so dirty and forlorn. Everybody's talking about how clean you keep him now."

"They talk about how I married him to get his pension," the fat woman said. "How I'm just hangin' around waitin' for him to die. I know!"

"That's only some of them," my mother said. "They don't know anything about it. You work right along, and don't pay any attention to them."

"None of the ladies ever come to call on me," said the fat woman.

"I shouldn't think you'd want them to," my mother suggested. "You must be so busy, you wouldn't have time to bother with visitors. They probably think you'd sooner not be disturbed at your work."

"I do want 'em to, anyway," said the fat woman. "And they call on all the other married ladies, whether they're overworked or not. They call on Mis' Melendy, across the way, and she's got teethin' twins."

"Well, I wouldn't care whether they came to see me or not," said my mother.

"I do, though," the fat woman insisted. "I've got a house, and a husband, just the same as they have. I do my housework just the same, too. I'd like to show 'em all the work I do, and what a care it is to keep things clean, and how clean I keep 'em. If they'd come, they'd see."

My mother assented. There was no earthly chance that any of them would come, and she knew it. But the fat woman didn't know it, and it was the one thing in the world that she had her head set on. Everything else that women take pride in and nourish conceit upon she had given up; and for that very renouncement she stuck all the more fiercely to the idea of being visited by the neighbor ladies—of being received as an established housewife, like the rest of them. There might not be any sense in the notion, but she wanted it. No matter how they came, or why, she wanted them. Even if they came prying for things to discredit her with, to trot around and gabble about, she wanted them anyway. When other women got married the neighbor ladies came to call. Now she was married, and they didn't.

The worst of it was, there was no way of breaking it to her that they weren't going to. My mother made several tries at letting her down easy, but got nowhere.

She wanted it too much to give it up. Some days she would come to the fence elated and hopeful, because one of the ladies had nodded to her; sometimes she would be depressed and glum.

"I know what's keeping 'em away," she told my mother. "It's him!"

She yanked a fat arm in the direction of her husband, sitting in the sun with his mouth hanging open.

"Oh, no!" my mother protested. "Why——"

"Yes, it is!" the fat woman insisted. "And I don't blame 'em, either! Who wants to come visitin', when you've got to climb around an object like that to get into the parlor? I don't blame 'em for stayin' away. I would, my own self."

"But you've got to take care of him," my mother reminded her.

"Yes. I've got to. I promised pa I wouldn't back out on that, and I won't. But, as long as I've got him around, I won't have any visitors to entertain. I might as well quit expectin' any."

She sighed, and my mother tried to console her, knowing how deep her idiotic yearning was, and how impossible it was to gratify it. She had tried to persuade the neighbor ladies to call. There was no use wasting any more time on them. Yet, to come out bluntly with the fact that they had all refused would be silly and cruel. My mother was incapable of that. Concealing it, she did her best with promises and predictions, taking care to be vague, while Old Man Isbell dozed, or poked matches at his choking black pipe without any thought of human vanity or hope or disappointment, or anything but the Winter stand of grass on the range. Nobody could believe, from his looks, that he could have asked the fat woman to marry him. It was much more likely that she had hazed the notion into him. Some day, I thought, we might find out, when he could forget the range long enough.

But we never did. He died before the Winter grass got ripe enough for the cattle to sample.

IV

It was on a morning in October that my mother was awakened, about daylight, by yelling and crying from the Isbells' house. She got up and looked across, and saw, through their window, a lamp still burning, though it was already light enough to see. As she looked, the lamp went out—not from a draft, but because it had run dry. That meant that something was up which was keeping them too busy to tend to it. My mother dressed, and hurried over.

Old Man Isbell was dying. The fat woman had been up watching him all night. She sat beside the bed, while he plunged and pitched his thin hairy arms and yelled. Across her knees lay an old, heavy Sharp's plainsman's rifle.

"Watch 'em, watch 'em!" yelled Old Man Isbell. "They cut sagebrush, and push it along in front of 'em to fool you while they sneak up! If you see a bush move, shoot hell out of it! Shoot, damn it!"

The fat woman lugged the immense rifle to her shoulder and snapped the hammer. "Bang!" she yelled.

"That's you!" approved the old man, lying down again. "That's the checker! You nailed him that time, the houndish dastard! You got to watch 'em, I tell ye."

"He thinks he's standin' off Indians," the fat woman explained. "He's young again, and he thinks he's layin' out on the range with the hostiles sneakin' in on him. I've had to——All right, I'm watchin' close," she told him. "Bang!"

My mother got her something to eat, and built a fire, so that when the neighbor ladies came to help they could have a warm room to sit in. Their resolution to stay away held good only in life. When anybody was dying, social embargoes collapsed. Beside, a death was something they couldn't afford to miss. They came; all the women whom the fat woman had set her heart on being friends with; and nobody thought to remark that, instead of being responsible for their staying away,

it was Old Man Isbell who had the credit of bringing them there, after all.

But the fat woman was past bothering about whether they came or stayed away. Even their remarks about the cleanness of her house went over her unnoticed. She had livelier concerns to think about. The old man was driving stage. He was going down the Clarno Grade, and a brake-rod had broken. The stage was running wild, down a twenty percent grade full of hair-pin switchbacks. He was flogging his horses to keep them out from under the wheels. He yelled and swore and pitched and floundered in the bedclothes, screaming to his wife that she must climb back and try to drag the hind wheels by poking a bar between the spokes.

"And hurry, damn it!" he yelled. "Drag 'er, before that off pointer goes down!"

The neighbor women gaped and stared. This was something they had never heard of. They didn't even understand what kind of emergency the old man was yelling about. But the fat woman paid no attention to them, and did not hesitate. She climbed along the edge of the bed, reached a broom from the corner, and, poking the handle down as if into a wheel, she set back hard. Her mouth was compressed and firm, and she breathed hard with excitement. She appeared to be taking the game almost as seriously as the old man did, crying back to him that she was holding the wheel, as if it meant the saving of both their lives, though hers was in no danger, and his was burning out like a haystack flaming in a gale.

The women brought food and put it into her mouth as if she was something dangerous. They weren't used to games like this, except in children and dying men. Being neither, the fat woman had no business playing it; and they poked buttered bread into her mouth sharply, frowning as if to show her that they saw through her nonsense, and considered it uncalled for. Neither their buttered bread nor their disapproval made any impression on her. The old man was yelling that she must hold the wheel, and she, with her chins trembling with fatigue and sleeplessness, cried back that she had it where it couldn't get away.

In the afternoon he had another one going. He was in a range-camp at night, and there was a herd of wild mustangs all around his fire, trying to stampede his pack-horses. The fat woman pretended to throw rocks to scare them off.

"There's the stud!" he mumbled. "Where in hell is that gun of mine? Oh, God, if it wasn't for bringin' down them damned Siwashes, wouldn't I salivate that stud? Don't shoot! Don't you know them Injuns'll be all over us if they hear a shot? Hit him with a rock! Watch that bunch over yon! Look how their eyes shine, damn their souls! Throw! Do you want to lose all our horses, and be left out in Injun country afoot?"

All day, and till after dark, the neighbor women watching her, she threw when he ordered; and when, at dark, he switched to heading a stampede of cattle, she charged with him to turn them, swinging an imaginary rope with her fat arm, yelling and ki-yi-ing as he directed, and jouncing the bed till the whole house rocked.

About midnight he had burned his brain down to the last nub, and there the fat woman was no longer needed. He lifted himself clear of the bed, and said, "Well, hello, you damned old worthless tick-bit razor-back, you! How the hell did you get out to this country?" He sounded pleased and friendly. It had never occurred to the townspeople that he had ever had any friends. Even as it was, the fact was lost on some of them, for while he spoke he looked straight at one of the visiting women, as if he were addressing her. Somebody tittered, and she left indignantly, banging the door. Everybody jumped, and looked after her. When they looked back, Old Man Isbell was lying on his pillow, dead.

The fat woman did not want to leave him. She was dull and almost out of her head with weariness, but, when they took

hold of her, gently, to put her to bed where she could rest, she fought them off.

"He might come to again," she insisted. "You can't tell, he might flash up again. And he might think of something he'd need me for. You leave me be!"

They explained to her that it wasn't possible, and that, even if it was, she must have some sleep. She mustn't kill herself to humor a man out of his mind.

"I want to!" she said. "I want to do that! All them things he's done, and been in, and seen—he never let on a word to me about 'em, and I want to hear 'em! I never knew what an adventured and high-spirited man he was. I like to do what I've been doin'!"

She fought them until they quit trying, and left her. When they came back, she had gone to sleep by herself, beside her dead husband; a fat woman, twenty-eight years old, beside the corpse of a man eighty-five.

V

She came to call on my mother after the funeral. Her mourning habit had come from a mail-order house, and, though there were yards of it, enough, I judged, to make three full-size wagon-sheets, it needed to be let out in one or two places, and she wanted advice.

"How to fix it so I can wear it, right away," she explained. "I could send it back, but I don't want to wait that long. I want to show 'em that my husband was as much loss to me as theirs would be to them. He was, too. He was a sight better man than any of theirs."

She rubbed the tears out of her eyes with the back of her wrist. My mother consoled her, and mentioned that now, at least, everybody knew what care she had taken of him.

"I don't care whether they know it or not," said the fat woman. "None of 'em come to see me, and they can all stay away for good, as far as I'm concerned. The way they acted the one time they did come settled 'em with me."

"But they helped out during your bad time," my mother said. "They meant kindly."

"Yes. Helped out. And then they come smirkin' and whisperin' around how I ought to be glad my husband was out of the way. How I must have hated takin' care of him, and what a mercy it was to be rid of him. I told 'em a few things. They'll stay away from me a spell, I can promise you that!"

She sat straight in her chair, and dropped the mourning dress on the floor.

"I was glad to take care of him," she said. "Yes, sir! I was proud of my husband. The things he'd done, and the risks he'd been through, when the men in this town was rollin' drunks and wrappin' up condensed milk. . . ."

She drew a breath, and, forgetting that my mother had been there, began to tell about the time when he had been surrounded by the Indians, creeping in on him with sagebrush tied to their heads. He fought them back and out-gamed the whole caboodle of them; and her voice rose and trembled, shrilling the scenes she had enacted with Old Man Isbell when his numb old brain was burning down through the pile of his memories, spurting a flame out of each one before they all blackened and went to nothing.

She shrilled the great scenes out defiantly, as if it were her place to defend them, as if they belonged to her, and were better, even at second hand, than anything that any of the townspeople had ever experienced. None of their common realities had ever touched her. Beauty had not; love had not, nor even friends. In place of them, she had got an eighty-five-year-old dotard and the ridicule of the townspeople. Watching over the old man when he died was the one time when she had come anywhere within reach of heroism and peril and splendor; and that one time, being worthy of it, she passed them all. And that one time was enough, because she knew it.

"The hostiles a-prowlin' around," she cried, her voice blazing. "The houndish dastards!. . . ."

EDITORIAL

Not only Babbitt won last November, but also Gantry. We are in for four (and maybe eight) years of high-pressure Christian endeavor, with a consecrated Quaker playing the hose, and sturdy Methodists and Baptists, all of them free from sin, manning the pump. What Quakers are capable of, once their moral libido is loosed, was exemplified charmingly during the reign of the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer as Attorney-General. What Methodists and Baptists run to is on view throughout the land, and especially in the Bible country, and more especially in the beleaguered State of Virginia, where, having aroused the hookworm carriers to Christian fury, they now plan to seize, not only the State government and all the local governments, but also the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson in 1819. If Jefferson were alive today, and living in his old diocese, he would be on his way to jail. His principles are in abeyance there, as they are everywhere else in the United States.

Just how far the brethren will attempt to go, once they get their fatter and softer Coolidge into the White House, remains to be seen. The hints they throw out from their camp at Washington are surely dark enough. We are not only to have a new and worse Volstead Act, with teeth six inches long; we are also to have a national movie censorship and a censorship of books, magazines and newspapers. Would the last collide with the Bill of Rights? Then damn the Bill of Rights! Here I venture into no treason: I simply echo the Supreme Court of the United States, though, to be sure, with a certain tightening of phraseology. That great sanhedrin has already disemboweled the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments and set them out to dry; it will not boggle, I predict, at the First. If it does so, then the brethren will know how to deal with it. They already count audibly, in fact, upon the high mortality among the loftier varieties of jurists, due to hard study and bad air. It was a selling point in the campaign. Al, they alleged, planned to put radicals upon the bench, *i.e.*, judges disposed to take the Bill of Rights literally. The Pope, it appeared, had issued orders to that effect, countersigned by the Beer Trust, the Elders of Zion, and the Bolsheviki. They assured their customers that Dr. Hoover could be trusted to refrain from any such malicious mischief: his judicial nominations, they let it be known delicately, would be satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League. No doubt they knew what they were talking about, for they had their agents at his G. H. Q., and what they said was also said by the beauteous Mrs. Willebrandt, the official Joan of Arc of the campaign.

Thus the Republic of Jefferson's humane hallucinations gives way to a very real and highly efficient *Polizeistaat*, with laws for every moral purpose and plenty of bashi-bazouks to enforce them. The Liberals are doomed to more moaning, and the rest of us had better watch out. Bishop Cannon will be far more influential at Washington after March 4 than ever the Hon. Harry Micajah Daugherty was in the days of Harding. The course of legislation will be determined, to a large extent, by his prayers, which are powerful and long. He knows what he wants, and his episcopal blood is steaming. Thus I counsel all bootleggers to arrange their affairs, and all Liberals to get out their red ink. It may be that the boozeart, before a year has gone, will have its Sacco and Vanzetti. We may be headed toward capital punishment for

carrying a bottle of wine to the sick. At the least, we shall see a docile judiciary packing the jails, so that there'll be scarcely room left in them for home-brewing. Some juicy decisions are in the offing. Once the First Amendment has gone the way of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth, there will be little left of the Bill of Rights save the Third, which prohibits quartering soldiers upon citizens in time of peace. Even that may yield up the ghost when the Methodist Terror begins using the army and navy to reinforce the corps of Prohibition agents.

There is nothing in Dr. Hoover's record to indicate any formidable opposition to this programme. If he has any leanings toward Liberalism, in any of its multitudinous forms, he has kept them pretty diligently concealed. As an archpriest of the New Efficiency, he probably inclines very strongly the other way. Moreover, he is said to cherish grudges, and the advocates of the Bill of Rights, during the campaign, surely gave him some to cherish. Upon the embarrassing question of his relations to the Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and other such organizations they pushed him cruelly hard, and no doubt there are still scars upon his surface. Yet more, he is an active candidate for reëlection in 1932—and is precisely aware how and by whom he was elected in 1928.

II

But the love of liberty, as Nietzsche long ago pointed out, flourishes best, not where liberty is free for the asking, but where men can only hope for it and fight for it. It has never had such splendid partisans in the United States as it had in the darkest days of the Revolution, nor so many of them. The false appearance of it, without the substance, is fatal, disarming its friends and reinforcing the indifference of the indifferent. Something of the sort has been going on in the United States ever since the Civil War, when the Bill of Rights first tasted the judicial snickersnee. The superficials of liberty have been here, but not always the essentials. Now that even the superficials begin to disappear, it may be that a new struggle for the essentials will begin. Tiring at last of the bald and hollow liberty to make good livings, Americans may demand again the greater liberty to live good lives.

At all events, there is ground for hope in that direction, and hope is all that any chronic Libertarian asks for. He sees the laws growing more and more oppressive, and the advocates of still greater oppressions put into high places, but at the same time, searching eagerly and perhaps a bit romantically, he also sees signs of revolt. The people give their votes to the side of yielding, but their profoundest instincts prompt them to resist. Thus we have Prohibition officially, and no Prohibition actually. Thus we labor under censorships, but still manage to obtain access to new ideas. Thus religious intolerance increases, but religion itself seems to lose force. However the scene is viewed, it becomes obvious that a battle is joined. What the ultimate issue of that battle will be the gods do not reveal, but it may quite as well be the restoration of liberty as its complete and final destruction.

The late election helped to clear the ground. It gave the enemies of liberty everything they asked for, and even more. If Dr. Hoover was elected, then so was the Anti-Saloon League elected. Its exultant claim that it shared his triumph and is entitled to its share of his power is well grounded in the facts. He can no more get rid of it now than he can get rid of the Vare Gang, the remnants of the Ohio Gang, the corps of kleagles and goblins, and the boughten blackamoors from the broken South. He must give it, in gratitude and fellowship, the clear chance that it demands, with all the new laws that go therewith, and all the blacklegs needed to "enforce" them. Getting what it wants, it will grasp, I suspect, a series of red-hot pokers. If it actually thrusts Prohibition

upon us there will be uproars everywhere, and especially in those areas where its votes came from; if it fails with every weapon in its hands, then Prohibition will start along the *via dolorosa* of mesmerism, Free Silver, a tariff for revenue only, and the Single Tax.

Thus the proponents of the Noble Experiment find themselves brought to book at last, and with a large gallery assembled to see them do their stuff. They have got everything they have been bawling for. Whatever else they want is theirs for the asking. They have a grateful disciple ready for the White House, they have the Senate and House in their pockets, and they know how to handle the courts. Now let them prove it.

III

Liberty, at bottom, is a simple thing, whatever its outward forms. It is common faith in man, common good will, common tolerance and charity, common decency, no less and no more. Translated into political terms, it is the doctrine that the normal citizen of a civilized state is actually normal—that the decency which belongs naturally to *Homo sapiens*, as an animal above the brutes, is really in him. It holds that this normal citizen may be trusted, one day with another, to do the decent thing. It relies upon his natural impulses, and assumes them to be reasonably sound. Finally, it is the doctrine that if these assumptions are false, then nothing can be done about it—that if human beings are actually so bad, then none is good enough to police the rest.

The pious brethren who now prepare to run us take a different line. They have a low opinion of mankind, and believe that even the most elemental decency is obtainable only by force. They hold that every man who has access to alcohol is a potential drunkard, and very likely, on some near tomorrow, to beat his wife and murder his friend. They hold that there is no natural human buttress against evil ideas—that the minute they are presented they are translated into acts—that the girl who reads a naughty book will presently be walking the streets, inviting ruin. They hold that the safe and sound ideas are all known, and may be inculcated by clergymen and policemen—that everything else is dangerous, and ought to be put down.

This antithesis, cast into the form of a drama in the grand manner, is now to be played out before us. I am not sure what the verdict of the gallery will be, but I have some confidence about the votes of the younger spectators, and especially those who are completely literate. They will be quick to detect, I believe, the rationality of liberty; they will see that it is only common decency. They will revolt against the assumptions of its enemies. They will recognize those assumptions as false, hateful and abominable. Undeceived by the pother of the opposition, with its Bibles and its guns, they will go for liberty as the young have gone for it from times immemorable, to the gain and glory of the human race. Find me a young man who swallows the blather of the Anti-Saloon League, and I will show you a young man who is somehow sick.

H. L. M.

ARE WE SOLVING THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM?

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

The answer is No, and most Doctors of Traffic, when driven to it, admit it. Nevertheless, the delusion that a solution is easy persists and is fostered in the public mind, and terrific uproars issue from it, growing worse each year. New and more violent remedies are daily conceived and applied, and as old difficulties disappear new and more frightful ones show up, and remedies still more drastic have to be considered. Traffic research bureaux crop up and multiply, encouraging the hope that a cure is in sight, but as will presently be seen, every new outcropping of scientific data pushes the cure farther into the future. Both Harvard University and Dr. Hoover fling their gigantic intellects upon the Traffic Demon, but it yields not, or very little.

Few problems have cost the American public more money. Detroit's traffic congestion, it is estimated, damages it more than $30,000,000 a year; St. Louis's, $16,500,000; New York's, $540,000,000, and so on, not counting a nickel of the huge sums spent to get rid of the problem without making a dent in it. In the face of no other difficulty does the public display more muddle-headedness, obstinacy and disregard for law; yet for none does it shell out more money to get expert advice —which it promptly rejects or pigeonholes. Compared to the Traffic Problem, the Farm Problem is as clear as crystal and the Prohibition Problem as simple as rolling off a log.

A bibliography of articles on the subject in the technical journals shows more than 2,000 treatises during the past two years, most of them dealing with local troubles in particular cities and offering sure-fire solutions. At least one periodical owes its entire existence to the problem, and a dozen others devote increasing space to it with every issue. Reports of studies and surveys are in existence in most of the big cities—volumes sometimes so immense that strong men stagger carrying them, and so filled with counts, checks, graphs and percentages as to drive the sanest person mad. Not only is there a traffic problem to be solved; there is also the problem of solving the solutions of the traffic problem.

Trouble began when a higher art became discernible in the business of traffic control, and it commenced slipping out of the hands of the police. The lowly cops had met the problem by arm-waving, whistle-blowing and picturesque cursing, enlivened now and then by an arrest. This obviously was a narrow and unscientific manner of approach, and it will be said that, persisted in, it would have caused troubles no city would have got out of for a thousand years. To take traffic control, at least in its higher manifestations, out of the hands of the cops, was, every deep student of the matter agreed at the time, a step toward the solution of the problem. Nevertheless, it was at this very point that it began swelling up to the proportions it has now attained; and these proportions, gigantic as they are, give scarcely more than a hint of what the future holds.

For with the coming of men of science there came the Traffic Survey, plumbing depths of municipal disorder never imagined by police or populace. It was like turning loose upon a man with a cold in the head a corps of physicians who discover

the cold to be really a serious derangement of the kidneys, liver, stomach, heart and intestines. The Traffic Survey Engineer or Traffic Consultant has sprung up within the past four years to combat this new disease, and today there are more than a dozen individuals, firms and bureaux specializing in surveys. They come into a town that has just passed through the second stage of the malady, the stage in which the authorities have decided that something had better be done as quickly as possible.

They bring a small corps of veterans with them and recruit the rest of their force from local talent—sometimes from the jobless army that has been pestering the City Hall politicians, sometimes from the Boy Scouts, sometimes from the local street railway. They rent quarters in an office building, install telephones, typewriters and drawing material, distribute forms, record sheets and lead pencils to their field men, and send them forth to strategic points in the city that heaves and groans.

There the field men stand day after day for weeks, counting everything that runs, rolls, crawls or flies. From their figures the engineers extract a mass of esoteric facts which they illustrate at length by means of graphs, charts, tables, and "pies" cut up into illustrative percentage slices. These illustrated reports, together with their conclusions and recommendations, they then compile in chapter form in large tomes bound in buckram, and issue several hundred copies for distribution to a selected list of citizens, including all the newspapers. They then collect from $10,000 to $75,000 for their fees and expenses, and depart for the next town, leaving the citizens to wrestle with their charts and tables. In the end these reports find refuge in dusty corners, where office boys, finding them on the day of a big parade, tear them into small pieces to shower on the heads of visiting heroes, while the parade ties up traffic so tightly that the town constables are three days untying it.

II

Traffic Surveys have been made in at least twenty-two American cities during the past four years. Data on their cost is available in only eleven of these cities. Baltimore heads the list with a cost of about $65,000; then come Birmingham with $30,000, Boston with $25,000, Chicago with $50,000, Cincinnati with $50,000, Detroit with over $30,000, Los Angeles with $40,000, Milwaukee with about $50,000, St. Louis (two surveys) with about $75,000, and Washington with about $50,000. The cities for whose surveys no cost data is available in the records of the American Electric Railway Association are Atlanta; Newark, N. J.; Dayton, Ohio; Cleveland; Lincoln, Neb.; Louisville; New York; Pittsburgh; Toledo; Worcester, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; and New Orleans.

It is thus evident that well over $1,000,000 has been spent on Traffic Surveys in the United States in the past four years. In most cases this money has been spent for the purpose simply of learning how the traffic mess looks when reduced to figures, and how tremendous would be the cost of eliminating or materially reducing the congestion. Most cities, staggered at the real proportions of the problems, file the data away and get along the best they can. At the rate traffic is increasing, most of the reports are worthless six months after publication.

Dr. Miller McClintock, director of the Albert Russel Erskine Bureau for Traffic Research at Harvard, has conducted six of the surveys, and reports that in four cities—Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago—his recommendations have been adopted almost entirely. But Baltimore's $65,000 survey produced only the rerouting of a couple of street car lines and an additional fifteen minutes of no-parking time during the rush hours. The rest has been forgotten. Detroit has done little or nothing with its $30,000 worth of studies, except fight about them. The reasons why

there is so much neglect are (*a*), that legislation is usually required, and legislation involves politics and hence delays; and (*b*), that large and costly public improvements are necessary. Since it takes from six months to five years to get such things started, if they are ever started at all, the original investigation is forgotten by the time actual work begins, and the recommendations, if they are adopted, go through on their merits as original ideas, with no credit to the traffic surveys.

The public becomes cynical about all traffic suggestions because so much is recommended that is outlandish and bizarre, and because so many costly things have been tried without producing any real relief. For example, Chicago spent $22,000,000 on the double-deck Wacker Drive, a beautiful piece of boulevard and a fine job of engineering, but it afforded only limited local relief from congestion, compared with the abolition of parking in the Loop, which almost overnight increased both volume and speed of traffic in the whole area and cost nothing. The mayor of New York suggests a vehicular tunnel for two or three miles through the rock underneath the subways. A prominent architect wants graceful bridges for pedestrians over all automobile roadways in the big cities. Others want to cut wide swaths through whole blocks of buildings to create new streets. Many engineers, usually severely practical fellows, grow a little dizzy when they tackle the traffic problem, and conceive ideas as fantastic as the wildest dreamer's. Since every city dweller is affected in some fashion by the present jams, every citizen cooks up a pet scheme for getting rid of it and becomes an expert himself; the rigmarole of traffic survey reports simply bores him.

In Baltimore, for example, much less time was expended by press and public upon Major R. F. Kelker's costly, exhaustive, voluminous and expert study of traffic congestion than upon the simple and thoroughly inexpert suggestion of an humble city councilman. He waved the $65,000 traffic survey report aside, and introduced an ordinance to make all the downtown thoroughfares one-way streets. The expert's report, which contained no such recommendation, was entirely forgotten and the town spent weeks battling over the councilman's naïve suggestion. It escaped becoming a law by the narrowest of margins.

Thus there are more than one hundred million traffic experts in the country, and there is danger everywhere that the plain citizen, with his simple-minded ideas about solving the problem, will put over his childish schemes on his fellow men. The plain citizen knows (*a*), that it takes him a long time to get anywhere downtown, whether he goes by surface car, bus or private motor; (*b*), that stupid policemen at street intersections, with their ten-cent whistles and white gloves, hold him up unnecessarily (or that the traffic lights do so); (*c*), that he has the Devil's own time finding a place to park; and (*d*), that somebody is responsible for the whole dirty business—either the mayor, the police commissioner, the street car company, the Public Service Commission or the city council. Such simple remedies as burning the street cars or hanging a few policemen appeal to him strongly. This attitude of mind is full of dynamite. Those who see the explosion coming, begin casting around for help, and the best kind of help is an investigation. An investigation stops the flow of public indignation and gives everybody time to think up the next move.

The quickest action along this line was bound to come from the business most strongly affected financially by traffic congestion, to wit, the transportation business. Transportation is run largely by engineers. So it has come about that the new science of traffic control is generally recognized as a branch of engineering.

This is responsible for the unhorsing of the city cop as the fountain head of traffic wisdom. As the years go on the cops, from commissioners, chiefs, and inspectors down to privates, will probably have less and

less to do with traffic; in the end they will merely enforce orders conceived by master minds in the Traffic Engineering Divisions of city governments. Such divisions are already springing up; the Erskine Bureau reports them now functioning in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Washington. Detroit had one, but its head has sought a quieter and safer life. In many other cities they function secretly behind the scenes, actually working for subway or surface electric companies, but standing at the shoulder of the harrassed police commissioner whispering advice and counsel, pushing him as far as they dare toward the unpopular goal of scientific traffic control.

One of the principal reasons for doubting the possibility of any solution, even with all this technical aid, is that while it is easy enough, over a period of time, to amass enough facts and display enough mathematical formulæ to frighten the average citizen out of his wits, the result of all the abstruse calculations is bound to be merely some simple rule or law of conduct, such as the abolition of automobile parking, the elimination of street car stops, (and, in some cases, of whole street car lines), the installation of a new type of automatic signal light, the staggering of office opening and closing hours, the limitation of the heights of buildings, and the like. The citizens who cannot understand the masses of facts that produce such conclusions have no trouble understanding the conclusions themselves, and no compunction about denouncing them and refusing absolutely to listen to or study the complicated mass of evidence behind them. That is one reason why so many expensive traffic surveys have been thrown into the ash can. The surveyors proved that it was uneconomical, indeed, that it amounted to slow municipal suicide to permit Mr. A. to park his car all day in the public street or to permit Mr. B. to make a certain left-hand turn, but Mr. A. and Mr. B. were numerous enough to intimidate the city administration, so there was an end of that.

"As long as the decisions are left to a few they will be made to please a few," said the editor of the *Electric Railway Journal* recently. "It is only by intensive selling of ideas embodied in the report to the public that a general insistence upon the passage of the necessary ordinances will result. In other words, unless a popular demand for the adoption of the recommendations can be made, they are likely to fail."

So it is the American genius for breaking down sales resistance that must triumph in the end over the Demon Traffic, if he is ever to be floored at all. But this flooring is only the hope of altruists. The sweating engineers pray that it may come, but they cannot predict the results of salesmanship by mathematical formulæ, and hence remain doubtful.

III

Meanwhile, the traffic research bureaux multiply. The first one was the Albert Russel Erskine Bureau at Harvard, under the direction of Dr. McClintock. Mr. Erskine, who established it, is president of the Studebaker Corporation of America, which manufactures automobiles. The stated object of this bureau is to undertake and direct "extensive investigations and studies designed to assist in the creation of a fund of accurate information and in the establishment of standards which will have general utility in traffic control." In connection with it two research fellowships in the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences have been established, paying a stipend of $1,000 each annually, and designed "to encourage research and a professional interest in traffic engineering."

Dr. McClintock has declared that the Erskine grant gives him entire freedom to conduct his researches as he sees fit. "The most practical method," he says, "has appeared to be through the conducting of intensive surveys of traffic control conditions in a number of the larger metropolitan centers." He has surveyed six cities, and

since these surveys entailed heavy expenses for the bureau, he has been compensated out of city funds. His fees have run from $400 to $6,500 for a year's services, he declares, although it appears from the records of the American Electric Railway Association that for the work he and his associates did in Boston in 1927, and in Chicago in 1926, sums of $25,000 and $50,000, respectively, were appropriated by those cities. Dr. McClintock plans to inaugurate for the work of his bureau "a standard university extension and service fee of $50 a day, plus expenses."

No one has charged Dr. McClintock with approaching the traffic problem from any but the most disinterested and scientific standpoint, but it is a fact that much research, aside from that done by private engineering firms, has been sponsored by associations of automobile dealers or manufacturers. All of them, the American Automobile Association, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Taxicab Owners, and the like, were parties to the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, of which Mr. Hoover was the moving force while he was Secretary of Commerce. This conference, after travail lasting four years, produced in August, 1928, a Model Municipal Traffic Ordinance which did not contain any wholesale ban on the parking of automobiles in the downtown streets of cities.

It is this question of automobile parking that is tending to produce two widely divergent methods of approach to the traffic problem, even amongst engineers. It is the failure to settle it that is doing most to produce the incredible chaos in traffic regulation in American cities. In one direction are moving the automobile trade associations, one made up of the millions of members of automobile clubs, another embracing virtually every motor-car manufacturer and accessory maker in the country. In the other are moving the street railway and bus transportation companies, represented in the mass by the American Electric Railway Association. This association had ample representation in the Hoover Conference on Street and Highway Safety, but either because its delegates could not swing it, or because they thought it impolitic, the Model Traffic Ordinance contains no statement of the principle the transportation men believe to be paramount among traffic principles, namely, that automobile parking in crowded city streets is sheer nonsense and should be prohibited everywhere. By a series of sections and subsections giving traffic officials the right to designate passenger zones and unloading zones at the curbs, and by other sections prohibiting parking near fire hydrants, between safety zones and curbs, near street corners, or at crosswalks, and so forth, the Hoover Model Ordinance all but makes downtown parking impossible, but it does not prohibit it outright.

The automobile men naturally want few restrictions on automobiles, because restrictions reduce sales. On the other hand, the transit men declare that the country's 25,000,000 motor cars clog up the traffic arteries, especially when parked, and delay mass transportation vehicles, beside reducing street car patronage and revenues. Hence the transit men, though still working along with the others in a "spirit of coöperation," have added a Research Bureau of their own to the mounting list of scientific traffic bodies. This is their Committee on Street Traffic Economics, which made its first report at the last convention of the Street Railway Association in Cleveland last September. The report consists of 167 pages of closely printed matter, and would astound the man who thinks of the traffic problem in terms of his own daily movements around town, and hence believes he could solve it all in fifteen minutes if left alone in a room with a pad of paper and a pencil.

It does not go deeply into the parking question except to reproduce a legal treatise by John R. Guilliams, general counsel of the Chicago Surface Lines, who cites legal authorities on the point that bans

on parking constitute a proper exercise of the power of city governments over the public streets. But the report ignores little else in the wide world, for it includes:

> A reproduced article on "The Contribution of Biology, Chemistry and Physics to the Newer Knowledge of Rickets."
>
> An article on "The Oxygen-Carrier of the Blood."
>
> An article by Dr. Morris Fishbein entitled, "A Review and Commentary on Progress in the Medical and Surgical Field."
>
> Extracts from a treatise on "Organization and Policies of the Small Office Building."
>
> Extracts from John Giffen Thompson's "Urbanization. Its Effect on Government and Society."
>
> Data on the growth of the cotton, silk-goods, knit-goods and jewelry jobbing business south of 59th street, in New York, since 1900.

If the average citizen tried to imagine a compilation of data that, from his viewpoint, was as far removed as possible from any bearing on the traffic problem, he could hardly do better than imagine this report of the street railway industry's Committee on Street Traffic Economics. Yet, it is an authentic manifestation of the modern scientific spirit of approach to the lair of the Demon Traffic. In the long run it may bring results. But in the hundred years or so that may intervene, asks the crowding and jostling public, what is to become of us?

IV

It would seem that the more direct approach to the problem through the traffic survey should bring swifter relief. But it will be remembered that there have been at least twenty-two of these surveys, most of them on the grand scale. They have not been popular locally, and since each produced facts basically different from those of every other, they have been of little help in developing a national policy, though they have furnished much material for the Hoover Model Traffic Ordinance. However, one hears no deafening cheers for this ordinance from any person, group, city or State. Thirteen States have adopted in whole or in part a Uniform Vehicle Code, the first thing prepared by the Hoover Conference, but this is not a Municipal Traffic Code. It deals merely with reckless driving, speed restrictions, keeping to the right, what to do in accidents, and so on. The difficulty of getting States to adopt this simple code seems to bode ill for the plan to get cities to adopt the much more complicated Traffic Code.

Anybody who thinks otherwise should look over the traffic survey reports for a few cities. People are fond of saying that most American cities are exactly alike, and that may be true in respect to faces, clothes, noise, movie theatres, drug stores, hotels and general dirtiness. But the Traffic Survey engineers, with their cordon counts, their checking of automobiles, their interviewing of department store patrons, and the like, have dragged to light vast differences between them that have never been dreamed of. Likewise a careful study of these Traffic Survey reports will show wide gaps of opinion between engineers concerning what is and what is not good traffic control.

Compare, for example, the report of Ross W. Harris on Dayton, Ohio, and that of Dr. McClintock on San Francisco. Both engineers did some gum-shoeing around the department stores. In Dayton, Mr. Harris found that 28% of the patrons came to town in automobiles, 54% in street cars, 15% on foot, and 3% by bus or interurban. Dr. McClintock found in San Francisco that 18% came to shop by automobile, 60.2% in street cars, and 21.8% on foot. Yet Mr. Harris, with 10% more automobile shoppers to please, recommended complete prohibition of parking on certain downtown streets all day long, while Dr. McClintock, with his fewer automobile shoppers, said that since 11% of all those his men interviewed found curb parking space, "curb parking still plays an important place in retail trade in San Francisco and severe restrictions on it should be proposed only with greatest care."

This parking controversy is one of the hottest things to handle in the whole traf-

fic tangle. Few surveys recommend the entire abolition of parking in downtown city streets. Most of them hedge and dodge the point. One thing seems to be certain about it—that the public pays no more attention to restrictive laws short of complete abolition of the privilege than it does to Prohibition. In Boston, out of 20,600 parked automobiles recorded by the surveyors, 5,964 were parked on streets where parking was prohibited. Out of 30,925 parked cars checked in all Boston districts, 9,698, or about one third, were illegally parked—too far from the curbs, too close to street corners, less than ten feet from fire plugs, or in double lines.

From virtually every city that has been surveyed comes the same story. In Detroit, the country's biggest automobile center, there is legal parking space at the curbs downtown for only 3,753 cars between 1:30 and 2 P.M., the time when there is most demand for curb space; yet 4,715 automobiles were found parked in these spaces. In San Francisco there is a forty-minute parking law, yet the actual average parking time is fifty minutes. Of 18,958 cars counted, 791 were parked over three hours, 88 more than eight hours, and fourteen more than ten hours. Thirty-six percent of the cars counted were thus parked in violation of the laws. Yet the traffic survey recommended that the forty-minute rule be continued!

Storekeepers and merchants are fiercely opposed to wholesale parking bans. So are automobile manufacturers and dealers. Just as fiercely in favor of them are the street railway and other group transportation companies. In 1926, the United States government took a hand, and through the Department of Commerce circulated a questionnaire to retail merchants. The result, so far as parking was concerned, was thus insured beforehand. Not a single merchant cited parking as the cause of the traffic congestion that interfered with his business. They blamed faulty traffic regulations, narrow streets, lack of parking facilities and street cars, but not parking itself. Wherever proposals to abolish parking have been made, terrific howls have gone up from the retail merchants. Such merchants in the mass are influential. Hence many traffic engineers handle the parking problem as though it were a red hot poker, and struggle valiantly with proposed laws about loading freight in alleys, signal lights, by-pass streets, vehicular tunnels, and what-not to accomplish what the mass transportation men insist could be accomplished in no more than a day by simply prohibiting parking.

Dr. McClintock, the Harvard savant, has had a particularly hard time. In the Fall of 1927 he stood boldly up in a convention of street car men and proclaimed that the effect of parking upon traffic speed had been greatly exaggerated. "It is apparent," he said, "that curb parking has little effect upon street-car operation except on streets with roadways so narrow that automobiles so parked obstruct the overhang of the street car." The street railway men snorted. They already knew that two bodies could not occupy the same space at the same time. Their point was that even when parked automobiles did not overhang the car tracks, they required moving automobiles to move into the track space, thus holding up the cars and stemming traffic.

Dr. McClintock met the point. "Opposition to parking on this ground," said he, "will never be successful and has resulted only in irritation and opposition. The motoring public inevitably feels that at least between the times when street cars actually utilize the road-way occupied by their tracks the space should remain available for any legitimate traffic purpose."

Since then, however, in a booklet on "How to Conduct a Traffic Survey," Dr. McClintock has enunciated this principle, doubtless inspired by discoveries made in his Traffic Surveys:

> Remember, where parking can be allowed, permit it, for there it is a convenience; that's what curbs are for. But when it outlaws the use of streets for too many people the needs of the many must take precedence over the convenience of the few.

Later on, under a question-and-answer heading, he equips amateur traffic surveyors to meet an inevitable emergency:

> *Q.* What can you do with the parking question when merchants object to restrictions?
>
> *A.* Keep facts before them until they see the light. In one place we showed a merchant in an outlying section that 80% of the cars parked near him discharged riders who went blocks away and never came near his place of business.

The point that most shoppers come to the stores on street cars, and that more would come that way if parking were abolished, is what the street railway men are trying to hammer home, and their most impressive exhibit is Chicago. In that impulsive metropolis, where a traffic-crazed citizen not long ago shot down a flivverite who scraped the fender of his new motor, there was suddenly put into effect, on January 10, 1928, an absolute ban upon parking in the Loop. The merchants were not consulted, and they groaned aloud, but nobody paid any attention to them. Traffic engineers have been busy ever since, especially those connected with street car companies, pointing out to the world that all traffic has been speeded up, that more automobiles have been able to enter the Loop than ever before, that accidents have been decreased about 30%, that stores have had an increase instead of a decrease in business, and that more happy people are riding the cars of the Chicago Surface Lines:

Thus the war between the street car and the automobile for a place in the streets goes on. There probably will be no real solution of the traffic problem until it ends. The automobile men disdain the street car and the motoring millions take their cue from them. The street car, they say, is simply on the way out. But the street car men reply with mathematical calculations designed to confound this hauteur. Their cordon counters and traffic checkers work furiously gathering figures to show how much more economical use of the streets is made by street cars than by automobiles —that a street car occupying approximately 320 square feet, seating forty passengers and carrying perhaps eighty when filled, gives each passenger about four square feet of the street, whereas an automobile takes up about 100 square feet of the street and carries on an average 1.7 passengers, thus giving each passenger 59 square feet of street space, or about twelve times as much as the street car Solve the traffic problem, they say, by a more economical apportionment of street space.

Col. Clarence O. Sherrill, City Manager of Cincinnati, agrees. He favors "giving precedence to vehicles in the streets in the order of their capacity for moving the greatest number of riders in the least possible time with the least possible use of street space. The proper order is: first, street cars; second, motor buses; third, taxicabs; fourth, private motor cars." *Electric Traction*, a street railway trade journal, calls for street car boulevards, where cars may zoom along without hindrance while the lucky straphangers thumb their noses at the motorists. The *Electric Railway Journal* and *Liberty* fling editorials back and forth at each other. Gerhard M. Dahl, chairman of the board of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation calls upon the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment to recognize that "the surface street cars carry seven out of every ten passengers transported in vehicular street traffic in New York, while using less than one-tenth of the utilizable street space." The noise of battle grows louder—but it does not settle the traffic problem.

V

As to signal lights there exists today little more agreement amongst engineers or public than as to parking. The signal light came to replace the traffic policeman at busy intersections and release him for worthier work in the marts of crime. The light was believed to be cheaper than the cop and more efficient. But it has proved a capricious servant.

The traffic light played its grimmest joke on Detroit, whose factories not only

turn out more automobiles than those of any other city on the globe, but whose streets carry more of them than the busiest streets of New York. Walking as a human habit has almost entirely disappeared in Detroit. In their report to the Rapid Transit Commission of the town, Daniel L. Turner and John P. Hallihan, engineers, said: "The riding habit is becoming more firmly established, so firmly in fact, that even the shortest walk is avoided if possible, if any sort of transportation is available." Traffic counts in Detroit and New York have shown traffic on fifteen Detroit thoroughfares to be within 4% of that on fifteen New York thoroughfares; while along Jefferson avenue, Detroit's busiest boulevard, two-way traffic was 20% greater than along Fifth avenue in New York.

Detroit took up the traffic light with great enthusiasm. There are at least four kinds of signals—the isolated type, unrelated to any nearby signals; the synchronous type that flashes all red or all green for ten blocks at a time; the partial platoon type that moves traffic in small bodies or platoons, and the progressive or wave type designed to keep everything moving steadily at a fixed speed. Detroit adopted them all. The idea was to experiment and pick the best. But if the city government had decided to experiment with four different religions it could not have stirred up more trouble. Citizenry and government gave themselves over to bitter factionalism. A complete and workmanlike traffic survey conducted by Harold Gould, assisted by H. S. Simpson, Detroit's first (and only) traffic engineer, so aggravated the bitterness that both engineers dropped the work and Simpson went off to engineer traffic in the wilds of Essex county, New Jersey. The people became so busy fighting over the lights that they forgot to pay any attention to them—even to clean them. Reflectors and bulbs became so dirty that nobody could tell whether they were signalling green or red.

It is largely for this reason that, as these lines are written, Detroit has abandoned all her signal lights and gone back ten years, restoring the old-fashioned traffic cop. In many cities this has been hailed as a defeat for the traffic light, which has little popularity anywhere—because, according to many engineers, it is usually stupidly installed and timed. But the other side say it is not a defeat and that the traffic light will come back in Detroit when the town learns how to handle it—if it can get a traffic engineer reckless enough to take the job. That job has been wiped out of existence, temporarily at least, by a skeptical City Council. When the estimates for the City Budget for 1928 were prepared there was an item of $5,000 for a traffic engineer in the Police Department. The mayor approved it but the City Council struck it out and refused to put it back.

Chicago's experience with lights has been entirely different from Detroit's. There the job of managing them was turned over to E. J. McIlraith, of the Chicago Surface Lines, who has made them helpful to all traffic and hasn't forgotten his street cars. Traffic moves today in the Loop at eleven miles an hour—50% to 100% faster than it did three years ago; more than twice as fast as it moves on Fifth avenue. Chicago uses the wave or progressive system.

Then, further illustrating the difficulties of any national standardization of traffic control, there is San Francisco, where Dr. McClintock found that no standard or normal signal whatever would work on Market street, with its five-point intersections and its four street car tracks. There an entirely distinctive type of signal has had to be devised.

Again there is Pittsburgh, with what Dean J. Locke, the Baltimore Traffic Engineer, calls "one of the toughest traffic problems to solve of any large city in the United States." Most conventional traffic plans would tie Pittsburgh up tighter than a drum. The business center, called the Triangle, lies in the fork of two rivers and is surrounded by precipices. Blocks are ir-

regular in length and half of them are no more than wide enough to let two streams of traffic pass each other. Most of the intersection control is by policemen using stop-and-go semaphores. The Traffic Survey report recommends "immediate installation of a flexible coordinated electric traffic control system" at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, to start off with 100 lights. The engineers predict speed increases of 30% to 40%. Pittsburgh plans to dig down into its jeans, and hopes the engineers are right.

It has become accepted as a principle by the average run of men that a major reason for traffic congestion in cities is the skyscraper, housing thousands of persons on a small area of land in what amounts to a street bent up in the air. Two years ago, President Coolidge said, "Thus far the victories have all been on the side of the skyscrapers, the elevators and the ever-increasing congestion of population." Everybody at once said, "Of course! It's the skyscrapers that make traffic congestion." Yet the Traffic Survey in Boston disclosed no buildings (with certain few exceptions), higher than thirteen stories; and Boston traffic congestion is frequently unbelievable. The reason assigned for it by traffic students is that the small buildings in the town have spread out its business activity, and thus increased the use of the streets for communication. Harvey Wiley Corbett, the architect, says: "The automobile and not the tall building constitutes the greatest menace to the solution of the traffic problem. Reducing the height of buildings would not relieve traffic, but would only eliminate personal contact and cause a spread of interests over a wider area."

If it appears from all the foregoing that progress in the direction of generally satisfactory traffic control seems to be toward the rear, then the cold facts are to blame. Certainly all efforts to settle things precipitately—to get somewhere in the traffic problem by "stepping on the gas"—have come to grief (except in Chicago, where parking was outlawed overnight). Says the new Committee on Street Traffic Economics of the American Electric Railway Association:

> The most important purpose to be served by this year's report is to *stimulate interest in the lines of investigation suggested* as well as interest in formulating the complete programme of approach to this intricate problem.

In other words, having tried to lay the enemy low with one crack, and failed, we must now resort to bicycling backward around the ring. It looks like a long wait.

DRY TEXAS

BY ALBERT LINDSAY O'NEALE, JR.

SATURDAY, August 18, 1928, was hot in Dallas, Texas. The song of the locust sounded like an airplane passing over. All the water-elms, unless they were mighty healthy, had begun to shed their leaves. In every neighborhood fretful, whiny children were dotted with red chigger and mosquito bites. Women who had to stand over cook-stoves or ironing-boards sweated cruelly. The same was true of men chopping weeds on vacant lots, or shingling roofs.

About noon, the hottest time, I caught an Oak Lawn street car and rode downtown. Everybody on the car was wet between the shoulders; when a woman stood up to get off she reached her hand behind her and pulled at her clothes. The boy sitting next to me had his sleeves rolled up, but his vaccination mark hadn't tanned and it looked like the thumb-print of a murderer.

I got off at Elm street, sometimes humorously called Ellum, the gaudiest and profanest street, I do believe, in the whole Southwest. Droves of people were pushing and weaving up and down the blistering sidewalk. Sunburned arms dangled everywhere; lips, swollen and bloody with lipstick, seemed to protrude several inches before the women who owned them. Two girls without stockings scooted along, their legs shaved, their breasts loose, their hips energetically bringing up the rear. In the doorway of a music store, where a loud needle was playing hot mamma music, several young men lounged and leaned. Street cars clanged, traffic bells shrilled, automobiles honked. The Southwest likes noise. Our sun may make us look like leather, but it can't chase us into dark holes.

I decided I would go to a certain furniture store where I do much of my hanging out. On my way I passed a movie theatre, and the iced air swam out to the sidewalk and enveloped me. The temptation to buy a ticket and go inside was hard to resist. These movie magnates are wise. What could be a cleverer lure than refrigerated air on a hot day? The weather burned me as with fever, but here was the offer of relief. An enticing feel of it emerged to the pavement. In the gilded ticket-box sat a pretty round-faced brunette. It would be pleasant to buy a slip of pasteboard from her. With every ticket she gave a smile; it was a part of her job. Since everything seemed to urge my going inside, I began to look at the posters, which told what the show was about. The first thing promised the prospective art-lover was a man and woman grappling on a divan in a sumptuous living-room. I passed on. It was simply too hot for amour, even in a cooled theatre.

I reached the furniture store where I do my loafing. In an easy chair made in a furniture mill up in Arkansas, I sat down. A ceiling fan was revolving directly above me. My friends Walter and John, who are salesmen in the store, were sitting there, and we talked some, though not much. I took off my stiff straw, and wiped my brow. Two months ago, when I had bought the straw, it was white, but now it looked like an old bird's nest. Even in the soft chair under the fan you had to keep pressing your handkerchief against the back of your hands.

It was a big store, long and wide. Over-

stuffed furniture covered almost an acre. Gay-shaded lamps were as thick as saplings in a grove, and all around them was an underbrush of smoking stands, sewing cabinets, and fancy stools. The place sold radios, and the demonstrator was tuned in on "The Stars and Stripes Forever." In one of the big windows porch swings with gay canvas tops were displayed. Mirrors and tapestries hung on the walls. The elevator was going up and down. Walter got a dining-room customer. John was called back to the telephone in the book-keeping office. I was left alone under the fan.

II

Gus came up.

"Feel like one?" he asked.

"I don't care," I said.

We poked out into the glare and heat. The rasping street sounds struck us an almost physical blow. Tar bubbles blistered the paving, and the imprint of heels and the tread of automobile tires were stamped there. The car rails dazzled like silver. Gus and I walked up deep Elm, past the pawn shops, the old clothes stores, and the small second-hand furniture places. No shade was on the sidewalk.

Gus's Ford was jammed against the curb, and a car touched the front bumper and another the rear.

"You're in tight," I said.

"Hell! I can turn this baby on a postage stamp."

We climbed in and started the engine. It was a 1920 model. Gus wrestled at the wheel; he turned, twisted, and grunted. He got red in the face and cussed. Two fat Jewish women stood in the doorway of a store and watched us. They said things to each other and grinned, but the wreck we were sitting in made such a terrible racket that we could not hear what they said.

When we finally got free, we continued up deep Elm a few blocks and turned to the left. We cut around other corners, and came out on a rough back street. Avoiding the bumps and holes was impossible, and the gray thick dust looked not unlike the hide of an old elephant. As the wheels of the flivver bit into it, they raised a cloud.

We went behind red-brick windowless warehouses, and jolted over some railroad tracks. Passing a line of Negro cabins, we arrived at more tracks, where a row of tank-cars stood. They were directly in the sun, and God, they looked hot!

Right there, before a scrap of paling fence, we pulled up. Lizzie's radiator was smoking and churning. Except for that, everything seemed mighty quiet, even isolated. The quietest spot in the world, I suppose, is a dull, silent railroad track on a hot day. One of the tank-cars, I noticed, was dripping oil on the red cinders. The skim was iridescent in the blazing sunshine.

Another auto was already here; we parked just behind it. Beyond the fence, partly buried in parched Johnson grass, crouched a small unpainted cottage. It was about the color of a horned frog. At one corner of the sloping porch a peach tree was dying. The porch was about the size of your hand, and a couple of warped two-by-fours held up its roof, whose shingles were buckled and kinked. The front door and window of the cottage were heavily curtained.

"Well, pile out," said Gus. "Have you got paralysis?"

The picket gate was hanging open on one hinge, and we went up the path to the two spongy steps. Three stray buff hens and a blue rooster, from the line of Negro cabins not far off, got out of our way, but we had to be careful where we put our feet down. On the porch our steps were heard; we didn't have to knock. The front door curtain was pushed aside, and there were Harry's bright black eyes and thin nose peering at us. Seeing we were friendly Indians, he did some unlocking, and we edged in.

"Hello, boys," Harry whispered. He was tiptoeing, and we did likewise.

The hall was narrow and dim, and fairly cool. Harry locked up after us. Everything

was as bare as the sole of a new shoe. We went to the back room, where there was a big round dining-room table, with chairs. To enter this room, we had to push by a dirty orange drapery that looked like a former bedspread. Three men in shirt sleeves were leaning their elbows on the table, in the center of which was a one pound coffee can sending up thin spirals of smoke. It was a receptacle for cigarette butts.

"Sit down, boys," said Harry, still whispering and tiptoeing. He indicated vacant chairs.

"My name is Liefert," said one of the men sitting at the table. Gus and I acknowledged the news, and told our names, giving false ones. The other pair kept quiet.

At a small stained sink in a corner of the room Harry rinsed two beer glasses and slid them across the table to us. Then he lifted the lid of a small ice-box and rattled out a pair of brown bottles. An odd thing about that ice-box was that it was small and frequent withdrawals were made from it, but it never got empty. Opening the bottles made a pleasant sound in the stealthy room.

"Like a lot of foam?" Harry asked. I answered yes, so he poured the beer a long way; Gus answered no, so he held the neck of the bottle down in the glass. The other fellows were already fixed up; in fact, Liefert was well past his meridian. A large swarthy man, too much made him look sullen and bloated. His eyes were tired. Still, he was a pleasant sort, with a desire to be sociable.

"Harry's beer is no good today," he told us sadly. But his condition indicated it had taken him a long time to find it out. "What he had here last week was sure fine beer, wasn't it, Harry?"

"Finest I believe I ever made," Harry said. "This batch I got running now is going to be good, too. I tested it this morning. Six per cent already. It'll be about twenty-two per cent when it's done. It'll be fine beer."

"That last week was sure fine all right," Liefert said. "I don't guess I'll ever forget the flavor of that beer. Did you boys get in on any of that?"

Gus and I said we hadn't. Personally, I never do. The fine beer has always just been drunk by the time I get to a place, and the next fine batch will not be ready until next week.

III

Nevertheless, there at the round table, Gus and I drank our beer. Salt was in a baking powder can, with holes punched by a nail in the top. Gus used lots of salt. No crackers, no pretzels, no cheese, no little pickled onions the size of marbles, no goose liver sausage, no dill pickles, no corned beef, no conviviality. Just the beer. Like so many mouse-traps, we sat in the dim, fairly cool room behind the dirty orange bedspread, and drank our beer and flipped cigarette snipes into the coffee can. All the doors were locked, all the windows curtained. Everybody rapped for another round, and paid spot cash, bottle for bottle, as he went. Twenty-five cents a bottle, twenty-two cents of it pure net profit to Harry.

One of the other men at the table was tall, dark, and cadaverous. His big hands and thick wrists were covered with black hog bristles. He had a bad slouch and a long mean neck, which some two-bit barber in the wagon-yard district down by the courthouse had shaved square. He looked as if he ought to have been out in the hills or on the plains holding up the Texas & Pacific near some lonely water tank.

His companion was a small, red, wrinkled runt, somewhere between twenty-eight and a hundred and twenty-eight years old. When he spoke or smiled he looked down. But somehow you felt he was a beer drinker, with a capacity of twenty bottles of Harry's beer at a sitting—something like that, and still able to navigate. He reminded me of a tomato I saw once. It was hanging late in the season on a withered vine on an abandoned farm in East Texas.

This small, reddish, wrinkled, beer-drinking runt made me think of that tomato.

Two more customers eased in. They come in pairs; at least, one seldom comes alone. The new arrivals were upper-crust, undoubtedly. Their clothes, manner and sunburn were decidedly country club. When they requested a private room in which to drink their beer, I even suspected them of being Episcopalians and Republicans.

Harry was the busy one. A small, slight man, he was as quick and agile as a mocking-bird. He flitted around the room like a feather in a breeze. At the sink he rinsed glasses under the cold-water faucet. He clinked the ice in the ice-box, and drew out the cold frosty bottles, brown and slick. He used his opener. With a wet rag he wiped up the rings on the table-top. He washed the empties. He emptied the coffee can of its cigarette refuse, and hurried forward to wait on the impatient and arrogant customers in the private room. At all times he was taking in money and making change.

Harry was adept, good-natured, accommodating, and perfectly candid about his business and the profits he was making. Some months, he admitted, he made a thousand dollars net. Think of that! And all out of beer in a bone-dry State! A vice-president of the American Exchange National Bank hardly makes more, and the American Ex is the largest bank in Dallas. Think of a weasel in a leaky cabin on the edge of nigger town having an earning capacity almost equal to that of a great official of a great bank!

Of course, Harry worked hard, far harder than any torpid banker. Eighteen, nineteen strenuous hours a day he worked. He had to brew his beer and then cap it with a capper that bruised the palm of his hand. Then he had to sell it, wait on the trade. He was manufacturer and merchant both. It kept him so busy that he had little time in which to spend his profits; a lump of savings, six thousand dollars, it was said, made a bunion in his shoe. But in spite of hard work and little leisure, he was happy.

He disappeared into an adjoining room, and immediately a rumpus arose there.

"You ain't going to make me pay, are you?" a voice asked.

"Pay me, boy. Don't fool with me," we heard Harry say.

"You said I could drink free for that chore I done for you."

"I told you you could have one bot. You've had five. Pay me a dollar."

Harry and a big buck Negro man came into view through the open door.

"You mean to make me pay full price?"

"That's what. I said one bot and you drank five. Don't fool with me, boy."

The Negro paid and left by the back door.

After he had gone, Liefert called him a string of dirty names, and said he wished he would come back so he could have the pleasure of throwing him out. Liefert then folded his arms on the table and rested his head on them.

"Niggers are moochers," the red-headed runt declared.

"Yes, they're all alike. They're moochers."

"Mooching's in their blood. Get something for nothing. That's niggers."

There was a sound at the window.

"What're you calling me?" It was the big buck; we could see his outline through the heavy curtain.

"Go on, boy," Harry half pleaded, half ordered. "Don't start anything around here."

"Don't be calling me any names," the Negro warned.

I touched Liefert on the shoulder. "He's back," I whispered in his ear. "The nigger is back, if you want to throw him on his royal."

Liefert opened his eyes sleepily. "Go to hell!" he said.

Everything was quiet for a moment, then the dark shadow at the window disappeared. We could hear him crunching cinders as he walked off.

"He'll make trouble," somebody said. "He's liable to turn you in, Harry."

Harry shook his head. "He's a good coon. He just got a little sore. I've been knowing him a long time."

"Shall we drink again, Gus?"

"One more."

"Fill 'em up, Harry!" We flourished our glasses and struck them merrily on the table, in an effort to raise a little joyousness and feeling of brotherly love. But the effort failed.

IV

When we left, Harry, like a good host, saw us to the door.

"Good-bye, boys. Come back again. That batch next week will be fine."

Outside, we squinted, and heard Harry locking up again. We crawled into the flivver; the seat was like a skillet over a hot fire.

We simply sat there, making no move to start. Gus was thoughtful. He contemplated the oil cars with a sad steady gaze. White heat flames danced on their round metal bodies.

"That's no way for a fellow to have to drink his beer, is it?" he asked at last.

"No," I said.

He started the engine angrily. With a savage twist of the wheel, he turned the Ford in the deep gray dust of the side street, and we headed back toward town.

GRANDE DAME

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG

PHOEBE DOLBY'S flaccid, wrinkled countenance was punctuated by intelligent, very sad eyes. Her head was large, impressive. She had lost most of her hair after the death of Mr. Dolby, and now wore a wig. She was inclined to obesity; her generously scaled body was kind of spongy, bulbous, as if she constantly wore bustles. Her hands were wrinkled with age, but they did not tremble. The old lady's breasts seemed to flow without interruption into her abdomen.

Phoebe Dolby was thoroughly British, despite her thirty-odd years of residence in America. She refused to become a citizen because she had penetrated the illusion of Americanization. She firmly resisted the American manner: she detested speed, efficiency, bemoaned the lack of leisure and grace, and otherwise held that America was a barbarous country. The solid, dogmatic essence of Great Britain would always reside in her weary bones.

Something of the faded queen seemed to flourish in the gentle old lady. She was gracious and charming with an ancient, majestic dignity. She brought to mind the plush, exceedingly respectable grandeur of Queen Victoria, whose subject she had been and whose memory she now revered. A small plaster statue of the Queen rested on her dilapidated glass book-case. In Phoebe's estimation, Victoria was the greatest woman who ever lived.

In spite of the seedy surroundings in which she lived, she seemed immersed in an aura of magnificence. There was a deliberately noble *motif* in her every attitude. She uttered her precise English in a rich, grand voice; her gestures were elaborate, regal. The roomers in her antiquated apartment were always referred to as lodgers. If you spoke to her of a roomer, she became indignant. She thoroughly detested the designation of landlady. She merely offered hospitality to a few desirable people, who appreciated the advantages of a home.

Her habitually florid manner struck one as hopelessly incongruous when the disorderly Dolby kitchen was observed. The *grande dame* had absolutely no domestic sense. She was accustomed to servants, she always said, and her chaotic kitchen was perhaps indicative of the truth of this assertion.

Her respectability was severely pronounced. Even at the age of sixty-three she seemed constantly afraid that some one would compromise it. Her moral convictions were positive, admitting of absolutely no qualifications. While she was outwardly gracious and gentle, once her rigid sense of the proprieties had been disturbed, she became a ramrod of scorn and denunciation.

Once one of her roomers, a young woman, came into the apartment intoxicated. Phoebe was profoundly shocked. The girl was ordered to leave the place instantly, and thereafter the old lady took in women mature enough to know that it wasn't respectable to be seen in public intoxicated.

Nevertheless, Phoebe Dolby thoroughly detested the Prohibition Amendment. She believed that liquor should be taken moderately, or not at all. She was infinitely happy when some friend of hers came to New York from the British colonial possession she so often mentioned, bringing her a bottle of authentic rum. She demanded the real stuff, or nothing.

She brewed an almost endless variety of wines and beers. She had stored away hundreds of bottles of these home-made goods. She seldom drank any of her own concoctions; they were made principally for distribution to her friends. Each bottle was named after some British notable.

His Majesty King George was represented by a heavy wine; H. R. H. the Prince of Wales had a lighter one made in his honor. There were, too, a General Allenby wine, made of dandelions; a General Haig wine, of beets and sugar; and a Curzon wine, of apricots and raisins.

The bottles were dated, sealed with wax and placed in what Mrs. Dolby called the "brewery"—a storeroom containing a vicious parrot, an ancient piano, and an enormous number of old newspapers and magazines. The shelves of a cabinet seven feet high were laden with bottles of wine and beer. Her beer was good. She gave much of it to the janitor, and always had a bottle on ice when some one called. She was often asked why she did not try to sell it. Why didn't she become a bootlegger? The suggestion annoyed her British sense of respectability.

"In the first place, I might get arrested; and in the second place, I make wine and beer for purely sentimental reasons. I like to cheer people up. I like to see them happy. People tell me that my beer is much better than Bass' Ale."

The beer exploded into generous fountains of foam when the bottles were opened. It was heady and stupefying stuff; the wines were likewise invigorating, vital. The old lady took an enormous lot of care in making them. She selected the best beets and fruit on the market; her hops were obtained at a special place in the lower section of Manhattan; and she spent hours in cooking and bottling the ingredients. She distilled no whiskey, because it could be got at the corner drug-store. Moreover, she considered whiskey a trifle too crude to drink, too inflaming.

All of Phoebe Dolby's friends received bottles of home-made wine at Christmas. These were tied with gay ribbons and wrapped in tissue paper. She could not afford to spend money on conventional Christmas presents. Anyway, she thought that the bestowal of home-made wines was a more intimate form of recognizing the holiday.

"At home, we were always accustomed to table wines," she would say, with an airy wave of her hand, the fingers of which often sparkled with imitation diamonds. "We were never without them. Prohibition is a curse," she added, vigorously. "The law should be repealed at once. I don't see why intelligent people stand for it."

She would talk for hours about the evils of Prohibition, but if one of her roomers got drunk and showed himself in public she blazed in haughty indignation.

Wine, she maintained, added to the grace of life; it had a civilizing influence when used in moderation. She spoke constantly about the graces of life; she cautioned her male roomers on the necessity of politeness. She embroidered existence, and evaded its harsh realities by creeping into her imagination. She was a romantic lost in the hurry of a brash and blatant world.

II

Phoebe Dolby gave music lessons to stubborn children and bemoaned the idiocy of modern parents. The classics, she thought, were in a lamentable decline. Jazz was vulgar—too insufferably low to be considered at all.

The three pianos in the Dolby apartment were hoary with age. They had been purchased twenty years before and were, in Phoebe's estimation, as good as ever. She had draped them in the overflowing sentiment of her nature.

The chairs and sofas in the apartment were likewise antiquated, but she wouldn't think of throwing them away. She detested the new, the novel; people and things had to be old, enveloped in a tradition, before they were trustworthy.

Her sister, Edith, who was ridden with

rheumatism and older than herself, took care of the apartment. Phoebe was concededly unable to make a bed. Some people, Edith pointed out, are born that way; they are deficient in practical sense. Phoebe dispensed her music lessons and enacted the florid rôle of the *grande dame* who lived in her spectacular memories. Edith willingly assumed the domestic obligations.

Phoebe often spoke of the vast estate she had once owned in the British colonial possession.

"When Mr. Dolby was alive, I never had to bother about money. 'Here,' he would say to me, 'take this'; and then he'd throw a bag full of money in my lap. Oh, we lived then! I never had to worry about the rent, the iceman, or the gas bill."

Then she would ramble off into a long tale about her big house, her servants, her pets, and the notable people she used to meet. The recitation was punctuated with tragic sighs, and augmented by aloof comments from Edith, who remained in the back-ground, allowing her more expansive sister to dominate the conversation.

The two were perfectly mated. Phoebe's deficiencies of character were rectified by Edith's virtues. Phoebe was soft and yielding, and she sometimes reminded you of a mass of putty. Edith, although outwardly gracious and gentle, was hard and factual. She was the stern realist, while Phoebe was a futile romantic.

Many years before, Phoebe had cared for a man totally blind. Mr. Elos was essentially an aristocrat, she maintained, and his blindness was a great tragedy. He played the organ beautifully and had composed numerous pieces for the piano, some of which were published. His care had been Phoebe's dominant concern for a long while.

She was the kind who attached herself to a person or thing and refused to let go. The blind man, originally a roomer, evoked her voluminous sense of pity. It was necessary for her to have some one around upon whom she could bestow her generous impulses.

"Mr. Elos was a great man," she often said. "He would never admit his blindness. He had a fine mind, too. That's what I always look for in a man . . . his mind. He saw with his mind. He was very sensitive."

Mr. Elos lived in the Dolby apartment for years, faithfully cared for by Phoebe. She was convinced of his musical genius; whoever became associated with her was naturally a superior person.

She worried about her blind roomer when he was abroad in the streets of New York. She became utterly absorbed in him, and a great romantic attachment existed between them. When he finally died and was buried from her apartment, Phoebe's grief demoralized her. For weeks, she was unable to eat in a normal way, or sleep for more than an hour at night. She consulted spiritualists as to his presence in the world beyond. She knew, she said, that he was still alive.

Shortly afterward, in order to submerge her grief, she became occupied with the care of birds. The old apartment was cluttered with canaries, parrots, wrens and other fowl. Each of them became a highly personalized individual to her, with a name, eccentricities of character, and definite wants and habits. They were treated as human beings. They flew about the rooms all day, but at night were carefully replaced in their cages. The two old ladies loved and reverenced them.

But when one of them died, thus destroying the unity of the family, the rest were released or given to friends. The sole remnant of the aviary, a bitter, depraved parrot, was Edith's particular pet, and she positively refused to let it go.

III

While Phoebe could never forget Mr. Elos, she was also much interested in her subsequent men roomers. Her romanticism was not blunted with age; rather, it seemed to become more active. She would array herself in a gay dress, place a string of false pearls about her neck, and invite a favorite roomer into her seedy parlor and give him wine and cakes.

Edith cautioned her sister about these romantic tendencies, but Phoebe was not deterred. Her curiosity about men was inexhaustible, and, she much preferred them as roomers to women. If a male lodger was at all intelligent, or made the slightest appeal otherwise to her emotions, she became absorbed forthwith in his destiny. She was profoundly stirred by his ambitions, and set herself the task of assisting in their accomplishment.

"I have you on my mind; I am worrying about you," she would say to a roomer in difficulties. "I pray for you every single night."

Phoebe was not religious in any conventional sense, although she was a member of the Church of England. She was bitterly against all Catholics; and would rave for hours on the subject. She never took Catholics as roomers, and while one of her best friends was vaguely of that faith, she often said that she would rather see a child of hers dead than a Catholic.

"No dogma for me! My religion is based on common sense. If I see a man who needs a crust of bread, I give it to him. I don't need a priest to send me to Heaven. Nothing has ever dwarfed my intelligence and nothing ever will."

She never went to church, but she would listen for hours to sermons over the radio. She was completely unafraid of death, she said; she didn't believe that God was a vicious fellow Who punished little boys for their sins.

Phoebe doubted the authenticity of Hell, but she never turned a beggar away from her door. If she was unable to assist him, she apologized.

"You'll have to excuse me, please," she would say, gently. "I can't help you today."

She seemed downright superstitious in the matter. She likewise contributed small sums to public charities when she could. She had a small income derived from some property in her British colonial possession; it had dwindled and she had lost money in various petty speculations. Although she was unaware of it, her name was on a sucker list. A great deal of mail, soliciting funds for various projects, came to her.

The only door to her apartment was always locked. It was never opened until whoever rang the bell was properly identified. Phoebe carried a police whistle in a large pocket-book. If she were attacked on the street or fell, she planned to blow the whistle. But it was principally for use in the apartment, for both sisters were afraid of burglars.

Old books, ancient bits of statuary, a porcelain clock of distinguished lineage, and decrepit furniture cluttered the place. An enormous amount of rubbish accumulated, but it was never removed. Pieces of brass and silver a hundred years old were hidden in an ancient trunk. Heirlooms handed down from generation to generation resided in a rusty metal box.

If a piece of furniture had been placed in a certain way years before, it remained so indefinitely, and no one dared displace it. It was Edith who was most sensitive in this matter. She maintained the Dolby traditions with a fanatical severity. Phoebe wasn't always so particular.

Phoebe was the living member of the pair. Her joviality, her wines and beer, her love of good food and companionship, brightened the hoary old place. She always sought, she said, the bright side. And she had a strange and hearty appreciation for risqué stories.

"Not too naughty, of course. Now, Mrs. Garry can tell a story of that kind, and not offend you. I can't stand vulgarity."

Mrs. Garry was a silver-haired woman who did extra work in the motion picture studios on Long Island. Phoebe, hardly aware of the modern world at her door, listened while her gallivanting, sixty-eight-year-old friend told her naughty stories and drank Prince of Wales wine.

Phoebe, however, would never let her sister know that she listened to Mrs. Garry's stories.

"Edith would be shocked. She never lets me do anything."

IV

Phoebe was familiar with all the recognized masterpieces of music. Her rôle, she pointed out, was that of the appreciator; others created art, while she responded to it. She seemed to consider it her duty to respond to the classics. During half a century she had heard every opera singer of any importance. She spoke of eating lobsters at Delmonico's after the opera. She used to sing, she said, and had ambitions to go on the stage. But family tradition prevented.

She had been taught to reverence the family as the central unit of civilization. She submerged herself to maintain the integrity of the Dolbys, though she and Edith were the sole surviving members of the clan. She couldn't understand the disorganized family life of the present day. She abominated flappers, rouge, short skirts, and the general indecency of the age. The lack of discipline in the young was tragic to her.

But modern life only incidentally intruded on her. She clung tenaciously to her memories. Her ideas had been generated in the middle nineteenth Century, and she applied a Victorian point of view to the neurotic life about her. Thus she manifested a firm adoration for the works of Dickens and Thackeray, and often quoted Micawber. The greasy sentimentality of Dickens had captivated her years before, and she had always retained her enthusiasm.

Phoebe subscribed to a New Thought magazine, and had its editor pray for her and Edith in his office. *Unity*, "a magazine of practical Christianity," came to her regularly and was passed on to others in spiritual difficulties. She bewailed the size of the Sunday papers and could find nothing to read in them. A monthly journal came from her British colonial possession, but she seldom read it. Evidently her experience in the colony had been a bitter one.

Phoebe often referred to that glorious evening, years ago, when she had seen "Fun in a Photographer's Shop." Modern humor, however, was usually lost on her, although she quickly understood Mrs. Garry's stories. The motion pictures likewise seemed insane; they hurt her eyes and were obviously manufactured for the consumption of half-wits. She was proud of her intelligence. She had a firm hold on the verities of life, she often said.

"I am eternal," she once told a startled roomer, with a magnificent wave of her hand. He had rashly asked her how old she was. "I'm as young as I feel, and that's much younger than you think."

But life weighed heavily on her, and within she constantly battled pessimism. As Edith's rheumatism gradually grew worse and rendered her unable to perform the household duties, the indolent old *grande dame* courageously tried to assume the burden. But she was utterly devoid of domestic conscience. Edith, indeed, had maintained the household for such a long time that Phoebe was stunned when confronted with its glaring realities. Some of the roomers left because the apartment was neglected. One of them complained that he had discovered a bed-bug in his bed.

Phoebe was outraged when this discovery was reported to her. Such a thing was a direct thrust at her imperishable respectability. She swore that the roomer had carried the insect in on his clothing. Or it had entered via a library book. Books from public libraries were notorious carriers of vermin.

"We have lived in this apartment for thirty years," she said, calmly but indignantly, "and we never heard of such a thing. Surely there must be some mistake."

"I'll show you," said the roomer. He led her into his room and indicated a blood-smeared pillow case, but Phoebe was not convinced. Thereafter, she never mentioned the episode. She shut it out of her mind completely, and the roomer was given to understand that he could leave the apartment at once if he persisted in bringing vermin in with him.

Everyone in the neighborhood was aware of her dignity. Her butcher, whom she had patronized for thirty years, was not sur-

prised when she grandly ordered twenty cents worth of steak to be delivered at a certain hour. He merely smiled and admired her. She was fully aware of the value of a manner.

"I have no debts," she said. "I always pay on the spot. It saves trouble. I never buy on the instalment plan. I'd rather go without than buy that way. You see some people wearing expensive clothes which are not paid for." She referred to a neighbor who considered her somewhat pompous. "They wear fine clothes, but they haven't a penny to their names. My clothing is ordinary, but it is paid for when I buy it." She uttered all this in tones of supreme disdain.

V

When her sister went to bed with her rheumatism, Phoebe's worries increased. The music pupils became an enormous strain on her vitality. There was no creative response from them, she complained. She longed to meet a child of intelligence, whom she could mould into a great musician. This, she decided in despair, was a futile yearning.

In other years, assisted by the blind Mr. Elos, she had given musical instruction to dozens of children. She had likewise taught French and German. But now her pupils had dwindled to insignificant proportions. Most of them wanted instruction in jazz, but she refused to dispense any such a barbarous knowledge; she would not teach her pupils how to play tricks on the piano. She insisted on a sound musical foundation, which required loads of work, intelligence and patience. But the modern child and its parent demanded speed, an enormous lot of impressive noise, and overnight accomplishment.

"They teach you how to play the banjo or the saxaphone in four days now," she said, scornfully. "And I am expected to make stupid children musicians in the same time. It can't be done."

She was anything but speedy, and only her florid gestures could be called noisy. She had no strain of jazz in her antiquated spirit.

The ancient apartment got seedier, but Phoebe continued to make her wines and beer. The woman of normal domestic instincts would have cleaned up the house, or, during the Summer, preserved fruit. But Phoebe brewed beer. She was not made for domesticity; not, anyway, for the conventional, child-bearing, sacrificial kind.

She knew that if she had had a child and it had failed to consummate the lofty destiny her romanticism demanded, the resultant tragedy would have killed her.

"The bearing of children is a great responsibility," she said. "Half the parents of today don't realize how great it is. If a child of mine were a boy, I'd want him to be a barrister, or a great statesman like Lloyd George or Asquith. No girls. And I'd never let a son of mine be a minister. There is something dry and dead about ministers."

Instead of rearing children, and grandchildren she would seclude herself in her disorderly kitchen and place an enormous pot of hops on the gas stove to boil. She was highly nervous and irritable while the brewing was in progress. No one dared to come into the kitchen and disturb her.

The beer bottles had to be repeatedly scalded; their caps were purchased from a definite store. The odor from the hops permeated the entire apartment. Sweat poured from the old lady's brow; the old dress she wore hung on her like a loose sack. She was completely absorbed in her task, and worn out when it was completed.

When dozens of bottles had been filled with the brew, they were taken to the "brewery" and stored in a dark place. Occasionally the tomb-like quiet of the storeroom was shattered by a violent explosion. Then Phoebe's agitation almost prostrated her. She was sure that a Prohibition agent or a neighbor had heard the explosion.

When the beer had been aged for several weeks it was fit to drink. Perhaps Mrs. Garry would come in and sample it.

"You ought to try and sell some of this, Mrs. Dolby. Stuff much worse than this is sold every day. It costs twenty-five cents a glass."

"I never was much of a hand to sell anything, Mrs. Garry. Won't you have another glass?" Phoebe merely sipped it herself; she had a stout bottle of old brandy hidden away.

"Well, just one more glass, and that's all. This is about the best beer I ever did taste. It's too bad you can't make some money on it." Mrs. Garry drank copiously. "Did I ever tell you the one about the woman who had nervous prostitution—?"

Phoebe chortled and drew her chair closer.

"Heavens, the things they do and say nowadays," she marveled, when Mrs. Garry had concluded the story. "Have some more beer, Mrs. Garry. There's plenty of it."

"Well, just one more glass. I mustn't take too much because I've got a job in a picture tomorrow." She wiped her lips and nibbled the cheese Phoebe provided.

Thus the two old ladies would sit in Phoebe's antiquated parlor for hours, talking and sipping beer. Then they'd consult the ouija board, or play bridge.

"You must take a bottle of wine with you," Phoebe would say to Mrs. Garry upon her departure. "I just made some new General Allenby, and I want you to try it."

Mrs. Garry preferred gin or beer, but she never refused any of Phoebe's wines.

When Mrs. Garry was gone, Phoebe would sit alone in the parlor, thinking of her tragic past. An evening of gayety with Mrs. Garry was invariably followed by sad introspection. She thought of the time when she was a hostess in her big house in the British colonial possession. She thought of what she might have been and now was. She recalled poor Mr. Elos, who might have been such a great man if he hadn't been blind. Life was so infinitely sad, so unsatisfactory. It contained so much pain and worry. An idealist like herself was lost in the world.

"Phoebe," the rheumatic and irritable Edith would call from the bedroom, "you must come to bed now. It must be after twelve o'clock." Edith was still dominant, despite her invalidism. Phoebe had to be watched.

Phoebe sighed and got to her feet. She moved to the apartment door, saw that it was secured, and then got the police whistle and placed it under her pillow. She locked the door and prepared to retire.

"You shouldn't be staying up so late," Edith complained. "You're always doing something to worry me."

Accustomed to her sister's domination, Phoebe said nothing. She slowly took off her clothes, extinguished the light and got into bed. In the morning, she had to bottle some more beer.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Crimson-White*, student publication of the State University:

ANNOUNCEMENT

To My Patients and Friends:

I wish to announce that I have gone to New York to take Post Graduate Work on the Eye. Will return within Ten Days.

DR. PAGE F. REED

SPECIALIST IN OPTICS

Alston Building On The Corner

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

ARIZONA

THE war heroes of Phoenix put the kibosh on the First Amendment:

In keeping with their stand against Communistic activities in Phoenix and its vicinity members of the John C. Greenway Post No. 50, American Legion, have requested city councilmen to notify them whenever Communistic speeches are to be made in Phoenix. At the same time, the Legionnaires voted unanimously at their last meeting to commend City Commissioner J. A. Godwin and the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce for their coöperation and foresight in combatting any Communistic movement that might destroy American democracy. A committee of three Legionnaires of the post has been selected by Commander Glenn A. Snodgrass who will thoroughly investigate any and all Communistic activities in Phoenix. The committee consists of D. D. Douglas, Capt. James A. Palmer and Wesley F. Dains.

In lauding City Commissioner Godwin, Captain Palmer declared that Godwin stood for the principles the Legion stood for, and it was for his determined stand against Communistic activities in Phoenix that the Legion commended him. Concerning the principle of free speech, Captain Palmer declared the Communists, given freedom of speech as provided in the Constitution of the United States, immediately begin to undermine and attack the Constitution with a view of revising it entirely to suit themselves.

ARKANSAS

EDITOR BEN M. BOGARD elucidates a difficult text in the celebrated *Baptist & Commoner:*

Sister W. W. Sherman, Maydelle, Texas, writes for an explanation of First Corinthians 11th chapter, especially the 10th verse. It will be too big a job to explain that long chapter in one issue of the *Baptist & Commoner* and too many other things are crowding for us to run a continued article; it will be necessary to barely touch the chapter in what is said here. The first part of the chapter teaches that men should wear short hair and women long hair. Just HOW SHORT man's hair should be is not stated and just HOW LONG a woman's hair should be is not stated. Man's hair will not grow as long as a woman's if let alone and that is why "NATURE" teaches that men should have short hair and women long hair. Let alone man's hair at the longest is not quite as long as woman's hair at the shortest, on the average. Since God has given men and women the "NATURE" they have as to the length of hair they should conform to it as closely as possible. The tenth verse says women should have a covering, either in hair or some artificial covering "because of the angels." Angels are present in all our religious assemblies and their presence should be respected.

CALIFORNIA

VIRGIL M. PINKLEY, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Trojan*, student paper of the University of Southern California, reveals what it means to imbibe the higher culture there:

Yesterday noon I had the privilege of attending the Southwest Optimist Club luncheon. One can't help but feel at home when he visits that branch of the international club, since Gwynn Wilson, graduate manager, is president, and Burdette Henney, most famous of all Trojan yell kings, is song leader. Dixon T. Bell, owner of the print shop that prints the *Daily Trojan*, *Wampus*, *Pigskin Review*, and a host of university printed matter, is also a member. Warren Bovard, vice-president of the university, is a member of the same organization, but belongs to the downtown chapter. It's a great thing for men to get together, call each other by their first names, act young again, develop a higher sense of business ethics and take as their objective the helping of youth. *Optimist* is a word which breathes hope, and stimulates a feeling of help and good will to the rest of mankind.

METEOROLOGICAL news in the Los Angeles *Express:*

There is some possibility of showers tonight, according to Col. H. B. Hersey, government meteorologist, although it is probable there will be no rain.

SPIRITUAL news in the Hollywood *Citizen:*

"God Has Arrived in Hollywood," announces Dr. George Bunton as the theme of a lecture at the Temple of Light, in the Nelson Evans Studio, 6039 Hollywood boulevard. Dr. Bunton thinks that Hollywood is the most marvelous city on earth, and maintains that God's presence in Hollywood has the credit for this great city's achievement.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE progress of science in Washington, as reported by the celebrated *United States Daily:*

FISH BALLS CLASSIFIED
BY CUSTOMS BUREAU
HELD NOT TO BE DUTIABLE UNDER TARIFF ACT AS VEGETABLES

INDIANA

THE power of the Holy Spirit, as revealed by the letter of an Evansville Christian in *Pisgah*, published by the Pisgah Home Movement, with headquarters at Los Angeles:

Received your handkerchief and booklet. From the time I pinned the handkerchief on my little girl she has not had any symptoms of asthma and I have used it on my little boy for colds and such, also on the little girl for indigestion. Wonderful work. I thank the Lord for His healing power.

N. B.
Evansville, Ind.

KENTUCKY

THE adoration of Jahveh in Louisville:

HOT STUFF IN THE OLD TOWN
Hear REV. H. W. BROMLEY
MEN ONLY
Methodist Temple, Sixth and Broadway
2:30 P. M.
ADMIT ONE MAN OR BOY

MICHIGAN

THE science of penology as it is practised at Jackson Prison, Lansing, according to the Detroit *Free Press:*

The literature of agnostics was officially barred today from Jackson Prison. In a letter to the Free Thought Press Association, Attorney General Wilber Brucker upheld the right of the chaplain of the prison to supervise the inmate's reading. According to the complaint the chaplain has refused to allow the convicts to indulge in so-called free thinking books. These are mentioned as those blacklisted: "Gems from Ingersoll," "Brochures on Lincoln," "Jefferson the Free Thinker," "Franklin the Free Thinker," "Lincoln the Soldier," and "The Bible Unmasked." The books were ordered by a prisoner from the Free Thought Association, but were returned by the chaplain.

MISSISSIPPI

RESOLUTION introduced in the Legislature of this illustrious Commonwealth by State Senator Casteel:

Whereas, we learn with great sorrow and grief that the State of Virginia has trampled upon and counted as naught its great and glorious Southern traditions, and has embraced and accepted the policies and politics of the Republican party, and has thereby made its State Republican soil, and whereas, it is evident to all that the two great Southern leaders, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, cannot rest or sleep peacefully in said Republican soil; be it

Resolved, That we hereby request the Governor of the State of Virginia to permit the State of Mississippi to remove to the Democratic soil of said State the bodies of the said beloved Southern patriots; and be it further

Resolved, That the Governor of our great Democratic State be requested at once to transmit to the Governor of the State of Virginia a copy of these resolutions.

MONTANA

PROFESSIONAL advertisement in the Camas Hot Springs *Exchange:*

MEET THE NEW DENTIST

Winter is coming. Are your teeth ready for it? It's a long, cold drive when you have a toothache. Nowhere is the old adage more true. "A stitch in time saves nine" in DENTISTRY. Here's the WHY of this in a nutshell: I'm just recovering from a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and have suffered so intensely that I intend to remain here at least three weeks longer than really necessary to take treatment and play safe—I've had enough!

Consequently, realizing that this would probably be a siege, brought with me a fairly complete equipment and shall send for the remainder, as I know I'm planted and might just as well accept the situation gracefully.

In conclusion, permit me to state modestly that you people have a good, reliable dentist in your midst lassoed by the possibility of a rheumatic relapse, and if you fail to give your teeth the attention they deserve, you've passed up one golden opportunity, not to be repeated I hope at least by this dentist.

Respectfully;
DR. W. C. WEBB

Room 2, Burr Apts.

NEW YORK

AN EDITORIAL writer for the celebrated

Herald Tribune reveals one of the secrets of its atelier:

> The art of thinking is the most delicate and beautiful of all the arts.

REFINED amusements of the Tarrytown Rotary Club, as reported by the *Daily News* of the same distinguished city:

> The Tarrytown Rotary Club was at home last night to District Governor Bradley W. Dusenbury and Mrs. Dusenbury, and in their honor a dinner and dance was given at the beautiful Rockwood Hall Country Club. It was one of the most delightful ladies' night that the club has ever held. Edward P. Hanyen was chairman of the committee and he deserves all credit. . . . Probably the most fun was provided by Dr. Lehman. He called for the three best suckers in Irvington, Tarrytown and North Tarrytown. Mrs. John Hunter picked Robert Abercrombie, Mrs. Wallace Odell selected Charles Vanderbilt and Mrs. Winfield Morse named Edward P. Hanyen. The ladies had to tie bibs and baby caps on the nominees and then each brought in a bottle of warm milk. The idea was to see which one could suck the milk through the nipple the quickest. . . . Mr. Abercrombie won first prize and Mr. Hanyen second. The contest afforded a lot of fun.

OSSINING dispatch to the eminent *Times:*

> A bit of Britain by the Hudson was dedicated here this afternoon when Sir Esme and Lady Isabelle Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States and his wife, opened the Victoria Home for Aged British Men and Women at Hillside, the former estate of Colonel Benjamin McAlpin. Nearly 1,000 members of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire, their friends and many noted Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry were present at the ceremonies. Among the guests were. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Borg, Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bernays . . . and Mrs. Gustaf Stromberg, also an honorary life president. The Rev. Dr. Joseph P. McComas, vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York, announced . . . that his parish had been happy to pray for the health of the Kings of England for the past 200 years. Among the officers of the home are Mrs. David Schmitt of Brooklyn; Mrs. Benjamin Wolhaupter of Montclair, N. J. . . .

THE life and death of a grandee of Manhattan:

> The Payne Whitney estate of $194,000,000 is said to be the largest ever devised by will. Some of Mr. Whitney's possessions were $82,000,000 worth of securities, $3,000,000 worth of real estate, a houseboat worth $76,000 and a private car worth $57,500, $40,000 worth of automobiles, $2,200 worth of guns and $150 worth of books.

THE letter-head of an enterprising merchant in the rising town of Sciota:

> Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. *Isa. I: 18*
>
> P. K. JENNETT
> DEALER IN
> DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND
> GENERAL MERCHANDISE
> SCIOTA, N. Y.
> *Down with RUM, TOBACCO, SIN*
> *SABBATH BREAKING*
> *NONE in HEAVEN*
> *Get Right with GOD*

CONTRIBUTION to the science of public health by an outstanding divine of Binghamton, as reported by the *Press:*

> "What shall I say about our nicotine ninnies, the girls who smoke cigarettes? What more need I say save that reliable statistics show us that 60% of the children of cigarette-smoking mothers die before they reach maturity?" declared Chaplain George Rittenhouse, preaching at the revivals in the Main Street Baptist Church.

OKLAHOMA

EDITORIAL in the *Oklahoma Daily*, student rgan of the State University:

> Friday night during the pep meeting some freshmen spat tobacco on the floor of the auditorium. The Ruf Neks were warned the week before about spitting on the floor. They did not do so at the last pep meeting. Such an act is an absolute disregard of public decency and sanitation. Chewing tobacco is bad enough without spitting tobacco on the floor of an auditorium that is crowded with students of the university. Freshmen should remember they are not on the farm swearing at a team of mules. It is not good etiquette to chew tobacco while in the auditorium or any other university building. If it is not stopped Dean Holmberg said the auditorium could not be used for pep meetings. Beside being indecent the practice makes an unnecessary burden upon the men that clean up the auditorium. The spots have to be scrubbed clean to restore the floor to its natural color. If students have to chew tobacco, it is suggested that they spit in their own coat pocket rather than on the floor of the auditorium.

THE effects of Christian education at Oklahoma Baptist University, as reported by the Hon. R. J. McKnight, the business manager thereof:

> There is $15,357.90 outstanding on student loans. Of this amount $11,171.14 (72%) is past due and $6,124.48 (40%) of it is from one to five years past due. It is apparent that most students do not have a proper regard, understanding, or appreciation of the obligation

involved when they sign a note for tuition. Many have no feeling that they are borrowing money which is to be repaid at certain specified dates with interest. They seem to assume the attitude that they will pay it when they get ready and if they do not get ready the university can stand the loss better than they can. Very few of the notes are paid when they become due. . . . Such statements as these are not uncommon among the students: "I received the money from home to pay my tuition, but I made a note for it and used the money for clothes," "I have been contributing to the church, so I do not think I should be expected to pay my note."

PENNSYLVANIA

THE service of God in the rising town of Greenwood, as reported by the Altoona *Mirror:*

The auditorium of Greenwood United Brethren Church was filled to capacity at yesterday morning's service, there being an estimated increase of 20% in attendance, and there was an enrollment of 194 in the Sunday-school. The Rev. Seese had announced that he would give a sermon on "Faith," adding that he would show something no one had ever seen before and would never see again. This was a successful drawing card and something similar will be used from time to time during the coming year. In his illustration the Rev. Seese used a peanut, the kernel of which had never before been seen and after showing it, had a boy eat it, therefore it would never be seen again.

THE Curryville correspondent of the same high-tone gazette reveals his views on a vexed subject:

Like hard luck and the itch, automobile spooners know neither the hour of the night nor the change of the seasons. The other night a party of determined sparkers was dislodged from a private lane in this vicinity. They blocked the road and seemed oblivious to the fact that the owner of the road wanted the right of way. It was cold. Certainly an automobile was not the most comfortable place in the world for a petting party but that cut no figure with the occupants of the car, who were making nuisances of themselves. What's the matter with dad's sofa that they can't go home?

THE Johnstown *Democrat* gives space to a distinguished theologian of Conemaugh:

The Rev. G. W. Bailey, pastor of the Mt. Sinai Institutional Baptist Church at Conemaugh, delivered a sermon last Sunday afternoon at the church on "The Sun Do Move." The Rev. Mr. Bailey cited a number of scripture passages in support of his contention that the earth is flat and square. The speaker declared that the Bible speaks of the four corners of the earth, saying "I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth."

The Rev. Mr. Bailey then related the story of the children of Israel, up until the time Joshua became their leader. He told of the mighty battle which Joshua was waging when the sun was going down, leaving Joshua's enemies victorious. He said that Joshua prayed to God to stop the sun until he had won the battle and declared that the Bible relates very plainly that God stopped the sun. The Rev. Mr. Bailey also stated that the Bible declares that after Joshua had won the battle the sun moved on.

The speaker declared that scientists have discovered eight planets, while the Bible relates that there are only three planets, citing the 38th chapter of Job. He declared that the Bible gives proof that the earth has never moved.

SOCIAL news from the Clarion *Republican:*

W. C. Larimer took his wife to Rimersburg last Monday to get her teeth pulled.

THE ideal of the cultured man, as set before the students of Muhlenberg College by its talented president, the Hon. J. A. W. Haas, A.B., A.M., B.D., D.D., LL.D., and revealed to the world by the *Weekly*, the college paper:

Many visitors and strangers to this vicinity wonder at the beauty and splendid lighting effect of the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company's new and imposing structure at Ninth and Hamilton streets. This same beauty, visible within a radius of miles and miles about Allentown and heightened rather than dimmed by the distance, has inspired our own distinguished Dr. J. A. W. Haas to write an impressive poem. It is such writings that we, as students of the college, would like to see more of, not only from Dr. Haas, but also from other members of our faculty and student body, because they would eventually raise the intercollegiate literary esteem which Muhlenberg now enjoys.

Uplifted and on high
Mid the dark clouds of sky,
Blood-red, glowing bright,
Shines a glorious light.

'Tis not a smoke-spouting,
Fierce fire, men shouting,
Bringing fright and fear
To all dwellings near.

A helpful and glad glow
It spreads for men below,
Giving them stout heart
In the busy mart.

'Neath the glorious shining,
With its intertwining,
Is a cross of white,
What a wondrous sight!

What message does it bring?
What anthem does it sing?
Tells it a cruel deed
'Gainst some race and creed?

No! It tells the story
Of peace, goodness, glory;
Burns with fire of love
Sent down from above.

A lighthouse it does stand,
Not on the beaten strand,
But shedding its rays
On men's devious ways.

Many burdens, heavy toll,
Oft our human life despoil;
But the light on high
Brings new courage nigh.

MEDICO-RELIGIOUS news from the far-famed town of Pottsville, as reported by the *Republican* thereof:

Divine healing by the laying of hands is now being practiced at Zion's Evangelical Church, on West Arch street, where special evangelistic services are in progress under the direction of Dr. Oliver E. Williams and his wife, Mrs. Annie M. Williams, assisted by Prof. J. R. MacMurray. A number of cures have already been made, some in the full sight of the audience.

Both Saturday night and last night large delegations were present from Tower City, Lykens, Wiconisco, Williamstown, Avon and Myerstown. Successful revivals were held by Dr. Williams in those towns. The delegations were asked to stand up separately last night and each delegation sang part of a hymn.

Last night Mrs. W. A. Barron, wife of a wealthy coal operator of Somerset, Pa., told how she had been cured by divine healing of a cancerous tumor which threatened her life. "I was so critical that a specialist was sent for from New York. He arrived at my home with my family doctor at four o'clock in the morning. I heard them say that I would not live until seven o'clock that morning," Mrs. Barron said. "Knowing that I was about to die I prayed for healing, I promising that if healed and restored to health I would give my entire time and money to the work of the Lord. That morning I did not die, as the doctors said I would. The doctor came in later, seemed surprised to see my condition and still more surprised that I declined to take any medicine. A week later the tumor left me and my cure became complete. Now I am trying to fulfill the promise I made to the Lord."

WANT advertisement in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin:*

CHORISTER, for Presbyterian Sunday-school, Germantown, morning. Personality more needed than voice. S-357, Inq., Market st.

TENNESSEE

LAW ENFORCEMENT in Hamilton county, as it appears to the Rev. Claude E. Sprague, a local Baptist evangelist:

Hundreds of the leading citizens of our county are making home brew. There are stores in Chattanooga that run an exclusive store for the benefit of home-brew makers. The chain stores are doing a big business in the outfit used by the home-brew makers.

TEXAS

REPORT of a miracle in the great town of Sherman, as transmitted to the nation by the United Press:

An egg laid by a White Leghorn pullet here has been dedicated the Hoover egg because on its shell were the letters H. H. The letters were plainly visible and were about half an inch tall.

VIRGINIA

THE Hon. Clinton W. Gilbert, in the New York *Evening Post*, reports on the state of the Noble Experiment in Bishop Cannon's diocese:

A country gas-service station man said to me, pointing to the highest Blue Ridge Mountain in sight from where we stood: "They caught a moonshiner up there on that mountain yesterday; one of the little fellows of course. They never bother the bigger fellows who pay not to be bothered. And they don't really destroy the liquor they seize or the stills they find. They turn the juice and the machinery over to the bigger fellows, who pay them a salary, to be sold and to be used. About all the enforcement people do is to keep down competition."

THE *Religious Herald* of Richmond turns from saving the Virginia Baptists from the Pope to saving them from the surgeons:

GOITRE NOT A DISEASE.

MILWAUKEE DOCTOR MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that goitre is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A. A. Rock, Dept. 788, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent goitre specialist for over 24 years, has perfected a different method of treatment for his patients that has proved remarkably successful. This same method is now being used for a home treatment of goitre cases all over the country with astonishing results. The Doctor states that goitre is a condition which grows worse with neglect and recommends immediate attention no matter how small the growth may appear. He strongly opposes needless operations. Dr. Rock is the author of a book that tells in a simple way about treating goitre at home.

THERE'S WOMEN IN PORTLAND

BY B. VIRGINIA LEE

The cook came out presently and sat next to the boy. He rolled a cigarette and looked off down the highway. After a few minutes he said:

"Where you from, kid?"

"Portland."

"Yea?"

In the distance a man was carrying red lanterns to piles of gravel. The boy took a half-smoked butt from his breast pocket and struck a match. His face scowled in the yellow flame. He was about twenty. His mouth was hard and straight. He said to the cook:

"How far to Eureka, cookie?"

"Forty miles, maybe." Then: "You ain't on the Eureka road."

"I know. I come off to eat. Highway outfits eat good."

"You're damn' right. An' they pay rotten."

That was an old story. The man was contented.

It was getting cooler and they couldn't find anything to talk about. The cook put the boy's cup and plate in his apron and pulled out a tobacco sack. He was lonely, and it was too early to sleep. Cooking and sleeping, week after week, out on the highway. Regular stiffs didn't get up the hill at night. He said to the boy:

"I knew a woman in Portland."

"Yea. There's women there," said the boy.

"We lived out on Maple street but she got mixed up with the man she worked for an' I pushed off. He was a tough guy an' I'm a cook."

The boy sneered. He said: "Well, thanks, cookie. I'll see you in Hell."

He took long steps, his hands buried in the pockets of his mackintosh, the cigarette glowing against the evening. When he reached the detour he turned sharply and was out of sight. The cook sat still on the wagon step, smoking.

The boy walked into the night. He was thinking of the cook's woman in Portland. He imagined her a heavy blonde with no brains. She'd have to be dumb to fall for a cook.

Two or three cars pushed him off to the side of the road. Their lights were two inquisitive holes, stabbing him up against the edge of the road, causing him to hunch up and quicken his pace. For some reason he was relieved when they passed and vanished. After a lull, a long car cut around a bend and its lights played across his back. He got over to the edge, stumbling along in weeds and grass. Suddenly the car slowed and stopped a little ahead of him. A heavy man with a mackintosh and a shotgun got out of the rear seat. He carried a flash light and played it on the boy's face.

"Where you goin', fella?"

"Eureka."

"Yea?"

"Yea."

"What for?"

"Just movin' on. Gotta job there."

The big man hitched his gun to his side and spit over his shoulder into the darkness.

"Got any artillery on you?"

"Huh?"

"Don't be so goddam green. Hey, Tony."

Another man came up from the car.

"Frisk him."

The new comer ran his hands across the boy's chest and from the buttocks down his legs. Then they stood off and looked at him. The big man spit again:

"Well, get goin', fella."

They turned, the big man saying:

"These guys are as bad as stick-ups. They get mixed up with some jane and start travelin'. That makes stick-ups."

He walked easily, hands in the jacket pockets, taking long steps, filling the night with loose pictures. Over the road, near the creek bed, a small fire was burning. At first he thought he'd pass it, but changed his mind when he got nearer. He commenced whistling and making plenty of noise in walking. It wasn't healthy to slip up on fires along the creek bed. When he got to within a few yards of the fire he stopped and cried out:

"Hey, bum!"

A man with a blue face looked up at him. He had bright black eyes, like shoe-buttons. There were two others stretched out in blankets near the fire. The Blue Face said:

"Take the chair near the cigars and soda, youngster."

The boy sat cross-legged, pulling a short stick from beneath him and tossing it into the fire.

"Where to—if anywhere?" Blue Face asked.

"Eureka."

"Wanderer's Paradise," said Blue Face, reaching behind him and handing out a flat bottle.

The boy took it slowly, hefting it. It was almost full. After a swallow he knew it was "canned heat." Strained through a handkerchief. He took several drinks. It wasn't so evil if it didn't get up the nostrils. It shot up to his brain as quick as dynamite. Blue Face was pretty drunk. The boy could tell that. Well, he was getting mellow, too. It was hard for the boy to get talkative. After a long silence he said:

"I come from Portland, fella."

"Yea?"

"Yea."

"Portland's a nice little town," said Blue Face. "I knew a skirt in Portland once. But me, I can't stick anywheres."

The boy watched him swallow another drink. He said:

"Yea, there's women in Portland."

Then he got to his feet carefully. He was seeing double. The fire danced about crazily. He said by way of parting:

"Well, see you in Hell."

II

It was pleasant to wobble down the road under a half moon. He sort of drifted along, the canned heat burning in his brain. He grew many feet and was tall enough to lean against the telephone wires. He hit the asphalt with the side of his head, but it didn't hurt him. There was a ringing somewhere in his skull, that was all. Eventually he wandered off into the bushes and dropped down to sleep. He mumbled restlessly once or twice, then fell into heavy sleep.

He woke at noonday with the sun burning his hand and cheek. His neck was cramped and he could smell the nauseating stuff which had made him drunk. He went to the creek, still shaky, and plunged in his head. The water was almost warm and made him sick. He vomited with little strangulations. When the water and food were out of him he felt weak, but steady.

He straightened his clothes and brushed them. He got back on the road and started walking slowly under the hot sun. A Ford coupé passed him, speeding a little as it came abreast. The boy thought: Yea. You and your goddam Ford can go to Hell!

After an hour he rested. The hills about him were sun-burned and dry and quiet. The grass was white and the sky was white. Far off he could hear a motor working along the road. He waited, making sure it was a truck. When it breasted the hill he stood up and pointed down the highway. The driver nodded and slowed down. The boy swung on the tail-end and

climbed over cement sacks to the driver's seat. He said:

"Thanks, Jack."

"How far you goin', kid?"

"Eureka."

"I'll take you as far as Scotia. That's almost there."

"Thanks."

The truck climbed in and out of the hills. Slowly, noisily, heavily. The two were silent. The boy thought: What a job! Same seat, same load, same noise, same trip day after day. What a job! The driver said:

"Where you from?"

"Portland."

"Yea?"

"Yea."

The truck lumbered on, in and out of the hills. It would be in Scotia before dusk. The truck would go to its garage; the boy would go on.

The driver pulled a cigarette from his shirt pocket and lighted it slowly. The truck kept straight to the road with no hand on its wheel. After he had smoked a while the driver said:

"I carted cement in Portland. A nice little town, that."

"Yea, Portland's a nice town," said the boy.

They were getting into the main street at Scotia. The Ford coupé that had passed him was standing before a drug-store. In the store's window a pasteboard girl in a bathing suit was drinking soda-water. The driver said, coming to a stop:

"There's some good lookin' dames in Portland. I had a neat trick there."

"Yea," said the boy. "There's women in Portland."

He got off the truck. The road rambled into night before him. Taking long steps, his hands buried in the pockets of his jacket, he thought: I'll flop in the Eureka jungles and hit the Mill tomorrow. I'll get a job and go back to Portland and marry her.

SOME NEW WHITMAN LETTERS

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

THE Mickle street memorial to Walt Whitman in Camden, N. J., was presented, a few months ago, with an interesting collection of pictures, letters, manuscripts and personalia belonging to Miss Jessie Whitman, the poet's niece. Items of interest which date back to the Civil War, and beyond, and which have never before been examined by biographers, were thus opened to inspection. Several of the letters have a particular value because of the light they throw on some of the immemorial disputes concerning the character of the Good Gray Poet.

"Leaves of Grass," as all the world knows, was not born under very auspicious skies. The first edition in 1855, set up and published by the author himself, met with practically no sale at all. A second edition the next year fared but little better, for no reputable publisher would sponsor it. Accordingly Whitman, who had thought to devote himself to the creation of a new national poetry, found himself under the necessity of returning to the drudgery of editing a small Brooklyn newspaper. This position he lost in 1859, but he was soon happy to find that a new firm of Boston publishers, Thayer & Eldridge, was willing to risk the publication of his third edition, a much more ambitious volume than its ill-starred forerunners.

Whitman finding his first publisher in Boston seems almost as paradoxical as Poe electing to issue his first volume of poems in that city; for Whitman had always shared the typical Knickerbocker condescension toward the Bostonians. He drew so much of his inspiration from the New England writers, however, as to lead Professor Norton to describe him as a "compound of New England Transcendentalism and New York rowdy." And the following letters, written to his favorite brother Jefferson while Walt was in Boston seeing his book through the press, show that he was quite able to perceive and appreciate the good traits of the Brahmins. It is curious to see the poet taking as much interest in the oddities of format as in the content of the poems.

Boston, Sunday night
April 1st [1860]

Dear Brother, I have just finished a letter to mother, and while my hand is in, I will write you a line. I enclose in my letter to Mother, a note from Hyde—nothing at all in it, except that Han[1] is well, and comfortably situated—I have not heard a word from home since I left—write me a few words, Jeff,—if mother does not, and let me know how you all are, and whether you have took the house or given it up. I suppose of course if every thing was not going on pretty much as usual, some of you would [have] written to tell me.

I am having a tolerable fair time here in Boston —not quite enough to occupy me—only two or three hours work a day, reading proof.—Still, I am so satisfied at the certainty of having "Leaves of Grass" in a far more complete and favorable form than before, printed and really *published*, that I don't mind small things. The book will be a very handsome specimen of typography, paper, binding, &c.—and will be, it seems to me, like relieving me of a great weight—or removing a great obstacle that has been in my way for the last three years.—The young men that are publishing it treat me in a way that I could not wish to have better. They are go-ahead fellows, and don't seem to have the least doubt they are bound to make a good spec. out of my book.—It is quite curious [that] all this should spring up so suddenly, aint it.—

I am very well, and hold my own about as usual. I am stopping at a lodging house, have a very nice room, gas, water, good American folks

[1]Mrs. Hannah Whitman Heyde, Walt's sister. Her unhappy married life with an artist who finally died in an insane asylum was a source of great sorrow to the poet.

keep it—I pay $1—eat at restaurant. I get up in the morning, give myself a good wash all over, and currying,—then take a walk, often in the Common—then nothing but a cup of coffee generally for my breakfast—then to the stereotype foundry.—About 12 I take a walk, and at 2, a good dinner. Not much else, in the way of eating, except that meal—

If I have anything to communicate, dear brother, I shall write again.

WALT.[2]

A few days later he wrote of his book again:

Boston
Thursday morning, May 10

Dear Brother, I have nothing particular to write about, yet I know you will be glad to hear from me anyhow. The book is finished in all that makes the reading part, and is all through the press complete—It is electrotyped,—that is, by a chemical process, a solution of copper, silver, zinc, &c. is precipitated in a "bath," so as to cover the face of the plates of type all over, and make it very much harder and more enduring. Plates finished by that process wear well for hundreds of thousands of copies, and are probably a neater impression. But perhaps you know about it yourself.

Thayer & Eldridge have put through 1000 copies, for the first pop. They have very accurate ideas of the whole matter. They expect it to be a valuable investment, increasing by months and years—not going off in a rocket way, (like "Uncle Tom's Cabin")—The typographical appearance of the book has been just as I directed it, in every respect. The printers and foremen thought I was crazy, and there were all sorts of supercilious squints (about the typography I ordered, I mean,) —but since it has run through the press, they have simmered down. Yesterday the foreman of the press-room (Rand's, an old establishment where all the best work is done,) pronounced it, in plain terms, the freshest and handsomest piece of typography that had ever passed through his mill—I like it, I think, first rate—though I think I could improve much upon it now. It is quite "odd," of course.

As to Thayer & Eldridge they think every thing I do is the right thing.—We are just now in "suspenders" on account of the engraving.[3] I have about decided, though, to have 1000 copies printed from it, as it is—and then let Schoff, the engraver, finish it afterwards—I do not know for certain whether it is a good portrait or not—The probability is that the book will be bound and ready, May 19. —[4]

I make Thayer & Eldridge crack on [boast of] the elegant workmanship of the book, its material, &c. but I won't allow them to puff the poetry—though I had quite a hard struggle—as they had prepared several tremendous puff advertisements,—altogether ahead of "Ned Buntline" and the *Ledger*—I persuaded them to give me the copy to make some little corrections—which I did effectually by going straight to my lodgings, and putting the whole stuff in the fire—Oh, I forgot to tell you, they have printed a very neat little brochure, (pamphlet,) of 64 pages, called "Leaves of Grass Imprints,"[5] containing a very readable collection of criticisms of the former issues—This is given away gratis as an advertisement and circular. Altogether, Jeff, I am very, very much satisfied and relieved that the thing, in the permanent form it now is, looks as well and reads as well, (to my own notion) as I anticipated—because a good deal after all, was an experiment—and now I am satisfied.

And how goes it with you, my dear? I watched the N. Y. papers to see if Spinola's bill passed—but it didn't, of course, or I should have heard of it in many ways. So you must be on the works[6] still—If I get a chance I will take a look at the Boston Works before I leave. The water is almost exactly like the Brooklyn water in taste.—I got Mother's letter—tell Mother I may not write next Monday, as I am in hopes to be home, I can't tell exactly what day, but through the week. Oh the awful expense I have been under here, Jeff, living the way I have, hiring a room, and eating at restaurants—7 cents for a cup of coffee, and 19 cts for a beefsteak—*and me so fond of coffee and beefsteak*. Tell mother I think it would have been worth while for her to have moved on here, and boarded me—I have had a very fair time, though, here in Boston—

Very, very many folks I meet I like much—I have never seen finer—they are fine in almost every respect—very friendly, very generous, very good feeling, and of course intelligent people—The great *cramper* of the Bostonian is, though, to be kept on the rack by the old idea of *respectability*, how the rest do, and what they will say. There are plenty of splendid specimens of men come from the other New England states to settle here, especially from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, &c., that if they would *let themselves be*, and only make *that* better and finer, would beat the world. For there is no denying that these Yanks are the first-class race. But, without exception, they all somehow allow themselves to be squeezed into the stereotype mould, and wear straight collars and hats, and say "my respects" like the rest. Of course *I* cannot walk through

[2] The present article was already in type when there appeared, under the imprint of the Harvard University Press, a volume of interest to Whitman students entitled "Walt Whitman's Workshop," by Mr. Clifton Joseph Furness; in it were published certain extracts from the first two Whitman letters herein reproduced in full. Neither Mr. Furness nor the present writer knew of the other's intention to print the material.

[3] An engraving from Charles Hine's painting of Whitman, used as a frontispiece for this edition.

[4] Whitman's birthday.

[5] Jeff must have smiled as he read this if he knew at the time that this pamphlet contained reprints of three very fair, but anonymous, reviews by Whitman himself.

[6] Jeff Whitman was an engineer employed on the Brooklyn water-works. He was later chief engineer of the water-works of St. Louis, planning and for twenty years managing the city's water system.

Washington street, (the Broadway here,) without creating an immense sensation.—

I sent a couple of papers to Han this morning. Oh how much I would like to see her once more—and I *must*, this summer—After I recruit a while home, I shall very likely take a tour, partly business and partly for edification, through all the N. E. states—then I shall see Han—I shall write to her before I leave here—and do you write also, Jeff—don't fail—Should you write to me, in response to this, you must write so I would get the letter not later than Wednesday morning next—as I feel the fit growing upon me stronger and stronger to move—And the fare is only $3 now from here to New York, cabin passage, in the boat—Besides I could go dead head if I was to apply—Jeff, I feel as if things had taken a turn with me, at last—Give my love to Mat,[7] and all my dear brothers, especially Georgie.[8]

WALT.

The New England tour, probably planned as a lecture tour, apparently never was made. But the book was duly published, and things had indeed taken a turn with Whitman's fortunes, for it sold so well that at least twelve different issues are known. And when the Civil War put its publishers out of business, "Leaves of Grass" was pirated by certain New York publishers.

II

George Whitman, volunteering early in the war, was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. Walt went down to the front to look after his brother, and after spending some time with the army returned to Washington with a boatload of wounded soldiers. This led him naturally into his well-known employment as a volunteer hospital nurse.

Meanwhile, he supported himself by corresponding for New York and Brooklyn papers, by copying in the office of Major Hapgood, an army paymaster, and later by a government clerkship. He lived as frugally as he had done in Boston, and his main interest was the care of the wounded soldiers. The following letter to Jeff Whitman refers to small sums of money sent to him as almoner to the hospitals. The Mr. Lane mentioned was the chief engineer of the Brooklyn waterworks, for whom Jeff worked. It would appear that Whitman intended the descriptions of his work he sent to the newspapers to serve as a report to the donors whose contributions he was distributing.

Major Hapgood's, cor 15th & F sts
Washington, Friday mn'g, Jan 16 [1863]

Dearest brother, Your letter came last evening containing the $6. Two days since I received one from Probasco, containing $3 (not 5 as you mention.) I send a note, same mail as this, acknowledging the latter. I shall, either by letter, giving specific names, hospitals, No. of the particular beds, and dates, or more likely by a letter in print in newspaper, for I am going to print a sort of hospital journal in some paper—send you and Mr. Lane and Probasco, a pretty plain schedule of the manner of my outlays of the sums sent by them to the hospital soldiers through me—as it would interest you all, as you say.

Meantime, dear brother, do not crowd the thing in the least, do not ask anyone when it becomes unpleasant—let it be understood by our engineer friends &c. that I have mentioned the subscription affair as forwarded, to be left entirely to their sense of what they wish to do, and what they think it would be discreet for them to do. I did not wish you to send $5, for I do not think it right—it is entirely too much—nor mother $1—I think she has enough, present and future, to attend to—but since it has come, I shall use it.—I distributed between $2 & $3 yesterday.

What ought to be done by our family, I feel that *I* am doing, and have done myself. I have made $27 while I have been here [about two weeks] and got the money, and I should think I have paid in little items and purchases and money gifts at least $10 of that to the soldiers[9]—I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the satisfaction it has been to me—but Jeff I postpone till we come together again, any attempt to make you realize this whole thing.

Of course you have received, (probably about to-day,) a long letter I have written to Mother. Nothing definite appears to-day about the status or movements of the Army of the Potomac, but my guess, at a venture, is that they either have moved down the Rappahannock toward Potomac, or are about moving. Whether it is to cross or not and whether for an attack or march, or whether as some think to Fortress Monroe is quite unknown. You must not be alarmed at hearing of an advance, or engagement—at a distance it is more appalling than it deserves to be thought—some think a portion goes west to Rosecrans—

It is so dangerous and critical for the government to make any more failures like that at

[7] Martha, Mrs. Jefferson Whitman.

[8] George Whitman was mustered into the Union Army in September, 1861, serving gallantly throughout the war, and being finally commissioned a lieutenant-colonel by brevet. During his invalidism in the 70's and 80's Walt lived in Camden with his brother.

[9] A recent book on Whitman gratuitously suggests that while he dispensed the money of others he gave little of his own.

Fredericksburg, that it seems incredible to be any repetition of that most complete piece of mismanagement perhaps ever yet known in the earth's wars. I have not heard from George—it is good that you got a long letter. Jeff, I feel that you and dearest mother are perhaps needlessly unhappy and morbid about our dear brother—to be in the army is a mixture of danger and *security* in this war which few realize—they think exclusively of the danger.

The remainder of the letter is missing. The following was written to Jeff two months later:

Washington
Wednesday, March 18, 1863

I suppose George must be about leaving you today, to return to his regiment—and I can realize how gloomy you will all be for two or three days, especially Mother. Dear mother, you must keep up your spirits, and not get down hearted. I hope you are all well—I think about you all every day—is Mary[10] home,—you must write me all about every thing—I suppose the bundle of George's shirts, drawers, &c. came safe by Adams express. I sent it last Saturday, and it ought to have been delivered Monday in Brooklyn. I did not pay the freight. Last Monday 16th I wrote to Mother, and sent her some shinplasters. Saturday previous I sent a note home, enclosing the express receipt.

Jeff, I wrote a letter to the *Eagle*, and sent it yesterday—if it appears, it will probably be today or tomorrow (or next day.)[11] I wish you would look out for it, and buy me 20 of the papers, (the afternoon it appears,) and send them, the same as you did the other letter, direct care of Major Hapgood, the same—put the engravings, (20 of the large head)[12] in the same package—the postage will be at the rate of ½ cent per oz. You leave one end partially unsealed. Send them as *soon* as convenient, after the letter appears, but no such dreadful hurry.

I suppose you have been in quite a state of pleasure and excitement home, with the visit of dear brother George. I was much pleased to hear by mother's letter that he was so sought for, and treated with so much attention—He deserves it all—you must tell me all the particulars of his visit.

The Hospitals still engross a large part of my time and feelings—only I don't remain so long and make such exhausting-like visits, the last week,—as I have had a bad humming feeling and deafness stupor-like at times in my head, which unfits me for continued exertion. It comes from a bad cold, gathering I think in my head. If it were not that some of the soldiers really depend on me to come, and the doctors tell me it is really necessary, I should suspend my visits for two or three days, at least. Poor boys, you have no idea how they cling to one, and how strong the tie that forms between us. Things here are just the same with me, neither better nor worse—(I feel so engrossed with my soldiers, I do not devote that attention to my office-hunting, which is needed for success.)

Jeff you must give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lane, they have enabled me to do a world of good, and I can never forget them. I see you had a great Union meeting in the Academy of Music—it is impossible to tell what the government designs to do the coming season, but I suppose they will push on the war. The south is failing fast in many respects—D'Almeida, the Frenchman I wrote about, told me that he was beseiged every where down south to sell, (for confederate money) and everything he had, his clothes, his boots, his haversack, &c. &c. Then their niggers will gradually melt, *certain*.

So the fates fight for us, even if our generals do not. Jeff, to see what I see so much of, puts one entirely out of conceit of war—still for all that I am not sure but I go in for fighting on—the choice is hard on either part, but to *save* in the worst—good bye dearest brother.

WALT.

[10] Walt's older sister.

[11] The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* published the letter on March 19 under the title "Life Among Fifty Thousand Soldiers"; it was later reprinted in "The Wound-Dresser."

[12] Probably the engraving of himself used as frontispiece in the 1860 edition. Doubtless many of these were distributed among wounded soldiers to whom he took a fancy.

The illness Whitman refers to may have been an early symptom of the physical breakdown which, forcing him to take a furlough in 1864, finally resulted in his paralysis in 1873. A main contributing cause was his contact with the hospitals. The letter assumes added interest in the light of recent charges that he spent little time in them and that this work had as one of its ulterior motives the securing of a government office. Writing to his brother, Whitman had no reason to disguise the situation; and to him he makes it clear that any work he did for remuneration in Washington was ancillary to his mission as wound-dresser and comforter to the soldiers. In an undated letter of about the same period he writes:

With my office-hunting, no special results yet. I cannot give up my Hospitals yet. I never before had my feelings so thoroughly and (so far) permanently absorbed, to the very roots, as by these huge swarms of dear, wounded, sick, dying boys—I get very much attached to some of them, and many of them have come to depend on seeing me, and having me sit by them a few minutes, as if for their lives.

It was this close contact with the human sacrifice entailed by war rather than his discouragement over the conduct of the campaigns or his Quaker training that

caused Whitman, like many other humane and thoughtful persons in his day, to entertain the modern doubt whether war is ever worth while. After Lee's retreat from Gettysburg, early in July, 1863, it was easier for the North to think in terms of victory; but as early as March, when the unpopular draft bill was being debated in Congress, Whitman expressed in very certain terms his willingness to carry on, should the country by passing this bill commit itself to a vigorous prosecution of the war. He wrote:

> About what is called the Conscript Bill (an impromptu name), I hope and pray from the bottom of my heart that, if they, the Government, are indeed going on with the war, they will carry out that bill and enroll *every man* in the land—I would like to see the people embodied *en masse*—I am very sure I shall see that my name is in its place on the lists, and my body in the ranks, if they do it that way—for *that* will be something like, our nation getting itself up in shape. The Bill however was really meant as a warning to Louis Napoleon, or any other foreign meddler.

The bill was passed, the draft riots followed, and though Whitman's name, presumably, was on the lists, it was not drawn. He was thus free to do the work for which he was much better fitted; he continued his visits to the hospitals till the last one was closed, long after the end of the war.

III

When at last the sword was returned to its scabbard, Abraham Lincoln was not there to review the victorious troops whom he had commanded and inspired. In his stead stood Andrew Johnson, and not far away—perhaps in the press-stand—was Walt Whitman, the poet of the war. He wrote home a detailed account of the review. He was at the time a clerk in the Interior Department, though in another month Secretary Harlan was to gain for himself an unwelcome notoriety by dismissing Whitman for being the author of "Leaves of Grass." A later volume of poems, the "Drum-Taps" referred to in the letter to his mother, given below, had just been issued. Later copies of it contained his immortal tribute to Lincoln, whose assassination had occurred a few weeks before.

> Indian Bureau, basement of Patent Office.
> —house 468 M st 2d door west of 12th
> Washington, Thursday, May 25, '65.
>
> *Dear Mother,* I received your letter of the 23d—I feel uneasy about you all the time, & hope I shall get a letter to-day, & find you have recovered.
>
> Well, the Review is over, & it was very grand—it was too much & too impressive, to be described—but you will see a good deal about it in the papers. If you can imagine a great wide avenue like Flatbush avenue, quite flat, & stretching as far as you can see with a great white building half as big as Fort Greene [park] on a hill at the commencement of the avenue, & then through this avenue marching solid ranks of soldiers, 20 or 25 abreast, just marching steady all day long for two days without intermission, one regiment after another, real war-worn soldiers, that have been marching & fighting for years—sometimes for an hour nothing but cavalry, just solid ranks, on good horses, with sabres glistening & carbines hanging by their saddles, & their clothes showing hard service, but they mostly all good-looking hardy young men—then great masses of guns, batteries of cannon, four or six abreast, each drawn by six horses, with the gunners seated on the ammunition wagons—& these perhaps a long while in passing, nothing but batteries,—(it seemed as if all the cannon in the world were here)—then great battalions of blacks, with axes & shovels & pick axes, (real Southern darkies, black as tar)—then again hour after hour the old infantry regiments, the men all sunburnt—nearly every one with some old tatter all in shreds, (that *had been* a costly and beautiful *flag*)—the great drum corps of sixty or eighty drummers massed at the heads of the brigades, playing away—now and then a fine brass band,—but oftener nothing but the drums & whistling fifes,—but they sounded very lively—(perhaps a band of sixty drums & fifteen or twenty fifes playing "Lannigan's ball")—the different corps banners, the generals with their staffs &c—the Western Army, led by Gen. Sherman, (old Bill, the soldiers all call him)—well, dear mother, that is a brief sketch, give you some idea of the great panorama of the Armies that have been passing through here the last two days.
>
> I saw the President several times, stood close by him, & took a good look at him—& like his expression much—he is very plain & substantial—it seems wonderful that just that plain middling-sized ordinary man, dressed in black, without the least badge or ornament, should be the master of all these myriads of soldiers, the best that ever trod the earth, with forty or fifty Major-Generals, around him or riding by with their broad yellow-satin belts around their waists,—and of all the artillery & cavalry,—to say nothing of all the Forts & ships, &c. &c.—
>
> I saw Gen. Grant too several times—He is the noblest Roman of them all—none of the pictures do justice to him—about sundown I saw him again riding on a large fine horse, with his hat off in answer to the hurrahs—he rode by where I

stood, & I saw him well, as he rode by on a slow canter, with nothing but a single orderly after him—He looks like a good man—(& I believe there is much in looks)—I saw Gen. Meade, Gen. Thomas, Secretary Stanton & lots of other celebrated government officers & generals—but the *rank & file* was the greatest sight of all.

The 51st was in line Tuesday with the 9th Corps. I saw George but did not get a chance to speak to him. He is well. George is now *Major* George W. Whitman—has been commissioned & mustered in. (Col. Wright & Col. Shephard have done it, I think.) The 51st is over to the Old Convalescent camp, between here and Alexandria, doing provost duty. If you should write direct,

Major G. W. Whitman
51st New York V. V.
on provost duty at
Augur Gen'l Hospital
near Alexandria Va.

It is thought that the 51st will not be mustered out for the present—It is thought the Government will retain the re-enlisted veteran regiments, such as the 51st—If that is so George will remain as he is for the summer, or most of it—The reason I haven't seen him is, I knew they had left provost duty in the Prince st. prison, but didn't know where they had gone till Tuesday—I saw Capt. Caldwell Tuesday, also Col. Wright Tuesday night—they said they all have pleasant quarters over there.

Dear brother Jeff, I was very sorry you wasn't able to come on to see the Review—we had perfect weather & everything just as it should be—the streets are now full of soldiers scattered around loose, as the armies are in camp near here getting ready to be mustered out.—I am quite well & visit the Hospitals the same.—Mother you didn't write whether you got the package of 5 Drum-Taps—I keep thinking about you every few minutes all day—I wish I was home a couple of days—Jeff, you will take this acc't of the Review, same as if it were written to you. WALT.

Whitman's description of the grand review was hastily written, and trimmed to fit the comprehension of his uneducated mother; but the next edition of his poems was to show how true was his assertion that his poetic mission was never completely grasped until he had had a sight of the American people *en masse* supporting the ideal of national union:

I saw that day the return of the heroes,
(Yet the heroes never surpass'd shall never return,
Them that day I saw not.)

I saw the interminable corps, I saw the processions of armies,
I saw them approaching, defiling by with divisions,
Streaming northward, their work done, camping awhile in clusters of mighty camps.

No holiday soldiers—youthful, yet veterans,
Worn, swart, handsome, strong, of the stock of homestead and workshop,
Harden'd of many a long campaign and sweaty march,
Inured on many a hard-fought bloody field.

A pause—the armies wait,
A million flush'd embattled conquerors wait,
The world too waits, then soft as breaking night and sure as dawn,
They melt, they disappear.

ANN TO GWENDOLYN

BY MURIEL MOORE

Whether Ann lived first at her grandmother's house in the North, or on the plantation, remains for her uncertain. The only person she would ask is dead; others who could tell her very precisely she will not question. When she thinks of the plantation she sees brown legs moving before her, slowly. Two brown hands holding a pail in each—round white pails. Her eyes were on a level with the calves of the brown legs. She never looked up; she had been told to watch out for snakes. Ann and her grandmother were on their way to the cemetery to wash tombstones.

She sat happily on her great-grandmother's grave, where it was warm and dry, the clipped grass stiff under her and tickling. While her grandmother scoured the yellowing marbles clean, she watched the zigzag of the soapsuds down their faces and poked her fingers into the letters that held dirt so charmingly. There were only a few large graves—that of Ann's great-grandfather and his wife, that of Ann's great-great-grandfather and his wife—but there were many small ones.

"Those are the dear little children who died as infants," her Granny said.

"Can I die as infants?" asked Ann. This made her grandmother sad.

Of the plantation house Ann has no recollection. But the Negro quarter stamped itself upon her. Brown, you ate with your fingers, played with a dog in the dust, scratched mosquito bites openly. White, you were taken indoors for naps, taught to balance a parasol over your head, learned not to jump into a waiting carriage. Among the cabins she found her first sense of power. As she walked decorously beside her grandmother, she felt impulses of cruelty that made her ashamed.

Ann's great-grandfather had traveled once a year to New Orleans to buy slaves. So her grandmother related, as they drove along the dusty Louisiana roads behind the overfed horses and the overfed coachman. It was his rule not to buy an able-bodied man without his wife, even if she were sickly; their children he purchased also. He said a strong man was not strong unless he was happy.

By chance he once bought a Queen. There was wailing in the hovels; the sound of it reached him as he sat in the library, sipping wine and munching a biscuit. Another might have laughed; if kindly, he might almost have been sorry for the black potentate's fall. But Ann's great-grandfather housed her in the newest cabin, placed other slaves as her attendants, and thus made her authority less only than his. It had proved no blunder of policy.

Sunlight on brown legs, or her fear of the dragon—which came first? The dragon lived in a dusky corner behind the great front portal of her grandmother's house near New York. With horrid frankness, in his very hearing, her cousins would laugh: "It's only a brass thing from China!" He was taller than Ann; his forked tongue shot out above her eyes. To elude him, she would have preferred to reach the sand-pile by way of the friendly kitchen door. Her nurse compromised on the dining-room passage across the veranda. Ann's yells of terror, when she was forced to pass the monster's lair, too often roused slumberous, digesting aunts.

The house where the ogre lurked expanded from chamber to chamber—huge, dark, mysterious. In the hall towered a clock with ships below its face that rocked gently before a city. The furniture in the library was carved with animal heads, owls for the armchairs, dogs and goats for the smaller chairs. In one of the parlors was a China cow freckled with pale blue forget-me-nots. An orchestra of porcelain frogs fiddled upon a table.

One apartment, in darkest mahogany, was like a thunderstorm. Another was hung with tapestries which rustled in unaccountable winds. Strange, enormous house, fragrant with vetivert and roses! Ann never went into all its rooms, never climbed all its staircases. When she became a young lady she was ashamed of it. As a woman she loved its colossal ugliness. At last she saw its beauty, but then the house was dead.

The men and women who moved in its boundless space, who sat at a high polished table eating long meals, who went out in yellow phaëtons and spidery buggies, who interrupted important conversations with her grandmother—they bored Ann. They were to bore her always, until finally she lost them.

II

Sometimes her uncles stood her in front of them and asked whom she loved best. She longed to cry out, "My father!" But she gave them the answer they expected, "Mama." They laughed cruelly loud. Once, as she ran away, she saw that her father had heard. She understood that the uncles had known he was there.

Ann's father. In her thoughts she had no name for him. He was to be spoken of to her for many years as "that man." The uncles shouted; his voice was calm and deep. They quaffed dark liquors from squat tumblers; he drank wine from thin glasses. He read a newspaper as if it were something worth attention, not to get angry with and drop. When he swung Ann upon his shoulder, she might by reaching out her hand have disarranged the sky.

It was her father instead of her nurse who one morning opened the bath-room door. For a precious minute Ann had been left alone, and played a game with the flies, flicking water at them. He stood looking at his daughter, and she returned his gaze. Then slowly lifting the water-filled sponge between her small body and his eyes, she turned away her face.

Ann's nursery was painted in faun color and dappled over with Autumn leaves in russet and brown. She liked the bed. It was high, and she had to be lifted into it. There was space beneath for lions and wolves. But if she lay in the middle they could hardly reach her with their paws when they prowled about at night.

In the morning her grandmother would sit on Ann's bed, brushing long, curling white hair over superb bare shoulders. The windows looked out upon greenhouses where peonies and carnations made splotches of opulence. There was a windmill on a tower, with pine trees and tall grass, an orchard and then meadows stretching away to inlets and marshes. The smell of the sea was carried in.

Probably Ann was told of Red Riding Hood and of fairies, but the story of Tannhäuser was her favorite. What was it like in the Venusberg? What games were played there, what food was eaten? Ah, how wicked of Venus to keep poor Tannhäuser so long! How could such things be? "She held him," her grandmother answered.

Her grandmother's dresses were not like the clothes other women wore. They seemed to be alive. They were white, with ruffles and laces and ribbons, and were worn over wide petticoats with frills. A closet lined with cedar wood, so large it was almost a room, was their hanging place. Ann sniffed it ecstatically.

From the mists of those early years fugitive memories arise: sand dunes, and a purple shadow in the rut of a seaside road; Ann's mother, beautiful and cold, like a damp flower; her father playing a

violin; a doll's dress that she washed in a stream. Ann will not forget the color of the garment as she held it under water. Green—a particular shade of light green. Suddenly it seemed a very small dress. Opening both hands, she let it slip down the current. When her grandfather died, she was thought too young for a black sash and black ribbons on her sleeves. The disappointment was bitter. She had wanted the sash to be of crisp moiré.

A ship's cabin. Ann had never been in so confining a place. An odor that made her unhappy. Her father saying good-bye. He kissed her once, on the left cheek. . . . Rome, where she was beautifully happy, with her grandmother to herself. The city was important, too; it was Rome even for a child not yet seven. St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the drive along the Pincio.

In the Spring—it was perhaps April—her mother appeared. She wore new clothes. Ann went toward her diffidently. When she was quite near the woman with the smart little hat and the veil raised over her nose, who said, "Well, my child?", Ann felt uncomfortable all over.

"Your father was a bad man," the strange woman said. "He didn't love Mama. Your name is not to be Ann any more." Ann had been christened for her father's mother. "I've thought of Hilda," the voice went on. "Would you like to be called Hilda?"

Ann said she would rather not. For days she had no name, and wondered how the nurse found her in the morning to wash and dress her.

III

A party. Ann's hair was brushed, divided into handfuls, rolled and brushed again on a fat stick. When each curl was at last in place, she had to sit very still, and not bob about and get hot. A starched muslin dress was passed over the curls, and above the elbows orange ribbons were tied to hold the embroidered sleeves. A wide orange sash was put about her waist. Around her throat was placed a gold chain, with a gold locket. Ann was sent to say good-bye to her mother.

"You won't forget to tell the children not to call you Ann? Your name is Gwendolyn."

"Yes, Mama."

"If they ask you why, just say you have no father now."

"Yes, Mama."

"You must say, 'Mama dear,' Gwendolyn."

"Yes, Mama dear."

Ann was fond of parties. The Palazzo, she acknowledged, was quite as large as her grandmother's house, though less fragrant. The stone-vaulted hall was not so fearful as the entrance where the dragon waited. The stairs she mounted, the alcove where she left her hat and coat and where her hair was smoothed, the galleries, the rooms in which she was to play—these Ann would read about much later, in beautifully illustrated editions.

The dancing was in full swing when she entered. Ann liked the beautifully-dressed, frail little girls. She admired the over-elegant boys—except the Spanish Princes. She had avoided them since the afternoon she played in their gardens. There had been an *auto-da-fé*, with a fire of matches. Beetles, grasshoppers.

It was late when she remembered what her mother had said she must do. She spoke first to one of the exquisite girls. Her large eyes grew larger.

"You have no father? Is he then dead?"

"No," Ann confessed. "My Mama is divorced."

The others came swiftly to hear the strange news. There was a pause, and the children fell away from where Ann stood. She watched their games begin again. Now and then a boy returned and shouted at her.

Head up, back to the wall, Ann smiled. As the children rushed past to supper, she pretended not to mind being left alone. And then, down the empty drawing-rooms, Gwendolyn walked resolutely.

JACKDAW IN PEACOCK'S FEATHERS

BY MALVINA LINDSAY

THE malcontent newspaper man, cursing a thankless calling and yet cleaving to it, is a prevailing figure in American fiction and drama. He is invariably overworked, underpaid and unappreciated, and in his old age is either ruthlessly kicked out or retained in the humiliating rôle of a pensioner. He constantly seeks escape from his gilded cage, but returns to the glamorous life within its bars after each taste of freedom.

Nothing was ever more fortunate for the followers of a perilously overpopulated trade than that this conception of the newspaper toiler should succeed that of the former indomitable hero of movie city rooms. I personally extend my thanks to the creators of the martyr journalist. And if some stage or fiction realist would now only show that the city room ingénue does not marry the son of the billionaire knave she is assigned to unmask, but instead develops into an acidulous spinster who handles the club items and the Christmas families, I would be even more gratified.

To virtually all journalists below the rank of publisher or managing editor, greener fields beckon in every direction. While there are thousands of journalism students, society débutantes, school-teachers, office clerks and bond salesmen trying to get into the newspaper business, there are thousands of journalists threatening to get out of it. These dissentients, in a mythical future, intend to go into publicity or advertising, where the real money is made, to obtain sinecures with corporations, to get political appointments, to go into the tire business with their brothers-in-law, to write plays or novels, or to buy little places in the country and raise rabbits or elderberries. Unlike the followers of many other pursuits, they do not wish to insure themselves immortality in their occupation. They are determined to rear their children to be lawyers, oil men, chain grocers, or anything other than journalists. Newspaper hirelings never get anywhere, they reiterate. Look at old man So-and-So clipping exchanges. Or at poor Miss Blank with her puzzle page.

So they talk. A few carry out their threats. They become managers of improvement associations, secretaries of city boards, promoters of charity drives, writers of advertising, deputy State oil inspectors, or press agents for circuses or Little Theatres. But the majority, true to tradition, stick to their newspaper drudgery. And continue to damn it.

What is the reason for this general discontent, this vague dissatisfaction on the part of those who deal in the commodity of news? Most businesses have their middle-aged and elderly men and women who have failed to become executives or firm members. Most industries have their employés who perform the same humdrum tasks day after day. Lawyers have their grind and their routine, their struggles and their defeats. So also do physicians, actors, professors, storekeepers. Yet these rarely decry their fate as do newspaper men and women. What then is wrong with journalists—or with journalism?

Romantically minded journalists have a simple solution of the problem. The whole trouble with journalism, they say, is that the old days are no more; the old days of wayfaring reporters, good liquor and big

stories; the old days when the game was an alluring adventure and its followers men rather than robots. The machine age, they charge, has standardized the newspaper business and made it a dull, routine occupation; commerce has put its vise on the journalist's typewriter, and has made his position comparable to that of a clerk in a mail-order house.

Now I am not one who would attack the cult of the old-fashioned. I realize that the old-time religion was the best, also the old-time politics, the old-time cookery, the old-time girls; and I particularly know just how superior the old-time newspaper men were. I began my newspaper work in time to know many of them, to read their masterpieces dashed off under bacchanalian inspiration, and to hear their sagas of the Boxer Rebellion, the Russo-Japanese War and the San Francisco fire. I know from them what an exciting, untrammelled adventure newspaper work of former days must have been. But I also know that many of its exponents were quite as proficient as their successors in the art known in city rooms as beefing.

While the journalists of the past may have been greater individualists than the sleek young men who disseminate news today, I doubt if they had much greater editorial or personal freedom. The owners and editors for whom they worked were individualists also and were in positions to enforce their individualism. Political prejudices and alignments, personal feuds, blacklists, debts of friendship, were fetters almost as cramping on the news columns then as are the shackles of industry or the yoke of mass thinking today.

Moreover, I do not believe that editorial freedom is now or ever has been the prime concern of newspaper workers. I am speaking now of ordinary journalists—reporters, rewrite men, copy readers, sob sisters, editorial writers and sub-executives. I do not believe their lamentations have been occasioned by their editors' squeamishness about offending advertisers or by their publishers' alignments with chambers of commerce or real estate boards. I think newspaper subalterns have always been concerned with more personal problems—their pay envelopes, their working conditions, their interest in their tasks, their opportunities for promotion and their future security.

The old-time journalist undoubtedly had advantages over his successor, but he also had his handicaps. If his job was exciting, it was also strenuous; sleep, proper food, and physical welfare were disregarded much of the time. If his subject matter was less trivial than that of today, its presentation was hedged about with the passionate beliefs or disbeliefs of a Bennett, a Dana, a Pulitzer, or some lesser journalistic czar. If he did not suffer competition from the hosts of mediocrity, he yet looked forward to an uncertain future. If the newspaper man of today gives perfunctory, unenthusiastic service, if he saves his feet and his energy by practising what managing editors deplore as syndicating and pack reporting, if he regards his future in his craft cynically and hopelessly, is it not perhaps because he has seen so many of his predecessors, who gave their all to their pursuit, find themselves eventually tramp copy readers or gray-haired morgue-keepers?

Journalistic discontent cannot be explained wholly by a change in era. It is true that today's journalist finds the bread line in his craft lengthening, that he finds his duties increasingly reflecting the effervescence of a frothy age. Naturally his dissatisfaction becomes more acute. But the primary cause of his restlessness lies deeper than these surface manifestations.

II

The fundamental weakness of journalism is its habit of parading under false colors. It is the great American illusion both to those within its ranks and to those without. There is no industry whose character is as little understood by its patrons and by the neophytes who enter it as that of

making newspapers. The deceptions concerning it have been fostered by tradition, by bombastic and over-solemn editors, by fiction, by stage melodrama, by photoplays, and by the swashbuckling poses of journalists themselves. The industry is either taken too seriously, as one of the learned professions, or it is regarded too lightly, as a form of carnival adventure. Few journalistic tyros have any definite ideas of what they are undertaking. Probably their most cherished fancy is that work in a newspaper office constitutes a literary career, or is at least a springboard to one. Another popular fallacy is that journalism is a passport to a world of adventure in which the reporter oscillates constantly between electrocutions and take-offs of trans-Atlantic flights. Still another illusion—and this is particularly prevalent among young women—is that newspaper work offers great social advantages in the way of contact with the great, that it is a continuous round of interviews with Queen Marie, Lindbergh, Andrew Mellon, Clara Bow, Mayor Bill Thompson and others in the public vision. But perhaps to the greatest number of its novices, journalism is seen merely as a genteel pursuit which does not require such slavish preparation as medicine or engineering, which is free from the vulgarities of business, and which offers hope of a highly respectable future as an editor or publisher.

What, however, do these romancers find when they begin their grind? They find that they have entered neither a polite profession nor a liberal art, not even an organized skilled trade, but rather a mongrel craft—a craft which nevertheless has its binding craft rules, formulæ, molds and matrices, and its craft circumscription. That it is able to escape much of the monotonous routine of the ordinary business or trade is perhaps its greatest compensation. While its practitioners often speak disparagingly of themselves as automata, they could be described more accurately as literary jongleurs with bags of tricks. The craft of journalism, with its high moments and its low, its touches of melodrama and salacity, its appeals to the mass mind, and its formulæ for getting the house, resembles nothing so much as the variety stage. It is only one of journalism's many tragedies that so many of its harlequins do not accept philosophically their functions in life instead of grumbling in the wings because they cannot play Hamlet.

When I first entered newspaper work, I was admonished to write for the man in the street. I suppose beginners are now told to write for the man in the head set. In the main, the journalist's appeal is to the same group as that of the radio announcer, the saxophonist, the hoofer, the revivalist, and the professional ball player. But unfortunately the journalist, unlike these other entertainers, feels superior to his audience. He is seldom in sympathy with the tastes and interests of those whose diversion he must provide. Moreover, to add to his discomfiture, he frequently finds that his editor insists on playing Puck and putting an ass's head on an already puerile-minded public.

One of my earliest assignments in a city room was to get a symposium interview with society débutantes on a pseudo-professor's statement that stroking a cat's back gave the stroker the same physical sensation as spooning—the term by which necking was known in those archaic days. I had previously witnessed a policeman's and fireman's baseball game from a "woman's angle," determined the views on social and moral problems of the wives of assembled Eagles, sentimentalized over numerous doorstep babies, and been turned away from dozens of doors by divorcées in my picture-chasing rounds. But it was not until that assignment that I realized to what extent my calling was a form of literary vaudeville.

Subsequent years, while bringing somewhat less trivial duties, were to prove further the analogy. I was to see the old Kansas City *Post* sell more extras on the acquittal of Clara Smith Hamon than it had on the election of President Harding;

I was to see the most solemn dailies succumb to comic strips, colored sport editions and crossword puzzles; I was to witness newspapers holding birthday parties, picnics, gridgraph games, dance marathons and radio concerts for their patrons; I was to watch the serial story encroach further upon the news columns, and I was to learn that a foremost syndicate's most popular feature offering was a daily horoscope.

As the vaudevillist regards himself as an artist, so does the newspaper worker (aided by his friends) carry on the fiction that he is primarily a writer. But the ambitious college graduate who enters a city room with a copy of Proust under his arm soon discovers that legs are more important in the newspaper business than any feeling for the delicately turned phrase. He soon realizes that reaching the scene of the airplane crash first, extracting the exclusive confession from the murderer, sneaking past the butler to obtain audience with the society divorce co-respondent, wheedling a party henchman out of the secrets of a political caucus, are the things that come first with his city editor. If the man who can get such news can write it well, so much the better; if he cannot there will always be some obscure rewrite man who can.

III

Moreover, the rhetorically gifted journalist is amazed to discover that city room training is not adapted to developing in him the style of a Pater or even of a popular fictionist. In criticizing the literary standards of city rooms I am not aligning myself with those purists who constantly direct tirades at journalese. Most journalistic writing is done under conditions in which the average English pedagogue would find it impossible to write a coherent sentence. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that these conditions contribute to make newspaper writing not only hurried and slipshod but often flashy and cheap as well. The average newspaper story is a sort of literary sleight-of-hand performance, whose formula is built around the "'Oh Hell,' said the Duchess" motif. It may reach heights of simplicity, conservativeness—and sometimes dullness—in the more dignified journals, and depths of shoddiness in the form of dashes, exclamation points, sentence paragraphs, verbless sentences, trite phrases and pert wise-cracks in the tabloids.

Furthermore, the journalist finds that his function as a public entertainer does not end with his mastery of the trick of gathering arresting news and writing it in an arresting manner. Like a guest at a village party, he invariably receives his call to perform a feat. Most newspapers, even the over-sedate, weaken sooner or later at the solicitation of their circulation departments and open their pages to journalistic stunts. Usually the journalist's part is merely to write the daily publicity for the project, to extol the movie show or ball game the paper is staging, or to rhapsodize over the salt-shakers it is giving away with want-ads, but often he must also function as manager of the show. Women journalists particularly are supposed to have a knack for such duties. During my own career I have conducted baby shows, beauty shows, a perfect foot contest, and a bicycle marathon, managed a human fly demonstration, helped run a fish sale, sold soda pop at a city picnic and spent days judging essays on such subjects as "Should Maggie Divorce Jiggs?" and "My Favorite Movie Actor." Thanks to the growing conservatism of my paper, I have escaped some of the more modern stunt assignments, such as masquerading as a beggar, working as a filling-station attendant, riding an air-mail plane, investigating night clubs, and serving a jail sentence for speeding. Ideas in stunt journalism are born so rapidly nowadays that certain dailies employ regularly stunt reporters to carry them out on the stunt-a-day basis. In fact, a good stunt reporter is in many ways more valuable to a modern newspaper than is a competent political writer or a discriminating dramatic critic.

The would-be litterateur, on entering newspaper work, not only finds that he must have the legs and the persistence of a book agent and the verve of a Barnum, but that he also must be a mental and moral chameleon. One day he may be an intelligent gentleman of character interviewing a scientist about a split atom, digesting and translating an address on farm relief, or writing with dignity about a President's funeral, but on the next he finds himself a snooper or a bully, bedeviling hapless women about their eugenic babies, heckling prominent persons about their engagements or divorces, and prying into the personal tragedies of all of the socially unfortunate. The journalist from the beginning is confronted with the impossible task of being a combination burglar and art critic. His inevitable failure in such a Janus-like rôle contributes to his general feeling of futility.

A craftsman of any kind, if he is to find satisfaction or pride in his work, must be able to take it seriously. Unfortunately, few journalists can do this. One reason is journalism's triviality. Another is its bombast. Because the American newspaper must constantly supply stimulation to its readers, every story that gives any promise of excitement, suspense or human interest must be blown up and spun out until it resembles the pink and white cotton candy sold at carnivals. Outstanding examples of this have been the Lindbergh flight, the Talley début, the Snyder-Gray murder and, more recently, the national party conventions and the subsequent campaign. Virtually every local murder, civic pageant or automobile show is subject to this process of puffing. At the behest of the whoop-it-up spirit of modern society, as well as of his circulation department, the journalist must make big doings out of every happening. He must boom with empty words every event from the Pythian Sisters' fair to the city's centennial pageant; he must make every local food show or every local murder trial the biggest and best of its kind. Newspaper workers generally chafe under this routine of boloney writing. They feel that they are blowing bubbles, that they are attempting to make bricks without straw.

The woman journalist especially encounters this bulbous phase of journalism in her relentless pursuit of the woman's angle. This was exemplified at last Summer's national conventions when hordes of women journalistic stars found themselves mentally stranded in Kansas City and Houston with nothing to write about. There was little enough legitimate news of any gender at either convention, and, with the women delegates mostly puppets or window dressing, the girl reporters were confronted with the classic journalistic task of writing a column about nothing. As a result of their assiduousness at this, the public was given daily detailed descriptions of the gowns worn by the prominent women politicians and by the wives of the party moguls. It was advised daily what distinguished ladies sat on the platform and what distinguished wives sat in the boxes. It was able to keep hourly tab on the smiles and handshakes of Mrs. Alfred E. Smith at Houston and on the committee confabs of Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt and Mrs. Medill McCormick at Kansas City. It learned in published interviews from various political prima donnas that American women were taking a vital interest in politics, though strangely not losing their femininity to do so, and that the women's vote would elect the Republican or the Democratic candidate for President as the case might be. The newspaper women sending out these fashion and personal items, writing interviews with figureheads who had nothing of any value or interest to say, puffing up anemic ideas to form columns of sentimental flummery, naturally could not take their duties very seriously, naturally could not know the satisfaction of producing something genuine. And this situation is duplicated at every event that has even a remote woman's angle.

However, woman journalists, despite the fact that they must provide such quan-

tities of froth and sentimentality for the news columns, generally grumble much less about their occupation than do their men co-workers. In fact, as beginners they are often inordinately proud of themselves. And only death or a newspaper consolidation can pry them loose from their posts. Perhaps this is because of their race memories of the long indenture of their sex to kitchen and schoolroom.

IV

Journalism, being a mongrel craft, an illegitimate child of literature and the linotype, is neither fish, flesh nor fowl in the realm of industry. Consequently its workers are without either professional or trade protection. A candidate physician or lawyer must obtain a license, demonstrate that he possesses a degree of knowledge and character before he is permitted to practise. Any high-school student, any office boy, any friend of a publisher, any blatherskite of either sex may become a journalist by the mere process of obtaining a job on a newspaper. For all the blunders of these so-called journalists, the responsible newspaper man or woman must be answerable to the public. There is no system of journalistic ethics whereby the quack may be branded.

In the matter of by-lines alone, a muddle results from lack of standards. A story often is signed, not because it is exceptionally well written, or because it reflects a personality worth reflecting, but merely on account of newspaper policy or the whim of an editor. Frequently its signing is due to its sentimentality or to its human interest subject matter. And many atrocious newspaper stories—some of which I have written—have been given by-lines simply because their authors were women. Except on the contributions of specialists, such as political writers, and music and dramatic critics, by-lines seldom represent any valuable criterion of journalistic judgment. Moreover, an experienced journalist is likely to see his own piece of reporting in connection with an important news happening published anonymously on the market page, while an account of the same event written by a movie star or a Senator's wife (via a journalistic ghost) is blazoned on the front page under a fourteen-point by-line. Imagine a hospital employing an aviatrix to perform a surgical operation! Or a plumber hiring a Congressman to connect pipes!

Again, while journalism is closely allied to the skilled trades, it is without their economic safeguards. It has no wage scale, no unemployment insurance, no old men's homes, no pensions, no limitation of apprentices and no method of group action for improving working conditions. It is a newspaper tradition that editorial offices are always to be found in the dingiest, stuffiest corners of decrepit buildings, and although this situation is being remedied by the erection of many new and modern offices, yet air and light are still at a premium in most city rooms. In many offices the journalist works against every possible physical handicap in the form of noise, interruption, fumes, balky typewriters and lack of fresh air. Being a free lance he can do little or nothing to change this condition.

But perhaps the greatest economic disadvantage journalism suffers as a pursuit is its crowded condition. In no other industry is there such a need of a Malthus to warn of the danger of overpopulation. This condition is being aggravated by the nation-wide consolidation of newspapers, by the growth of journalism schools, and by the establishment of journalism courses in every high-school and academy. While newspapers are eliminating the old type of itinerant worker in favor of the dependable suburbanite who owns his home and radio, yet they are offering heightened employment risks yearly to this type of employé. However, the embryo journalist, dazzled by the fancied glory and opportunity of newspaper life, never takes the economic perils into consideration until too late.

Only the journalist who has passed through the ordeal of being one of the pawns in a newspaper consolidation or sale can fully appreciate the uncertainty of life and of salary. As I write this, I have just undergone such an experience—my second in six years. I recite the facts because they are typical of the general journalistic readjustment that is now taking place.

In 1922 the Kansas City *Post*, an afternoon newspaper of large street circulation, was sold to the Kansas City *Journal*, a venerable morning daily. Both papers were continued, but under one management and in one building. By this consolidation, editorial opportunities in Kansas City were lessened but no great number of employés was thrown out of work. However, a six-year effort to rejuvenate the *Journal* having failed, that daily, on October 4 last, was consolidated with the *Post* into an afternoon publication, leaving only one morning newspaper in the field—the Kansas City *Times*, the morning edition of the *Star*.

On the afternoon of October 3, approximately 200 employés of the consolidated papers, forty-seven of them editorial workers, walked bewildered out into the mocking Autumn sunshine facing a world that had suddenly become strange, insecure and menacing. Their ranks were typical of those affected by such consolidations everywhere: an editorial writer who had proudly treasured each of his thirty-five anniversaries of service to his paper; an old-time roving reporter settled down to provide security and education for his developing family; a young man confronted with postponement of his wedding date; a young father overwhelmed with the responsibilities of a new baby; white-faced bridegrooms dreading to face their brides; home owners behind on their second mortgage payments; irresponsibles with debts and dependents; a copy reader growing gray and self-doubting, and astonished youths just out of journalism schools.

Some of those losing out in this consolidation reaped the results of their own smugness and inertia but the majority were merely the victims of an industrial process. Even though appreciative words and a liberal economic adjustment lightened the blow they received, the journalists affected will always have feelings of mistrust and cynicism toward their occupation. Even in new jobs they will never be able to give the loyalty they once gave to their time-serving mistress.

The *Editor and Publisher* recently stated that within the last eighteen months nearly seventy American dailies had ceased publication. Kansas City's journalistic catastrophe has been duplicated in recent years in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, St. Louis, St. Paul and other cities too numerous to list. A survey in almost any city will show that there are less available newspaper positions now than five years ago. Despite this, however, packs of journalism and high-school graduates continue to descend on the lean journalistic pasturage.

Let me say here that I am not assailing journalism schools as institutions. I am a graduate of one and am eternally grateful for what I learned in it. But I maintain there should be some kind of birth control movement in such establishments, some kind of rigid weeding out process among their students. Every year these schools graduate hundreds of young men and women, many of whom are totally unadapted to newspaper work. Sometimes it takes years for them to discover this; some never find it out but are carried along by luck or easy going editors, vaguely wondering why they don't advance and what is the matter with the infernal newspaper business.

With this army of novices competing against experienced journalists, it is no wonder that the editor whose standards are measured by the cash register will take the man or woman he can get for $25 a week rather than pay $50 to the more capable worker. Or, he may hire a few good rewrite men at good salaries and reënforce

them with a corps of $15-a-week cubs who studied journalism at high-school. Such a situation makes the position of the journalist precarious, lowers his wages and tends to lessen his standing and self respect. He finds himself largely in the economic position of a white collared clerk or a white coated street cleaner.

V

Why, then, do journalists, finding their occupation so fraught with pretense and risk, stick to it so loyally? They stick for two reasons: they have become drugged on the lotus leaf of procrastination, and there is no asylum to which they can flee.

Notwithstanding its current stage portrayal, newspaper work is a lazy man's job. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, on understaffed chain dailies and in certain news services. But in the average newspaper office there is by no means the steady drudgery or the meticulous keeping of hours that there is in most business or trade concerns. The very nature of newspaper work makes this impossible. There are times when the newspaper man, like the fireman, must work at high pressure, under great strain, putting all that he has into his job, possibly risking his life; but there are more frequent times when, like a fireman, he may loaf, times when he will be found warming a chair in press room or city room, swapping tales of scoops, generating financial schemes, telling how his newspaper should be run, outlining short story plots.

It is as unfair to censure him for his lethargy as it is to condemn the opium eater. Interesting associates with whom he can talk out his ambitions instead of working them out, opportunities for diversion that constantly tempt him from the grind of any serious work, the acquired habit of skimming the surface of things and performing tasks swiftly, easily and shoddily, all combine with the inevitable city room languor to make him incapable of either following opportunities or seeking them. The clever ideas of the newspaper man are usually put into effect by others; the books and plays he plans to write are usually produced by men and women who have never been caught in the journalistic quicksands —or, having been caught, have escaped early. Even the big, juicy, publicity jobs, the political appointments and the chicken farms are part of an eternal mirage that hovers over the poker table of every press room.

Supposing, though, that the journalist does seek lusher pasturage, where can he find it? Can he be a bank clerk? Never. The routine would wreck him. His work on election nights over endless columns of figures leaves him groaning and indignant. Can he be an office manager for a refrigerator or a washing machine company? No. Such boredom is unthinkable. He even grumbles when he must handle the news of such company's displays. Can he sell bonds, real estate or insurance? No. Such a stupid life is not to be considered. The contact with morons would be unbearable.

The trouble is that the journalist, like the occupation he follows, is carrying on a pretense. When he thinks of himself in some other pursuit, it is as a bank director, a railroad president, the manager of an insurance company, a member of Congress, a renowned physician, a leading attorney, a nationally known engineer. These are the types of men with whom his duties bring him into contact, and he compares his talents with theirs, often to their disadvantage, ignoring the fact that they usually have paid for their success with years of office and laboratory routine, while he was facilely clicking a typewriter as the star of some city room. Moreover, when the journalist compares himself with industrial or business leaders, he fails to recognize that he is envying them only their money and prestige and that secretly he despises the soap, breakfast foods, bungalows, freight cars or other material mediums which were the basis of their achievement.

If the journalist will be fair to his occupation and accept it for the craft it is and compare it to the pursuits to which it is comparable, he will find that it offers about the same financial returns, commensurate with effort, as do other industries. He will also find that, despite its handicaps and hazards, it offers a far greater measure of personal freedom, stimulation, self development and enjoyment than any other employment open to him can afford. There are no time clocks to punch in a newspaper office; no adding machines to operate; no form letters to write, no salesmanship talks to be made on the merits of vacuum cleaners or vitrified brick. To be sure, there is drudgery and routine of its kind, but even that offers the spice of variety. No two automobile shows are exactly alike; no two charity drives are identical. It is true that the journalist's work is transient, his subject matter trivial, but nevertheless he touches, even though lightly, history as it comes warm from the crucible. Journalism would be worth all the tears, all the grumbling, all the risks it entails if it did nothing more than afford the journalist a box seat at the human comedy.

I believe most journalists, after they accept the fact that as artists they are largely sign painters, also realize that sign painting has its advantages over ditch digging. Personally I would rather be a newspaper woman at half my present salary than to be a school-teacher, a private secretary, an insurance agent, a librarian or a corset saleswoman. I do not say that I would not rather be the author of a meritorious novel or of a Broadway success than to continue my hazardous mummery. But I lack the courage if not the time to attempt such achievements. So, true to journalistic tradition, I sit in the city room and talk of doing them on some golden mañana.

HARRIGAN AND HART—AND BRAHAM

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

I love to talk of old New York, and of my boyish days. —*Paddy Duffy's Cart.*

The era of Gilbert and Sullivan in London town was contemporaneous with an institution that served, for New York and secondarily for the entire United States, a purpose similar to that which for two decades animated the series that was the Savoy. But in spirit, as in fact, an ocean of difference lay between the polite animadversions of Gilbert and Sullivan and the melodious rowdyism of Harrigan and Hart. The Englishmen dwelt in a fantastic realm of their own creation; they were, in the words of a forgotten playwright, Richard Brome, who preceded Mr. Gilbert by some two centuries in the vagaries of topsy-turvydom, the ministers of an "anti-London,"—the merry andrews of the capital's antipodes. In their work, which still has an undeniable vigor, there was also a suggestion of effeteness that derived not so much from an inherent quality of the collaborators as from the type of civilization that they portrayed.

Not so with Harrigan and Hart. They were, at their height, of New York newyorky; no delicate fantasy here, but a crude realism that was of the soil, for all its staginess; no effeteness, but rather a crudity, a rawness that were garbed in authentic outfit. Instead of topsy-turvydom, pandemonium; instead of anti-London, pro-Gotham. If Harrigan and Hart and Dave Braham were too much of their own day to remain for any other day; if Braham's music and Harrigan's librettos—let us call them such—lack the vitality that has preserved the operettas of their English contemporaries, they represent none the less an important epoch of the national humor, and even a document upon the national growth. They are among the treasured memories of a slowly rising American theatre, as notable for what they helped lead to as for what they were. The Harrigan plays were plays in only a secondary sense. An outgrowth of the vaudeville sketch, they were built around the actor rather than shaped by the dramatist. They lived on the stage; the library would be fatal to them. And so they have had the jaunty, strutting career of the actor, whose sole immortality is remembrance. To revive them today would be possible only if we could resurrect Harrigan, Hart and Dave Braham.

Doubtless the later Gilbert, who had conveniently forgotten the operatic travesties of his prentice days, would have been appropriately shocked to behold the female impersonations of Tony Hart; such transvestite humors were never permitted in the hey-day of the Savoy. Yet, at bottom, the chastity of Gilbert and Sullivan was paralleled by the fundamental purity of the typical Harrigan and Hart production. Just as the Comedy Opera Company, founded by D'Oyly Carte, was "how English and how pure!" so was the enterprise of Edward Harrigan pure and American. Over both the establishments hovered, after all, the spirit of a Queen who took her pleasures soberly.

"The moral standpoint," wrote Harrigan some forty years ago, in a short article upon his stage pieces, "is, if not falling into abeyance, at least changing to a very remarkable extent. Within the memory of theatre-goers the nude was almost un-

known, and anything savoring of immorality was tabooed. At present no light opera nor spectacular performance can be a success without a superabundant display of corporeal charms, and the number of . . . plays . . . whose corner-stories are unchastity and vice is constantly on the increase." Today, it might be Fred Stone or George M. Cohan speaking; Cohan, indeed, reckons Harrigan in his genealogy as surely as Harrigan reckoned Dion Boucicault.

It is the actor-tradition, not the play-tradition, with which we have chiefly to do. That is why Harrigan's depictions ran to types, and why he was quick to follow the lead of his public. "This, in all probability, is what gave me a decided bent, and has confined all my work to certain fields. It began with the New York 'boy,' the Irish-American, and our African brother. As these grew in popularity I added the other prominent types which go to make up life in the metropolis and in every other large city of the Union and Canada. These are the Irishman, Englishman, German, Low German, Chinese, Italian, Russian and Southern darky. I suppose ere long"—Harrigan wrote these words in 1889—"I shall add the Bohemian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Polak and Scandinavian. As yet, however, their time has not come. This system has given my pieces their peculiar polyglot character."

Harrigan's sense of realism, again, was quite as acute as Gilbert's. If the famous librettist could draw, for his scenery, upon the English courts, the English navy, and the English army, Harrigan, with equal fidelity to his milieu, could pattern the bar-room of one of the Mulligan series after a saloon in Roosevelt street; the opium den in "Investigation" after a joint on Pell street; the dive in "Waddy Googan" after a den in the neighborhood of the Bowery. In fact, whether of types or of scenes, it may be said with equal truth that Harrigan had but to look upon them and enclose them in the proscenium of his theatre.

He had little respect for the upper class as material for his international fair. "Polite society, wealth, and culture possess little or no color and picturesqueness. The chief use I make of them is as a foil to the poor, the workers, the great middle class. The average gentleman is so stereotyped that he has no value except in those plays where he is a pawn on the chessboard of melodramatic vice or tragic sin. He does very well in 'Camille' and 'Forget-me-not,' but I can't imagine him at home in a happy tenement-house or enjoying himself at a colored ball." That was written before this average gentleman went home to Harlem and rose to Nigger Heaven.

Harrigan, for his purposes and his talents, saw true. More: his work, though not in print, still lives. It forms part of the tradition of burlesque and vaudeville. As sharply as any Goldoni cutting out the patterns of the Venetian pantaloon and his confrères, Harrigan helped to fix the figure of the stage Irishman and the stage coon. While Gilbert, across the Atlantic, was filling his gallery with a series of living caricatures, Harrigan, after adventures that had taken him to every corner of the United States, was picking his types off the sidewalks of New York. It is not impossible that Harrigan learned a trick or two from Gilbert; shortly after the authorized American production of "H. M. S. Pinafore" we find the Irishman's Bedelia, in "Squatter Sovereignty," playing "Billee Taylor" and "Pinafore" on her pianoforte; and Bridget, the marketwoman, in "Cordelia's Aspirations," singing a catalogue of her wares that she surely must have heard first from the lips of that round and rosy bumboat-woman, Little Buttercup. As playwright, as producer, as predecessor of Irving Berlin in the rôle of New York's troubadour—the folk lore in Harrigan's songs has been forgotten together with the tunes—and as actor, Edward Harrigan marks an important epoch in the development of the American song-and-dance show.

II

He was born to wandering; the sea was in his blood. Harrigan's Cove, Nova Scotia, and Cape Harrigan, Labrador, bear witness to the renown of his ancestors as seamen. The Harrigans had come to Canada in the Eighteenth Century. Edward's father, born in Newfoundland, was William Harrigan, a sea-captain and shipbuilder; Edward was born, on October 26, 1845, at 31 Scammel street, New York, in what was then the center of the local shipbuilding trade. His mother, Ellen Rogers, had been born in the shadow of Bunker Hill, at Charlestown, Mass., but had received her early rearing in Norfolk, Va. It was there that William Harrigan had met her on one of his voyages, and married her. She, too, could boast an ancestry of the sea; what was more, she had acquired, from Southern residence, a repertory of Negro songs, dances and dialectal skill that her volatile boy was quick to absorb. He must early have learned to play the banjo, which in later years, at work upon a Negro novelty like "Pete," he would meditatively strum in search of darky words for his composer. The typical Harrigan productions, which are pivoted upon the clash of the Irish and the Negroes in New York, were thus determined virtually at his mother's knee.

New York itself he learned in truancy. He had left school in his fourteenth year and was slapping about as an errand boy, as a printer's devil; by sixteen he was apprentice in a shipyard of the city. He must have frequented the theatres of the cheaper sort, for at about this time he is discovered delivering, in association with Campbell's Minstrels at the Bowery Theatre, a burlesque stump speech of his own composition. Meantime, his mother had died and his father had married a second time; as a result of dissension in the family, Harrigan went off to New Orleans as an able seaman. It wouldn't be Ned if, during his later labors as a calker, he didn't wander about the levees, listening to the Negro songs and taking down notes, without realizing it, for plays that were to come.

About California, more than a decade after the Gold Rush, there was still the halo of adventure. When New Orleans had ceased to interest him, the youngster set sail for the Golden Gate. His vessel was wrecked; he was cast ashore at Chagres, sick and penniless, and was—in the manner of a Cooper romance—nursed back to health by a compassionate Indian. Perhaps it is here that Harrigan, after safe delivery from the waves, first conceived those wrecks and explosions that so frequently form the dénouement of his racial rivalries. For these catastrophic finales there was, of course, precedent in the history of the English theatre, especially in the sensational century between the going of Sheridan and the coming of Robertson. There were prototypes, too, in the numerous harbor explosions of the day. They must have acquired added flavor, none the less, from this gruesome experience.

It was natural that, reaching San Francisco at last, he should hire out as a laborer on the docks; his real school had been the wharves of New York. It was natural, too, that he should hunt out the theatres of the city and shortly be inaugurating his stage career on the boards of the Olympic. In all likelihood he appeared as a one-man show; maybe his stump speech was the nucleus around which was built a song or two of topical interest; the entire output of Harrigan, indeed, possessed this topical nature. He rapidly became a town favorite, and before long was appearing at the Bella Union and the New Pacific Theatre. He remained in the city from 1867 to 1869. At the Bella Union he learned a few tricks from Alec O'Brien, with whom he often played. He sang and he danced; he impersonated darkies and chin-whiskered Dutchmen; he was acquiring the routine of production.

His association with Sam Rickey was even more valuable than that with O'Brien. Prospectively, Rickey was the model for Tony Hart. After two years of success in

'Frisco, Harrigan and Rickey began to look eastward; a series of one-night stands, including many a dive of the raw West, landed them at last in Chicago, where "the noted Californian comedians"—by grace of type and a showbill—opened some time in 1870. Harrigan was the Irishman, Rickey the coon. As success in 'Frisco had sent them to Chicago, so now success in the Windy City sent their eyes New Yorkward. On November 21 of the same year they made their début at the Globe Theatre, 514 Broadway, in a sketch entitled "The Little Fraud." It was simply a take-off on a popular tune, and was followed next week by "The Mulcahey Twins." The entertainment was funny and tuneful; it took the town. Also, it swelled Mr. Rickey's head, and before many months Harrigan, now definitely dedicated to the stage, was going it on his own. He switched back to Negro impersonation, signed up with Manning's Minstrels, and went on tour with them.

It was in Chicago, where he had scored his first great success with Rickey, that he was to meet Anthony Cannon, *alias* Tony Hart. Hart, at the time but a handsome lad, had been born in Worcester, Mass., on July 25, 1855; he was thus ten years the junior of his future partner. Something too pretty in his person must have suggested, originally, his adoption of comic female rôles. Nat Goodwin, early associated with Harrigan, recalled Hart in his book of memoirs with characteristic effusiveness; they had met some time in 1874 and from the first moment became the closest of friends. Says Nat:

> Tony Hart was the name of the lad of melody, after he had fired the Cannon. From the time he became associated with Edward Harrigan until the name of Harrigan and Hart became famous from coast to coast, that boy caused more joy and sunshine by his delightful gifts than any artist of his time. To refer to him as talented was an insult. Genius was the only word that could be applied. He sang like a nightingale, danced like a fairy, and acted like a master comedian. No dialect was too difficult for him—Irish, Negro, German, Italian, became his own, and one lost sight of the individual in the truthfulness of portrayal. His magnetism was compelling, his personality charming. He had the face of an Irish Apollo. His eyes were liquid blue, almost feminine in their dove-like expression. His head was large and round and covered with a luxurious growth of brown curly hair which clustered in ringlets over a strong brow. His feet and hands were small, his smile almost pathetic. His disposition turned December into May. . . . Tony Hart was the friend of all mankind and my especial pal. I have loved three men in my life, and he was two of them.

When Harrigan first met him, Hart was singing with Arlington's Minstrels. Here was a fellow to take Rickey's place, he thought; in a trice, as it were, they had come to terms and soon "The Little Fraud" was running at the Chicago Winter Garden, as merrily as if it had never been discontinued. As Boston claims the honor of having first discovered to America the genius of Gilbert and Sullivan, so it may lay with equal justice the claim to having been the true discoverer of Harrigan and Hart. Seven years before Manager Field of the Boston Museum imported "Pinafore" into the United States, Manager John Stetson of the Howard Athenæum—it is still the Old Howard, in Howard street, dedicated as aforetime to the immortal themes of burlesque, with its churchly exterior, and its gallery seats thickly stained with tobacco juice—had spotted them and engaged them for his theatre; here, as "The Nonpareils," they warmed the hearts of the city for more than one hundred nights in the selfsame "Little Fraud." Here, then, their career may be said to have begun.

They did not reach New York until October 16, 1871, where, at the Globe, likewise under the management of John Stetson, they made their metropolitan bow. They played then at the Union Square; for a time they went on the road under Tony Pastor, returning to his theatre on the Bowery in the perennial "Little Fraud," "The Big and Little of It," and "Sweet Summer." Only by December of the next year do they strike their true stride, at the Globe, now renamed the Theatre Comique. Here, under the benefits of a generous contract for two years, they grow wealthy and famous; here they study the contemporary nature of the variety

show and decide—that is, Harrigan decides—upon changes in the direction of a more natural type and a more realistic background. Here, before the contract has expired, will be conceived the Mulligan series. And here, finally, is discovered the third partner in an entertainment that is to charm America for the next fifteen years.

You will look in vain through the encyclopedias of music, American or English, for a worthy record, and often, indeed, for the mere mention, of Dave Braham. There may be a connection between his family and that of the noted tenor and less noted composer, John Braham, who, after his phenomenal success in his native England, toured America with but indifferent outcome. Again, however, the Jewish Encyclopedia, which lists John, has not a word for Dave.

David Braham was born in London, in 1838; he was thus seven years the senior of Harrigan, and by seventeen the senior of Hart. He was originally a fiddler, and it was as violinist that he engaged with Pony Moore's Minstrels when, at the age of eighteen, he first landed in this country. He knew the orchestra pit of almost every theatre that served up dances and ditties to Broadway,—Canterbury Hall, Wood's Minstrel Hall, the New Idea, Butler's Theatre, Mechanics Hall, and later, the Olympic, the Eagle, the Union Square and the Theatre Comique. His was, in fact, a musico-theatrical family; his brother Joseph led the band at Tony Pastor's; another brother, under the régime of Rudolph Aronson, led the orchestra at the Casino; his son Harry, who conducted the musicians at the Madison Square Theatre and at Wallack's, was later the first husband of Lillian Russell; to complete the picture, his daughter eventually would become the wife of Edward Harrigan, and his son, when Dave had become ill, would write music for the Harrigan shows.

Here, then, at the Theatre Comique, was the man that Harrigan needed; he knew the sort of tune that Broadway of that day whistled, and knew it so well, in fact, that the famous melody of the Mulligan Guards was soon to find its way to Kipling's India, where it would become, for the soldiery, what "Tipperary"—an inferior tune—became in the World War. Braham was hardly a high-brow. But he was the very fellow to play Sullivan to Harrigan's Gilbert. He set the themes of New York to the music of New York, with natural overtones of the English popular song. There was no depth in the man, musically speaking; there need not have been. His melodic line is simple, at times to the degree of ingenuousness; there is no novelty and little cleverness in his harmonic structure. Indeed, only in the less exigent sense is he a composer at all.

Yet his very limitations provided the ideal service for Harrigan's trickle of inspiration. Braham's melodies, for the most part, are pleasant commonplace; they are a doggerel of music that at once fits and sets off the reminiscential patter of the congenial Irishman. They hold, or, at least, they held, the words in solution. To revive that music today, without the self-conscious air of one who comes upon baby-clothes that have been too affectionately preserved by a doting parent, is to wonder at the changing tastes of the theatre. Yet many of these tunes, too, have a ring of reminiscence that endows them with a value altogether out of proportion to their musical worth. Once in a while you meet an old-timer who knew these entertainers in the flesh; he will run his cane across his bended knee, as if coaxing the whine out of an androgynous 'cello, and sing you sad and unfamiliar words as if they were songs of Araby. They are songs out of his departed youth; the secret of their appeal to him, however, is precisely the secret of their hold upon the author. At the core of Harrigan's doggerel burns a vitalizing sincerity; these verses, whether in single example or as a historical collection, depict an era; Harrigan, in his unpretentious way, was the folksinger of an epoch, remembering its days and ways and setting them down in simple language.

What his songs were, his plays were: reminiscence, commentary, parody. The knight of his particular epos was a man whom everyone could recognize instanter: Dan Mulligan, who mixed his groceries with liquor, and spiced both with politics. Food, drink and warfare: epitome of life itself. Dan, however, was to become something more than a symbol of Irish ascendancy in the seventies and eighties; he grew into the hero of a minor American saga. Harrigan had conceived him in 1872, but he did not come to life until July 15, 1873, at the Chicago Academy of Music, whither the Josh Hart Combination had arrived on its travels.

III

The Mulligan cycle—it is no less—had its true origins, not in the Chicago skit, but in "The Mulligan Guards Ball," which was first presented, in New York, on January 13, 1879. It was not long before the town was agog between this admirable burletta on the target companies that infested the States after the Civil War, and the good ship "Pinafore." A long line of sketches had signalized the union of Harrigan and Hart, and in the Summer of 1875 they had gone on tour with Martin W. Henley, who was thenceforth to act as their business manager. Next year they leased the Theatre Comique, made Braham their official composer (he was now Harrigan's father-in-law), and a famous institution had been inaugurated.

It was here that Anne Yeamans, John Wild and William Gray founded more than one tradition of the vaudeville stage. The mingled top-loftiness and humility of a Moran and Mack derive, if indirectly, from the patterns established by Wild and Gray. It was these gentlemen who, in the early days of the Comique, started off the bill with a comic skit; there would be a sentimental song to eke out the olio, whereupon would follow the regulation afterpiece. Harrigan was still feeling his way; Boucicault suggested such old-country excursions as "Iascaire" and "The Lorgaire." Harrigan's forte, however, was to be, not the Irishman of over-seas, but the Paddy that drank and fought right under his nose. It was a happy thought that sent him back to his old sketch on "The Mulligan Guards." Out of the success of the first elaboration grew the series that followed the Mulligans through chowder parties, Christmas celebrations, picnics, ward politics, mudscows and mud-slinging, down to the silver wedding of the garrulous, bellicose, but loving Irish couple, Dan Mulligan and Cordelia of the frustrated social aspirations.

Essentially, the Mulligan cycle chronicles the racial antipathies that divided the Irish, the German and the Negro; but the antipathies are not so deeply rooted that they may not blossom into understanding and coöperation. Salient among the knights of this round table are Dan and his wife Cordelia; Tommy, their son; Rebecca All-up, their colored cook, maid and Lord Low Everything Else; Sampson Primrose, owner of the alley barbershop and "policy" resort; Palestine Puter, captain of the Skidmore Guards, the black rivals of the Mulligans; Gustavus Lochmuller, butcher and political opponent of Dan; Bridget, the Irish wife of this German he-devil. A merry chase they led their public during the five years at the Comique.

And the critics, too. Harrigan had definite notions as to what he was about, but propitiating the high-brows was not one of them. Yet they came and listened and were conquered. As early as "The Mulligans Chowder" the *Times* spoke of Balzac and Zola as undisgraced prototypes of the humble Harrigan; the *Herald*, in "The Mulligan Guards Nominee," saw "The Pickwick Papers" of the Bowery Dickens. Another lustrum, and William Dean Howells would be invoking the names of Shakespeare and Molière as stage-manager ancestors of this gifted Irish actor-producer, while the *Times* would be speaking of a theatrical Hogarth.

Harrigan, certainly, did not suffer from

lack of contemporary appreciation; a day would come when Brander Matthews would bring the great Coquelin to see him, and be surprised to discover that Harrigan managed French with passable skill; (he had taken private lessons); Matthew Arnold, apostle of Swift's sweetness and light, would also catch the popular contagion. In his declining days, forgetful of the actor's evanescent fame, Harrigan might suffer under the imagined slights of a public that was being altered inevitably by the changes in the national scene, but in his hey-day, both before and after the split with Hart, he was the wealthy idol of a fascinated public.

When the original home of the Mulligan series proved too small to accommodate the surge of loyal New Yorkers, the New Theatre Comique was opened on August 29, 1881, at 728 Broadway, with "The Major." Rivalry still held the scene; for the nonce, the Mulligans had disappeared; there was little change, however, in the character of Harrigan's verses. "Cordelia's Aspirations," evolved out of "The Mulligans' Surprise," brought back, on November 5, 1883, the indispensable family. This time it was La Mulligan, as a climber, seeking to leap out the frame of the picture. She did, only to fall back with a resounding plump; the series ends on a pathetic note in "Dan's Tribulations," produced on April 7, 1884. Back to the grocery goes the wiser and sadder Dan, his wealth squandered by the aspiring Cordelia. His adventures among the shanties, the mud-scows, the target companies, the politicians of New York, the blacks and whites and yellows of dive and waterfront, the secret societies of the Full Moons and the *Turnverein* of his German cadets, the clothes stalls of his Jews—these are all as a tale that is told.

Perhaps there is a relation of one sort or another between the end of the Mulligan cycle and the end of the partnership between Harrigan and Hart. "Investigation" had followed the chronicle of Dan and his regression; again Kipling found, in a Harrigan piece, in the person of "the solid Muldoon," a figure for his Indian tales. On December 23 of the same year the New Theatre Comique was destroyed by fire; the building was not covered by insurance and the loss to the partners was $100,000. Temperamental differences between them were growing into barriers; Hart, fond of the lighter aspects of theatrical life, tugged in a different direction from Harrigan. Their parting was amicable enough; they appeared for the last time together at Colonel Simm's Theatre in Brooklyn, on June 13, 1885. Hart's place was effectively taken by Dan Collyer, and an institution had come to an end.

Harrigan and Hart, after the fire, had leased the New Park Theatre. It was here that Harrigan carried on for almost five years, undaunted by the loss of a fortune and of an associate even more precious. His pieces took a more serious turn. "Old Lavender," reverted to an early sketch, which he enlarged into a portrait not without pathos; "Pete" likewise reverted, in part, to a still earlier sketch, "Darby and Lanty," that had already been subjected to a number of transformations; "Waddy Googan," named after its hackman hero, descended into the night life of a growing metropolis, and prompted the *Times* to mention Zola's name again, while *Town Topics* played up Cruikshank.

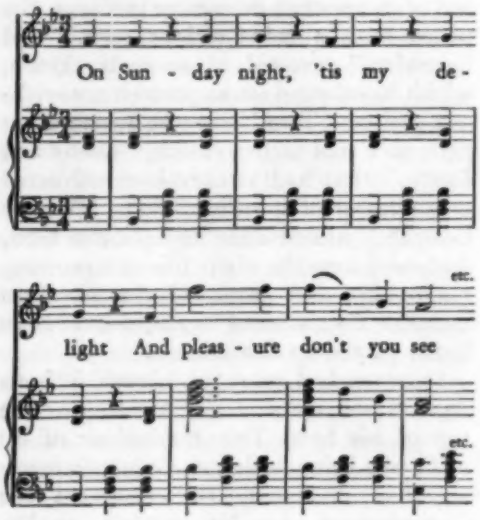
Harrigan had recouped himself in both finances and spirit. He was riding at the top of his bent. This troubadour of *hoi polloi* was being hailed as America's representative dramatist. He celebrated the Christmas of 1890 by opening, on December 29, his own Harrigan's Theatre, with "Reilly and the 400." The play was to become famous as establishing yet another theatrical tradition, that of Ada Lewis's tough girl, her gum playing a *perpetuo moto* between her jaws. How many recall from it now the spirited waltz of "Maggie Murphy's Home"—a Gotham tune that can dance with the best Victor Herbert ever wrote, swimming in his favorite lager?

Behind a grammar schoolhouse,
In a double tenement,
I live with my old mother
And always pay the rent.
A bedroom and a parlor
Is all we call our own,
And you're welcome, every evening,
At Maggie Murphy's home.

CHORUS

On Sunday night, 'tis my delight
And pleasure, don't you see,
Meeting all the girls and boys
That work down town with me.
There's an organ in the parlor
To give the house a tone,
And you're welcome every evening
At Maggie Murphy's home.

Such dancing in the parlor,
There's a waltz for you and I;
Such mashing in the corner,
And kisses on the sly.
O, bless the leisure hours
That working-people know,
And they're welcome every evening
At Maggie Murphy's home.



Braham, for one reason or another, had balked at setting these words; the tune, played to this day, became one of his greatest hits.

He was a fellow of melodic simplicities; his music was no more sophisticated—it did not have to be—than Harrigan's catalogue of words. Yet I believe that anything like a full account of Victor Herbert's musical comedies should consider, as one forerunner, the humble Boweryism of David Braham. In little touches such as the mincing notes of the chorus to "Maggie Murphy's Home," and the jocund octave on the word "pleasure," Braham achieved expert musical delineation.

For three and a half years Harrigan would carry on (in both senses of the phrase) at the theatre named after him. On November 4, 1891, Hart died in the city of his birth, Worcester, Mass. Perhaps another signal of the end came with the death of Harrigan's eldest son, Edward, in February, 1895. The loss took the heart out of him; the theatre was leased, in April of the same year, to Richard Mansfield, and renamed the Garrick. The Garrick it is to this day, under the auspices of the Theatre Guild, but close inspection will reveal, as a token of its former glory, the legend "Harrigan's Theatre" chiselled into the stone of the façade.

There were a few more flashes from the guttering candle, but the Harrigan public was passing just as inevitably as was the public of Gilbert and Sullivan in London town. Rivalry of the races in New York City was giving way to a harmony which the Harrigan pieces had foreseen. For, after all, though you couldn't get his Irish and Negroes and Germans together, you couldn't keep them apart. Hadn't Harrigan himself married the daughter of his part-German composer, thus duplicating a classic situation in his own "Mulligan Guard Ball"? And, in "The Mulligan Guards' Christmas" doesn't Bridget Lochmuller's brother, Planxty McFudd, marry Diana, the sister of Dan Mulligan's wife, Cordelia,—thus adding to the interfamilial complications? When Mulligan runs for alderman ("The Mulligan Guards Nominee") isn't it the colored vote that he seeks, and don't the Skidmores—that phalanx of dark Apollos—parade in honor of his election?

On August 31, 1896, at the Bijou Theatre Harrigan attempted to reëstablish himself in the popular favor with "Marty Malone"; a revival of "Old Lavender" at the Murray Hill Theatre was equally unsuc-

cessful. As late as September, 1903, loath to believe that his public had forsaken him, he produced, at the Murray Hill, his last piece, "Under Cover," with music by George Braham, son of David. Coincidentally, Anne Yeamans, herself in the show, was represented in the cast also by her daughter, Jennie. In the last, as in the beginning, the contentions of Irish versus Negro form the theme, and the quarrel this time raged over the question whether a certain parcel of land was an Irish racetrack or a darky cemetery. The play ran for a few weeks, and went on a road tour. Another revival or two kept Harrigan occupied on the road, and then came the sunset.

On April 11, 1905, Dave Braham died after a long siege of kidney disease, leaving a widow, two sons and four daughters. Fifty musicians from the Aschenbroedel Verein, together with the orchestra of Wallack's Theatre—which he had led for many years, handing over the baton at last to his son, George—gathered on the sidewalk before his home at 75 West 131st street, to pay him the final honors. Harrigan, as those near to him could see, felt heart-broken over the inevitable decline of his once renowned institution. "His remaining years," as Mr. Sidney Rose has written,[1] "were passed in leisurely comfort. Despite his late professional reverses, he retained ownership of the Garrick Theatre, and with it, financial independence. In 1909 he began to suffer a physical decline. There is little doubt that he felt some disappointment at the public's failure to renew its interest in his work. He had been so used to its applause and to a certain need of affectionate regard concomitant with it, that retirement from the stage, although it held no bitterness, was not congenial to him. He must have reflected with more than usual poignancy on the evanescence of the player's fame. He had been more than a mere mummer of the stage. He had been an institution, a symbol of the city's commonplaces, and his theatre a microcosm of their activities. He had been the epic and the lyric poet of its slums, the historian of its back alleys and the dramatist of their petty intrigues, and he felt that his laurels were too soon faded."

Harrigan missed the old gang. To a friend he observed that the new generation didn't know, and therefore couldn't appreciate, the Mulligan types. He missed, too, his gallery gods. "I'd hate to play," he once confessed in an interview, "in a theatre without a gallery." He had one ear cocked to the verdict of what he called his twenty-five cent critics. In fact, it was a habit of his to sit incognito among his audiences, the better to gauge the effect of lines and situations.

There were several farewell appearances, one at Wallack's, on October 6, 1908, another at a Lambs' Gambol in the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1909. He ended his days amid deep depression, in his home at 249 West 102nd street, where he died on June 6, 1911.

IV

Out of songs his pieces had grown; today, only the songs remain. The songs, and a reputation for stage-production and an ensemble unequalled in its day. The very supernumeraries in a Harrigan production were, both by instinct and by training, artists. They were regarded as such not only by the producer but by the foremost stage critics of the era. Harrigan had a conscientious eye for apparently insignificant detail. He did not make the mistake of thinking that the importance of an actor varied in direct ratio to the length of time he appeared on the stage. The reputation of Ada Lewis, for example, was made in a rôle that allowed her but one spoken line in the performance. "I suppose a great many people think this business of mine is all velvet," observed Harrigan in one of his newspaper interviews. "They think that I am surrounded by a company that does not cost much. Why, bless you,

[1] In a book on Harrigan—as yet unpublished—from which I have been privileged to extract some data.

these people of mine cost a great deal more than the usual actors. They are all specialists who are the best paid in their lines that I can find. Sometimes in the street mobs you see on my stage every man is an actor, capable of getting a laugh out of his lines. You cannot play my pieces with one star and a lot of sticks."

What pleased William Dean Howells in the Harrigan productions was almost precisely what later pleased Brander Matthews. Howells, in 1886, recognized in the Irishman "the spring of a true American comedy, the beginnings of things which may be great things." Harrigan, indeed, was more decent than Shakespeare, maintained the ruling spirit of the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's;* his plays, moreover, like those of Shakespeare and of Molière, were the work of one who was a manager and actor in addition to being a dramatist. "Possibly this is the only way we can have a drama of our own; it is not a bad way; and it is at least a very natural way. At any rate, loving reality as we do, we cannot do less than cordially welcome reality as we find it in Mr. Harrigan's comedies. Consciously or unconsciously, he is part of the great tendency toward the faithful representation of life which is now reanimating fiction." Even Grover Cleveland—at the time "Reilly and the 400" was produced, he was resting between his terms as twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States—found in this racy piece the acme of realism; and found it, indeed, in a character, Quiller, a shattered devotee of the horses, who had not a single speaking line.

Harrigan did not pass into literature, however; he was, as an influence, absorbed into the history of the American theatre. His songs, as a part of New York's folklore, deserve a chapter to themselves; they receded long ago into that distance which is happily veiled by pathos. Hart, of course, can be truly remembered only by those who saw him in the yielding flesh. Braham's music, once the admiration of the continent, gathers dust in the libraries and is heard occasionally in a medley of old-time numbers. It is, on the whole, as old-fashioned, but as quaint, as the daguerreotype. *Sic transit gloria theatri!*

IS COMPULSORY EDUCATION JUSTIFIED?

BY KNIGHT DUNLAP

The habit of appealing to the government to regulate the lives of other people according to our own prejudices is growing in the United States. Prohibition is merely one governmental intervention in a long and growing list. Nor is Prohibition really the most flagrant example, for something of a case can be made out for it on other grounds. Sunday observance laws are much more illustrative, having no warrant in social needs. There are many other types of governmental meddling in operation, among them the compulsory education acts in force in various States. Before the procession of imperialistic legislation becomes much longer we should consider carefully the present situation, and especially in regard to compulsory education.

It is a plausible scheme. In the first place, education is a good thing for us, and so we wish to bestow its blessings on others. If they will not take it gladly, we will make them take it: for their own good, as religious sects have always said when proselyting the heathen by force.

In the second place, children need protection from ignorant and vicious parents. These low-lifed progenitors deny their helpless offspring the educational privileges to which they are rightfully entitled. We are not really forcing education upon the children: we are merely forcing their parents to allow them to grasp it.

In the third place (and this makes the strongest appeal to some), the rising generation cannot become useful citizens without instruction. We have a right, for the protection of our own interests, and those of our children, to insist that the children of others shall be given adequate training in citizenship. That means schooling for these children.

Finally, there is the argument from democracy. It is not in accordance with the principles on which our nation is founded that class and caste distinctions should be encouraged. An illiterate class, sharply distinguished from the literate, is unfortunate and dangerous. Therefore, there shall be no illiterates if we can prevent it.

This is indeed a strong line of *a priori* argument; strong enough, it would seem, to justify even the overturning of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Common Law regarding the rights and duties of parents. But curiously enough, the argument remains only *a priori*, in spite of the fact that the compulsory education experiment has lasted long enough to produce results by which it might be judged.

Compulsory education is, in fact, an experiment of the approved scientific sort. First, we have a plausible hypothesis, or a coherent group of hypotheses, which are capable of trial. Compulsory education, our hypothesis runs, will produce such and such results. The hypothesis has been subjected to trial: this constitutes the experiment. If the results are as predicted, then the hypothesis is justified. If not, the hypothesis is discredited, and needs to be modified or suppressed.

What are the actual results of compulsory education? It is strange that no one seems to know. It is more strange that few seem to care. The vital part of an experiment, the checking of the hypothesis by the results, has been omitted. There are a number of points on which information

should be available, if any one were able and willing to collect it, and it is upon these points that I propose to raise questions.

First, as to the social effects. It would perhaps be a fine thing to mix in our public schools the children of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the fast set and the unfashionable, the virtuous and the depraved. This might perhaps give them a basis for mutual understanding which would be useful later in harmonizing civic life. How does it actually work? The children of the rich and of the pretentious are put, as far as possible, into a rapidly growing group of private schools, leaving the public schools to *hoi polloi*. Thus, class differences, antagonisms, and snobbishness are intensified. Instead of a caste line between the upper majority and a lower small minority, we draw a line between an upper small minority and the majority. This line is drawn just where it does the most harm: between the dominant group of today and the dominant group of tomorrow. Again, since the dominant group is not personally interested in the public schools, its influence is not exerted to improve them, but rather to turn them over to political spoils systems and the machinations of professional educators interested in the building up of powerful educational machines; and thus doubly to degrade the schools.

Another of the social effects (or so it seems to me), flows from the fact that compulsory education is compulsory only in form, not in substance. We prescribe education, but not its nature. Oregon alone of the States has attempted to take the second step, and the courts promptly decided against it. As matters stand, any group which is financially able may organize schools for its children, and by complying with a few general provisions, may protect its children against public education. The Roman Catholics have done it to a large extent. The Methodists and Baptists, although striving to protect their sectarian colleges, have shown so far no strong disposition to establish their own grade schools to safeguard their children against anti-Mosaic instruction, but in the South they still hope to control the public schools in the interests of their denominational views. In the North and East they have given up the struggle. What the Fundamentalists in the South will do when they fail in their present endeavors remains to be seen. Thus a specific type of group differentiation, providing for serious antagonisms in the future, is encouraged. Compulsory education would seem to be most dangerous when it rests on the old assumption that it doesn't matter what we learn so long as we learn *something*.

II

The importance of literacy is another matter. However baleful our nondescript system of schools may be in other respects, at least all of the schools teach their pupils to read and write, and with few exceptions, teach them to read and write English. Here there would seem to be an unquestionable benefit of compulsory education. This benefit, however, still remains an *a priori* assumption. The benefits of reading depend upon what the individual is able to read, and the extent to which he uses the ability in his business. The simple reading and writing required of grocery clerks and taxi drivers is easily acquired without compulsory education, and is best acquired in special classes, not in the regular grades. In fact, special classes for those requiring a minimum of the three R's are provided even under our present system, and could be much more effective if there were no reckless herding of children into the grades.

How many of the compulsorily educated go beyond the rudiments in their subsequent use? It would be well if we knew. Perhaps the number of persons able to read the accounts of vice and crime in the newspapers and to peruse the numerous smut magazines is largely increased by com-

pulsory education. Perhaps it isn't. It may be possible to find out. Perhaps our system increases perceptibly the number of those able to read and understand things that are agreed to be more worth while. It should be worth somebody's time to investigate this.

We should not overlook the fact that we have a fine and growing crop of gangsters and professional criminals, who may be of low social origins, but whose educational equipments seem higher than those of the old time thugs. Have these experts really profited professionally by school training? If so, would they have gone to school and received the training anyhow? Or has compulsory education conferred the benefits upon them? It may be that compulsory education is not related to our improvements in crime, but we ought to know about this.

The public schools themselves are in a sad mess. The rank and file of school teachers acknowledge this, whatever their foremen and overseers may say. Perhaps the best indication of the condition of the schools is the avidity with which they have accepted intelligence tests as means of grading and classifying their pupils, and the horrendous fact that the tests have really been valuable for these purposes. No more serious indictment could be found. All psychologists and many mental testers know that the best indication of a child's ability as regards school work should be his progress in school work. If some other indication has to be used there is something gravely wrong either with the school curriculum and conditions, or else with the means of estimating progress. The wide and satisfactory use of intelligence tests in the schools has turned a bright light on the schools' wretched condition.

The contribution of compulsory education to the chaos of the public schools is apparent, and may be real: we ought to know about it. That a part of the educational work of city schools *is* compulsory is demonstrated by the work of truant officers. Stop enforcing the law, and pupils drop out. How many? What kind? Who knows? The numbers and types with which the truant officer actually deals give no valid indication of the numbers and types which would drop out if there were no enforcement of the law.

If the number of those who would drop out of the schools if there were no compulsory education is large, then we have the best possible argument for the abolition of forced school attendance. We are spending enough money in our schools in most places to accomplish something, but the expenditure is wasteful. First, the heterogeneity of our pupils prevents successful instruction, and our schools have been degraded to suit the necessities of the mobs we drive through them. Second, on account of this, we have built up a top heavy system of superintendents and subsuperintendents, with supervisors of grades and supervisors of subjects, so that the mere teacher is now quite a secondary figure in the public schools.

The younger school teachers now complain quite generally on two points. First, that it hardly pays them to acquire an education, since the plums are all for those who specialize on administrative technique. Second, that it is rapidly becoming impossible for a teacher to get an education even if she should want it, because the constantly increasing requirements for courses in the technique of teaching, in "educational psychology", "experimental education" and other things leave no time for the teacher or the prospective teacher to learn anything else. The teacher must be so equipped in the theories of how to teach the various subjects that she has no chance to learn the subjects she is supposed to teach.

This procedure, of course, builds up great departments of education in our universities and colleges, and powerful systems in the State schools. I suspect that the most effective blow at this pernicious bureaucracy would be the elimination from the schools of a mass of pupils who ought not to be there.

III

I do not know that all, or a large percentage of the unfit pupils are of low native capacity. That does not matter at all. Native capacity is merely an abstraction built up for psychological purposes and ought not to enter into this consideration. Results are what count, and if the pupil, from the same home causes which make compulsion in attendance necessary, or from lack of native ability, or from whatever cause, is unable to profit by instruction, *he ought to get out*.

The regular schools should be for pupils who are able to make adequate use of them. No gain is made by slightly educating a few at the expense of the others. This is sound business, sound education, sound psychology, and common sense. I would go further than the abandoning of compulsory education: I would *exclude* from the schools all pupils unable to make satisfactory progress. We have to do this in colleges and high-schools: we ought to do it in the grades.

One may point to the street waifs who have become great actors, artists, musicians, and what not. In the beginning of their progress, they learned to read and write. One may sniffle over the cruelty of my suggestion, which would, apparently, deny the chance to rise to boys (always boys: girls seldom enter into the reckoning) similarly situated. Sniffling, however, is just sniffling, and doesn't help matters. Practically all the cases to which one may point seem to have been boys who rose without being subjected to compulsory education. Furthermore, if we considered our school system reasonably and righteously we would do still more for such cases. Not the grades, but special classes are the places for those who need to learn merely to read and write and to do simple arithmetic, and for those who later in life wish to begin a real education. Those who are worth instructing learn quickly in classes adapted to their needs. There are many who should not attempt to learn even these rudiments. Curiously enough, these special classes seem to be necessary, even under compulsory education laws, and it is more than possible that they could be better managed under a saner system.

In many respects compulsory education seems to be a nuisance. It may have virtues enough to offset its vices. Its main success is probably in keeping children away from home, or off the streets, (which is the same thing in many cases). It has had a trial long enough to put the burden of proof upon it, and it should no longer be allowed to beg the question. If the proponents of compulsory education are willing to base their case on facts, the facts should be produced. If the facts should show that compulsory education is a fraud, and that its few good results could be obtained more efficiently by less objectionable methods—what a relief it would be to everybody!

AMBROSE BIERCE

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

BIERCE has been spoken of as a "notorious obscurian," but there was really nothing obscure about the man. This reputation, however, coupled with an amazing amount of esoteric writing about him, has resulted in a myth. It is impossible to deal with this myth other than by a resort to the convenient makeshift of paradox. Thus it can be said, and truly, that Bierce was a very famous man in his lifetime and yet was but little known. Little has been written about him; much has been written about him. Can fact ever be disentangled from fancy? Can the sources of myths ever be traced and analyzed? It is to be doubted. Perhaps further discussion of the man will but result in further confusion, but this is a peril to which all criticism is subject.

Bierce has been written about by the following, the mere juxtaposition of whose names will perhaps explain the growth of the myth: Haldane MacFall, Arthur Machen, A. Conan Doyle, Elbert Hubbard, Arnold Bennett, Arthur Brisbane, William E. Gladstone, Joel Chandler Harris, Eugene Field, Paul Jordan-Smith, William Marion Reedy, John Stapleton Cowley-Brown, Percival Pollard, Walter Harte, Edwin Markham, Gertrude Atherton, W. C. Morrow, Walter Jerrold, R. F. Dibble, Edward J. O'Brien, Walter A. Mursell, C. Hartley Grattan, Allen Nevins, Jay House, Ruth Guthrie-Harding, Franklin K. Lane, Michael Williams, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mark Twain, Edward H. Smith, G. R. Sims, Van Wyck Brooks, Samuel Loveman, Ella Sterling Cummins, Vincent Starrett, Benjamin De Casseres, Dana Sleath, H. G. Scheffauer, Victor Llona, Charles Willis Thompson, Mary Austin, Thomas Beer, Oscar Lewis, David Starr Jordan, Eric Partridge, George Sterling, Lewis Mumford, Wilson Follett, Harold Williams, Alfred C. Ward and Silas Bent. To the list should be added the name of Rabbi Danziger, sometimes known as Adolphe De Castro,—dentist, lawyer, author, diplomat and theologian. Rabbi Danziger has written much about Bierce, and has talked to newspaper reporters with a glittering profusion of anecdote, but he has omitted to mention the most important of all his memories of Bierce: the time his friend broke a cane over his head.

Bierce has been discussed as if he were wholly a writer of short stories by such critics as Fred Lewis Pattee, Alfred C. Ward and Harold Williams. His stories, in fact, are of trivial importance when compared with the amazing bulk of his satirical writing; if he was a great short-story writer, then it was by a miracle of indirection. Others have been impressed with his talents as a political philosopher, as witness Silas Bent's article in the *Double Dealer* for January, 1921, in which grave comment is made upon the pontificial utterances of the Master. The fact is that much of Bierce's political writing is unutterably trite, Silas Orin Howes' introduction to "The Shadow on the Dial" to the contrary notwithstanding. Again an editorial writer for the *Nation* makes the common mistake of assuming that Bierce was a propagandist against war. Nothing could be further from the truth. These and many similar misapprehensions have arisen largely because Bierce's Collected Works have been accepted as the final repository of his

writings. But this huge collection actually omits the most important portion of his work: his long-continued and highly characteristic "Prattle" in the *Argonaut*, the *Wasp* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. There has been too much comment about him and too little fact.

Bierce was born in Meigs county, Ohio, June 24, 1842, the son of Marcus Aurelius and Laura Sherwood Bierce. His family originally emigrated from England and settled in Lyme, Conn. They were related to Sir Charles Bell, the English anatomist. Connecticut, as is well known, made ambitious claims to the territory westward of its present boundaries, and streams of emigrants from the mother-State settled in the province known as the Western Reserve.

These settlers were very religious and the Bierce family was nothing if not orthodox. Most of the pioneers located in Ashtabula county, and, if we may accept the authority of "Ohio and the Western Reserve," by Alfred Mathews (1902), the Bierce family was among them. Later the Bierces moved to Meigs county, where Ambrose was born, and finally they settled in Indiana near Elkhart.

The history of the family in this vicinity has been laboriously exhumed by Maurice Frink, city editor of the Elkhart *Truth*. The meager but extremely interesting facts were first published in that paper in 1922, and a note containing additional material was written by Mr. Frink for *Book Notes* in August, 1923. But Mr. Frink's story is misleading in at least one particular: it assumes that the Bierces were very commonplace, mid-Western trash. The fact is that their ancestry was quite distinguished, and that many members of the family served with credit in the Civil War. They were New Englanders in the strict sense of the term, and Puritans to the bone.

Even after the settlement in Ohio and Indiana, when it may be inferred that the family had fallen in state, there were several notable members. One of these was an uncle of Ambrose, Lucius Verus Bierce. He was a gentleman of sundry distinctions. He wrote a volume of essays and served at one time as the president of a small college. In the month of December, 1838, he gathered together a band of 135 men and boarded the steamboat *Champlain* to join the so-called Canadian Rebellion. The men landed above Walkerville, Ont., and marched down to Windsor, where they set fire to the military barracks and guardhouse and to the steamer *Thames*, which was at the dock. Great damage was done: soldiers were killed, the docks were fired, and many habitations destroyed. Finally the rebellion was dispursed by Col. John Prince. The whole tale may be found in "The Story of Detroit" by George B. Catlin, published by the Detroit *News* in 1923. Lucius Verus, nothing if not versatile, later became interested in sculpture and contemplated a trip to Italy for study. He was greatly admired by his nephew for his keen mind and high courage.

Of his immediate family, however, Ambrose was never very proud. He once told George Sterling that his father and mother were "unwashed savages," and to another acquaintance he remarked that all he ever inherited from his mother was a curse—asthma. The entire family, with the exception of Ambrose and his brother Albert, who also went to the Pacific Coast, was very religious, and it was for this reason that Ambrose never returned to Indiana after the Civil War, though he did make one trip home during the war, when he was wounded. Before enlisting he had written some boyish verses to one "Fatima," which he mailed to the young lady unsigned, but never doubting that she would recognize him as their author. The verses contained this line: "Fatima is divine! For I have kissed her thrice, and she is surely mine!" When the returned hero called on his love and asked her if she had received the verses she exclaimed: "Oh, was it *you!*" This was a story that Bierce never wearied of repeating in his later years.

II

Company C of the 9th Indiana Volunteers was organized at LaPorte, Ind., in 1861. Bierce enlisted at once; he was but nineteen years old. In 1862 the regiment joined the 42nd Ohio Infantry and the 6th Kentucky Volunteers at Nashville and was assigned to the command of General W. B. Hazen. A graphic and detailed account of the service that followed may be found in General Hazen's "A Narrative of Military Service," published by Ticknor Company, at Boston, in 1885.

Bierce was a member of the general's staff during the remainder of the war, and is mentioned in his commander's book as a very brave and gallant fellow. In later years Bierce and Hazen made an engineering expedition into the West and they were always fast friends. When Bierce disappeared into Mexico, his old comrade wrote a letter to his daughter which is as fine a tribute to the man's gallantry as could be imagined. Bierce was breveted for his services and several times mentioned in despatches. He received an ugly scalp wound at Kenesaw Mountain and was loaded on an open flat car late at night and transported back to the base hospital. The dead and dying were piled knee-deep on the car, and left with only the moon to witness their agony.

But Bierce, though war was unkind to him, was not against it. On the contrary he loved it. He wrote and thought much on military matters and once lectured at the War College in Washington. For years he carried on a correspondence with Lord Kitchener, for whom he entertained a great admiration. Bierce's stories reflect his mastery of military detail, and he has been ranked by Laurence Stallings with the greatest of war authors. In "What I Saw of Shiloh," he sings the poetry and glamour of war with naïve rhetoric:

> O days when all the world was beautiful and strange; when unfamiliar constellations burned in the Southern midnights, and the mocking-bird poured out his heart in the moon-gilded magnolia; when there was something new under a new sun; will your fine, far memories ever cease to lay contrasting pictures athwart the harsher features of this later world, accentuating the ugliness of the longer and tamer life? Is it not strange that the phantoms of a blood-stained period have so airy a grace and look with so tender eyes?—that I recall with difficulty the danger and death and horrors of the time, and without effort all that was gracious and picturesque?

But Bierce did not forget the horrors of war. He told many dreadful stories in his column of "Prattle," particularly in the *Wasp* between 1881 and 1886, which did not find a place in his published works. He narrated such truly Biercian episodes as the story of the cavalry officer who was to be shot for desertion. The man was placed, according to Bierce, astride his own coffin, blind-folded. The firing squad was ready to fire the fatal volley, when the doomed man spoke to the officer in charge of the execution. No one heard what was said. Later Bierce questioned the officer and was informed that the unfortunate deserter had requested that a saddle be placed on the coffin!

There is also the story of the two men to be hanged at Murfreesboro, Tenn., for committing a murder outside the day's routine of war. One of them began to tell the assembled army gathered to witness the hanging that he was "going to Jesus, boys," and just then, so Bierce says, a nearby engine emitted a harsh "Hoot, Hoot!" and the men met death to a roar of laughter. Many of Bierce's more familiar war stories are based on actual happenings, as, for example, "Killed at Resaca." Bierce was the officer who carried the news of Lieut. Brayle's death to a lovely lady on Rincon Hill in San Francisco and received the response given in the story.

But while he believed in war, he was no chauvinist. He once remarked to his daughter that General Robert E. Lee was the noblest character of the Civil War and easily the finest general in either army. He was skeptical about the justness of the cause for which he fought so gallantly. Once, when the long-lost body of a Confederate soldier was found near Washington, Bierce wrote to Sterling: "They found

a Confederate soldier the other day with his rifle alongside. I'm going over to beg his pardon." He disliked noisy patriotism, as witness his remark apropos of General Salomon that "he drew his tongue and laid it on the altar of his country." He curtly refused the offer of the government to give him some $50,000 of accumulated back pay in a note in which he said: "When I hired out as an assassin for my country, that wasn't part of the contract." And he warned his daughter never to accept a cent of the money.

Bierce was against the Spanish-American War and always spoke of it as a freak. At a time when his employer, the chromatic William Randolph Hearst, was dazzling America with gaudy tales about the imprisonment of Evangelina Cisneros, Bierce was writing in the same paper on the same page: "We can conquer these people without half trying, for we belong to the race of gluttons and drunkards to whom dominion is given over the abstemious. We can thrash them consummately and every day of the week, but we cannot understand them; and is it not a great golden truth, shining like a star, that what one does not understand one knows to be bad?"

III

Bierce's residence in London was the most important episode of his life aside from the war chapter. In 1872 he was a free lance journalist in San Francisco, writing feeble copy for a column called "The Town Crier" in the *News-Letter*. He later collected this material and published it in London as "Nuggets and Dust." It represents the entire body of his writing prior to his London residence, and I stress the point because many critics have stated that he wrote for the *Argonaut* before going to England. This is erroneous, and the significance of the truth may be easily seen by comparing "Nuggets and Dust" with the column of "Prattle" which Bierce started in Volume 1, No. 1, of the *Argonaut* on March 25, 1877. He went to England a rough, uncouth Western humorist, and came back a wit who wrote with great finish and elegance.

It was in 1872 that Bierce married Mary Eleanor Day, daughter of Captain H. H. Day, a wealthy Nevada miner, who had participated in the Virginia City discoveries. Mollie Day, as she was called, was one of the two or three most beautiful "society belles" of early San Francisco. The marriage took place in the San Leandro home of Judge Noble Hamilton. Captain Day presented the young couple with $10,000 as a wedding gift and they left for England on a honeymoon.

In England Bierce soon came into contact with a group of writers who he thought were of the utmost literary importance, but who were really only "raffish celebrities of Fleet Street." He had corresponded with Tom Hood prior to going to England and that fact was one of the reasons for the visit. Several times it has been said that he also corresponded with Leigh Hunt, but this, of course, is incorrect, for Hunt died in 1859. The story probably got afloat because Bierce named his younger son after Leigh Hunt. In England he learned his trade as a wit from such men as Tom Hood, G. A. Sala, George R. Sims, W. S. Gilbert, Henry S. Leigh, Arthur Stretchley, Clement Scott, Godfrey Turner, T. W. Robertson, Austin Dobson and Henry Sampson. Bierce was an eager pupil. He derived much pleasure from his association with these brilliant, if not important, scribes. He was more happy with Hood than with the others, and was a frequent visitor at Hood's home in Penge, where they enjoyed many a bowl of grog, and where they made a death pact together. In 1875 Hood died. One day, several weeks later, Bierce was walking opposite Warwick Castle when he suddenly felt the presence of his friend in the street. The experience was never forgotten and he made fantastic use of it years later in "The Damned Thing," one of his most famous stories.

Bierce left some recollections of these

early London days in his Collected Works. His easy circumstances enabled him to associate with as charming a society as London possessed. G. R. Sims has some words about Bierce in his autobiography, and Gilbert Dalziel, of the Brothers Dalziel, who owned *Fun* and published Tom Hood's Comic Annual, remembers Bierce's visits to the office of the publication at 80 Fleet street. The Bierce of the London days is also remembered by Hattie O'Connor, the only child of Henry Sampson, who was editor of *Fun* after Hood's death in 1875, and by Mrs. Croston, formerly Julia Sampson, who knew him in London and visited him years later in San Francisco. Mrs. Croston's interesting memoirs of him may be found in the London *Evening Standard* for September 15, 1922.

In London Bierce published three books, one of which became quite popular by reason of Gladstone's fondness for it. At this time he was a member of the famous White Friar's Club. Years later he used to tell of attending a dinner there given in honor of Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller. Miller came attired in red hip boots, and a buckskin jacket, with a huge knife stuck in the sash he wore as a belt. Mark and Bierce did not appear at all amazed by Miller's appearance, but accepted it as though such gaudiness were common in America. With elaborate nonchalance they even failed to notice it when Miller picked a fish up from the table by its tail and swallowed it whole.

Bierce lived in London for five years, from 1872 to 1877. His two sons, Day and Leigh, were born there. Later Mrs. Day, his mother-in-law, came to London on a visit and returned to America with Mrs. Bierce and the two children. It was not long after their return that Bierce received word that his wife was again *enciente*. He immediately abandoned his work in London to return and be with her. He returned early in 1877, took up a residence in San Rafael, and began to write his "Prattle" for the *Argonaut*.

The precious criticism which has referred to this "Prattle" as "unfortunate journalese" is grounded on ignorance. I cannot help thinking it is the most important work Bierce ever did. The much vaunted war stories were written as mere fillers to occupy the space of "Prattle" when its author was indolent or there was a paucity of fools to lambast. "Prattle" appeared in the *Argonaut* from 1877 to 1879. During 1880 Bierce was in the Black Hills on a mining expedition. He returned to San Francisco in 1881 and "Prattle" then ran in the *Wasp*, one of the first colored cartoon weeklies in America, until about 1886. From approximately 1886 to 1896 it appeared every week in the San Francisco *Examiner* on the editorial page, two or three columns of the wittiest, sharpest satire ever written by an American.

The yellowing columns of "Prattle" are amusing even today. I doubt if such beautiful abuse has ever been equaled in our literature. It was so violent that once the attorney for a criminal Bierce was abusing moved for a change of venue on the ground that Bierce's writing had incensed the entire community to such an extent that an impartial jury was impossible. When he read to the court some of Bierce's couplets the court considered the matter for a moment and then granted the motion. This column continued for twenty years.

IV

About the question of Bierce's appalling cynicism much theorizing has centered. "Bierce," said David Starr Jordan, "always seemed to me a fine and brave spirit whose life had been darkened by some hidden tragedy." George Sterling, also, murmured about a hidden tragedy and mystery. There were three tragedies in Bierce's life, but I do not think they had anything whatever to do with shaping his mind.

The first had to do with his wife. Bierce separated from her about 1891, when he left the family home at St. Helena and took up his residence at Auburn. The cause

of their separation was simply incompatibility. Bierce's wife was a beautiful woman, but she was conventional, orthodox and perhaps burdened with social aspirations. Bierce always said that he would never divorce her, and he never did. He told one of his oldest and dearest friends that he had never cared for any other woman. Of Mrs. Bierce's devotion to her husband there can be no question. But through a misunderstanding of his wishes she applied for a divorce in Los Angeles in 1904, and then died within three weeks after it had been granted.

However tragic this affair may have been, it must be apparent that it did not change the character of Bierce's writing. He was writing the same pungent satire in 1877, when he was living at San Rafael very happily with his wife and children, that he was writing in 1891 at Auburn after the separation. It has been suggested that Mrs. Bierce was jealous of her husband, who was, of course, lionized by women wherever he went. But the truth is that she seems to have been vastly amused by the antics of admirers, who tried every ruse imaginable to catch his fancy. On the mantel of their St. Helena home was a collection of gifts that they had sent him.

The second tragedy was that of his eldest son, Day. This boy, who was very gifted and beautiful, was living, in July of 1889, at Chico, Calif. He fell in love with a young girl, Eva Adkins. They were both about eighteen. On the eve of their marriage, the girl ran away to Stockton with young Bierce's best friend. During the elopers' absence of several weeks the local newspapers made great sport of the affair and the result was that Day, a very sensitive youngster, became insane with rage. When the couple returned, the inevitable happened: young Bierce and Hubbs, the other man, began to shoot at about the same time. Both died. The two bodies were brought out from Chico on the same train. At Sacramento they parted: young Bierce's being sent to St. Helena and Hubbs' to Stockton. The Adkins girl stood on the platform, one ear clipped off by a flying bullet from the revolver of one of her lovers, and remarked to the reporters: "Now ain't that funny—one goes one way, the other goes another!"

This occurred in 1889. A terrible shock, indeed, but the great bulk of Bierce's writing had been written by that date. It was hoped that the tragedy might result in a reconciliation between the Bierces, but it was otherwise. Bierce soon returned to Auburn. In his absence, however, his former employer, and now arch enemy, Frank Pixley, had seized upon the occasion to wax moralistic at his expense in the *Argonaut*. Pixley, who had tasted Bierce's lash, wrote with cruelty and malice. Bierce wrote an answer which may be found in the *Examiner* for August 25, 1889. In it he said, addressing Pixley:

> You disclosed considerable forethought, Mr. Pixley, in improving the occasion to ask for lenity, but I can see nothing in the situation to encourage your hope. You and your kind will have to cultivate fortitude in the future as in the past; for assuredly I love you as little as ever. Perhaps it is because I am a trifle dazed that I can discern no connection between my mischance and your solemn "Why persecutest thou me?" You must permit me to think the question incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial,—the mere trick of a passing rascal swift to steal advantage from opportunity. Your *ex post facto* impersonification of the Great Light is an ineffective performance: it is only in your undisguised character of sycophant and slanderer for hire that you shine above.

The son Leigh was the center of the third tragedy. He seems to have been a very brilliant fellow, but intemperate. When he was living with his father in Oakland, a woman who had become infatuated with him at Los Gatos grew offensive in her advances and rumors of the affair reached Bierce. He called on the woman at her hotel and told her to leave Oakland at once or he would publicly denounce her in "Prattle." She left. Leigh later went to New York and became quite well known as an editor and illustrator. He even found backing for a little publication called the *Bee*. But he made a very unfortunate marriage, and it brought down

the wrath of his father, who did not write or speak to him during the two years prior to his death. One day the newspaper for which Leigh was working gave a Christmas benefit. Leigh was to escort a wagonload of provisions and supplies to the East Side. He became intoxicated *en route*, and gave the Christmas treats away. Pneumonia followed and he died. Another terrible blow to his father, but that was in 1901, and Bierce was old enough at that time to be a grandfather.

Whatever may be made of these tragedies, it is apparent that they fall short of an adequate explanation of Bierce's bitterness. It is more probable that the Civil War, and more particularly the period of corruption and dishonesty that followed, made a cynic of him. In any case, his exile in barbaric San Francisco for twenty years could hardly have made him an optimist. The asthma theory has also been put forward. Bierce suffered from asthma as a boy in Indiana; he had inherited the affliction from his mother. He was not bothered with it, however, during the war. Then followed the long expedition across the plains with Hazen, and Bierce arrived in San Francisco a cured man, so far as he could then tell. He once remarked that he would never have married had he thought the cure other than absolute. But on his return to San Francisco in 1877 he was again cursed with the disease, and his agony was doubled when he learned that his younger son, Leigh, had in turn inherited it from him.

V

In 1896 Bierce went to Washington. His friends say that he was sent there by Hearst for the sole purpose of fighting Collis P. Huntington's Southern Pacific refunding bill. But A. M. Lawrence, editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* for many years, says that Bierce came to him and requested the transfer. That he did successfully fight the refunding measure is borne out by the famous Huntington-Bierce interview, which took place on the steps of the Capitol and made a great sensation in its day.

An encounter with Roosevelt deserves to be equally famous. Sam Davis, the well known Western journalist, had mentioned to Roosevelt that he knew Bierce. The President was immediately interested and expressed a desire to meet him. A formal invitation was sent at once. Bierce replied that he was exceedingly sorry to decline the invitation, but that it so happened that he had a previous engagement with an old friend from San Francisco, and that he never "neglected old friends to make new." Roosevelt was delighted and sent another note, saying, "I quite agree with you. Come tonight and let us be old friends." The loyal Sam Davis was present at the meeting, and, true to Virginia City form, introduced the President *to* Bierce. Later in the evening the three inspected the White House and Roosevelt showed them the famous painting of San Juan Hill with the Rough Rider, well in the foreground, leading the charge. He asked Bierce what he thought of the picture, and was informed that it was inaccurate since it depicted Roosevelt at San Juan when in truth he hadn't been there!

Bierce's life was full of such incidents. He and his wife received an elaborately printed invitation to attend the coronation ceremonies of the King and Queen of the Hawaiian Islands in 1881. Bierce's wife went, along with some others from San Francisco, but the major did not attend. His friends cabled him inquiring as to his absence and he responded: "Why should I bother to see a black Negro crowned Queen of the fly-speck islands?"

One time in St. Helena the local pastor came to call on Mrs. Bierce. Young Leigh ran in from the garden and remarked, aghast, "Daddy, I just heard Day say 'Damn God'." The pastor and Mrs. Bierce were properly horrified, but Bierce's only comment was: "My child, how many times have I told you not to say 'Damn God' when you mean 'God damn'!"

Bierce's wit at all times was very lively.

He once remarked to a lady in Oakland that to be really happy a good woman must possess the three B's, and when asked what they were he said: "She must be Bright, Beautiful and Barren." At a party in Oakland he remarked that a widow was "God's second noblest gift to man," and when some one asked him what the first was, he replied, very softly, "A bad girl." To a very, very proper woman in Washington, he remarked: "Madame, you are so proper that I would even hesitate to call you a woman, since a woman is only a man with a womb."

His daughter wrote to him in Washington asking him to visit her at her new home in Bloomington, Ill. His answer was a wire: "Why Bloomington?" His humor often took a grim turn. In a famous portrait by J. H. E. Partington, Bierce is shown standing by his writing table with his hand on a skull. After making some remark, he would turn to it and say: "That's so, isn't it, old fellow?" I am not at liberty to say whose skull it was. Suffice it to say that it was bequeathed to Bierce by a friend. The ashes of another friend he kept in a silver cigar-box on his desk.

When he was living at Angwin, Calif., in 1892, he met a little deaf girl, Elizabeth Walsh, who was then a waitress in a country hotel. He became interested in her and saw to it that she was sent to a school for the deaf in Berkeley. She possessed poetic talent and her premature death was a severe loss to Bierce. There is a very touching reference to this child on page 168 of his "Letters": he requests his niece to take a picture of the child's grave and send it to him.

His devotion to his disciples was memorable. Of them the following were the chief: George Sterling, H. G. Scheffauer, Flora MacDonald Shearer, Emma Frances Dawson, Gertrude Atherton, Ruth Guthrie-Harding, Blanche Partington, Ina Partington, Ina Peterson, Muriel Bailey, and Ruth Robertson (now Ruth Pialkovo). Rupert Hughes wrote Bierce letters addressed to "My Beloved Master." Of these pupils Sterling and Scheffauer were suicides; Flora MacDonald Shearer died in a sanitarium in Livermore, Calif.; Emma Frances Dawson died a recluse in Palo Alto (the newspapers said by starvation); and Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Hughes have committed intellectual hari-kari, the one by writing gland novels, the other by falling in love with the movies.

As Bierce grew older he wrote platitudes, wondered at the banality of existence, swore at life, and was obsessed with the suspicion that the entire play had been a dream. The mystery surrounding his disappearance into Mexico remains unexplained despite the recent efforts of his daughter to unearth the facts. After joining the revolutionists, Bierce wrote to his daughter that in order to convince the men he was with that he was loyal he had shot a few Mexicans; he added: "Poor devils! I wonder who they were!" Even the glamour of war had left him. Experience had embittered him, life had enraged him, and his mistress Art had forsaken him.

As he made that last sad journey southward, lingering at Shiloh, at Franklin, at Chickamauga, what memories must have flouted his soul! Men had died here, on these sun illuminated hillcrests, and he had shot some of them. Had it actually happened? Or was it only a dream of his youth? Battle cries and death yells, and murderous volleys of shot had once torn all this loveliness into a mad medley of hell and the very skies had bled with man's incurable folly. And all for what? They had not even known what they were fighting for!

THE MAKING OF MODERN ARMIES

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

To hear them talk, you would think that the size and character of modern armies depended upon personal prejudices, the might of the militarist checked by the propaganda of the pacifist. On the one hand is the Secretary of War pleading for an "adequate" defense, and on the other the peace-lover who wishes for total disarmament and the outlawry of war. Here is the soldier asking for "proper" protection and there is Lord Lee of Farnham, who says the General Staff would put a garrison everywhere, if given the chance, even on the moon. This side of the Atlantic the United States is paring its appropriations to a minimum, exercising economy by maintaining an army half the size contemplated in the organic act and making many soldiers live in antiquated and improper barracks and quarters. The other side of the Atlantic is France, facing defeated Germany, and still maintaining almost a third of a million men under arms to protect forty million people.

But it is not really a mere question of philosophy. It is a fact developed by history and enforced by circumstances. The military organization of a state depends upon very simple principles, upon the same ideas which govern a given tactical situation in field campaigns. Troops encamped in hostile territory take certain precautions. Most of the force must care for ordinary human needs, food, shelter, and sleep. A few are designated to provide security for the whole, alert units to give warning of hostile approach, supported by other units specially located to move promptly to the line of resistance and hold the foe until the major manpower arrives in action. Such also is the ideal defensive organization of a state. The aim is to make it possible for the people to conduct their business, protected by an existing force, supplemented by ready troops sufficient to stop an enemy advance, and later reënforced—if necessary—by the full fighting manpower available to thrust invaders beyond the frontiers.

In a well-arranged military camp, security units are kept as small as is possibly consistent with safety. In a well-organized state, whose normal health depends upon the balance between elements, the army does not absorb too much vital force: it sustains the vigor of the social body without weakening it. A nation totally and perpetually in arms would be unproductive: a nation totally unarmed would be defenseless. The number of "regular" troops to be maintained depends upon conditions—international rivalries and the propinquity of possible perils. The balance between elements is delicate, to be determined by competent statesmen, political leaders, and the people themselves. Sometimes the nation is not free to choose. In Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, military policy is governed by the terms of the treaties imposed upon those nations after the World War. But other nations can study their situations and estimate their needs.

There was a time when everyone was a soldier. Tribal manpower was the whole male population among primitive peoples. We saw it also in the early days of Rome, when it was said: *vivere est militare*, and the legion was the gathering of the clans. But as civilization became more intricate

and commercial and social organizations became more specialized and complex—in any state and at any time—it became the habit to tax the people and pay the troops. The purely professional armies of modern times reached their greatest era during the Eighteenth Century. It was then that the glittering Bourbons kept vast forces on foot. It was then that Frederick William boasted that while his soldiers fought his wars, his merchants could go about their business undisturbed. It was then that Vattel remarked: "War is waged by regular troops. People, peasants, and bourgeoisie are not concerned in it."

But even in that same century, the days of royalty and its mercenaries were numbered. Popular opinion took a hand. Those Parisians and provincials who shook the entire world with the French Revolution abolished privilege in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. They feared and distrusted the royal troops. Their fighters who carried the new social order and political faith across the frontiers of Europe were common folk. The days of the hired mercenary were gone forever. As Dubois-Crancé declared, "Every soldier must be a citizen and every citizen a soldier." Since that time, the dominant type of European army has been the nation in arms.

Nowadays, however, the nation in arms must necessarily be quite a different thing from the tribe in arms. Even in the early Nineteenth Century, even in the days of the American Revolution, the rude farmer who seized his squirrel rifle and marched forth as a militiaman was not as valuable a fighter as a trained man. Specialization has brought in many new weapons. The confusions of the modern battlefield have brought intricacies of tactics. These things must be learned. A mere call to arms is not enough, as the deplorable history of American military policy shows. To transform manpower into fighting manpower takes time. Said old Ben Butler: "Troops do not get disciplined in ninety days." Said Washington: "To bring men to be acquainted with the duties of a soldier requires time." Winder's militia at Bladensburg, who had marched "at a moment's notice" against inferior numbers of Wellington's veterans of the Peninsula, fled the field and left the capital to the torch of the invader. The first new divisions created by Kitchener in 1914 did not begin to land in France until April, 1915, and fought their first battle at Loos, five months later. It was over a year after America entered the war to use "force without stint" before American troops engaged in offensive operations. Their average training was six months in America, two months in French camps, and one month in a quiet sector, and even then they were considered relatively raw, and suffered needless casualties from rashness and inexperience.

II

So it has happened that the nations of Europe, with their abutting frontiers, have developed military organizations comparable to their highly developed political systems and their modern view of popular participation in government. National defense is considered as much a duty as paying taxes, military service as much a privilege as voting. Conscription in revolutionary France lasted only briefly. Napoleon III depended upon long-term professionals, and it was only the Third Republic under Gambetta that saw universal military service actually established in time of peace. As a war measure, it is not significant politically. Conscription in emergency is too closely allied to the ancient tribal doctrine, to the old British "militia" scheme, to be anything very novel. As a war measure it was utilized by England and by the United States in the World War—both of them countries naturally averse to it by popular temperament. It was so utilized by the Union in 1863. It was resorted to in 1862 by the Confederates to "secure an equal distribution of the burdens of the war." As a war measure, it is a thing of crisis, a last resort, not a basic political concept.

As a peace measure, universal military service sprang from Prussia. Prostrate before Napoleon after Tilsit, limited to an army of 42,000, Prussia under Stein and Scharnhorst developed conscription as a national defensive measure. By it, privilege was swept away, exemptions to municipalities were abolished. Stein trained his 42,000, sent them home and replaced them, and kept the process up; in 1813 he put into the field immediately a trained force of 270,000. The following year was passed Boyen's military law, based upon the principle that every citizen is bound to defend the Fatherland, and bound to prepare in time of peace for his service in time of war. That law had its justification in 1870.

Other nations copied Prussia, and compulsory service is the rule today. Few nations of any great power and prestige do not have it. In fact, Britain and the United States are almost the only exceptions. Elsewhere people are trained to the fighting work; they are no longer sent uselessly and heartlessly into the crash and confusion of battle. Regular, professional armies persist, but they are merely the mold of form and the guide of practice. "A portion of the men able to bear arms," says von der Goltz, "are retained in permanently organized bodies of troops which serve as a school for military training for the entire male population fit for service, and, at the same time, furnish the framework for the reception of the stream of educated soldiers in case of war."

Great Britain and the United States form a special case. Although national unity and governmental political ideas are determinants, they are not the sole deciding factors. The problem is basicly military. Army strength is intended for defense, and this is true in spite of some exceptions to the rule, from the time of the ambitious ancients to that of the modern militarists. "What walls you build," said Carlyle, "depend upon the state of the outer sea." The factor that decides between heavy armament and light is simply the recognized chance of foreign invasion. If frontiers are vulnerable, a nation must be well prepared. It is the same as with the army in enemy territory. If a foe be near and in great strength, the security forces must be numerous. If distant or weak, lighter detachments will serve.

Europe is often spoken of as an armed camp, but we must not judge Europe by ourselves. The danger of hostile invasion has for centuries stood insistently before the eyes of all the continental peoples. From such a danger, England and America have been reasonably free. Britain's first line of defense has ever been her fleet; America's isolation has been her protection. Both have resorted to conscription as a temporary war measure, but neither has considered compulsory service necessary in time of peace. In neither has there been need for very large forces constantly under arms, like the standing troops of the Bourbon kings, or for the entire population fully trained and organized to mobilize on short notice, like the reservists of Central Europe. Both countries have held to the ancient militia principle that the citizens owe defensive service in time of emergency, but in both the people have felt that the necessary troops could be raised before the home peril became too great. Special circumstances in each country have caused the continued maintenance of small standing armies, but neither Great Britain nor the United States has been willing to adopt compulsory military service.

It is very strange that the two outstanding great powers which depend almost solely upon regular, standing armies in time of peace should be the two in which political history shows the most bitter prejudice against the professional force. "In a land of liberty," announced Blackstone, "it is extremely dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms." It is a dangerous state, remarked Francis Bacon, where men of war "live and remain in a body, and are used to donatives." King John increased his unpopularity with the barons by bringing back to England

the mercenaries he had hired to fight his battles in France. His *alienigenos milites* and *servientes stipendarios* are condemned in Magna Carta as having been brought to England "for the injury of the realm."

With this British tradition behind it, it is not surprising that the United States, in its first days, desired to get along without any standing army at all. The Massachusetts Articles of War of 1775 declared that the keeping of such a force in a colony without the consent of the Legislature was against the law. The Declaration of Independence protested against the employment of mercenary troops and quartering them on the people. In the Constitution the Federal Congress was not empowered to maintain an army, but only to "raise and support" armies under two-year appropriation acts; and the Second Amendment showed that reliance was intended to be in "a well-regulated militia" as "necessary to the security of a free state." In the Virginia Convention of 1788, even the Federalist Madison protested that "a standing army is one of the greatest mischiefs that can possibly happen." In the Constitutional Convention, Gerry of Massachusetts objected that there was no specific prohibition against the formation of a standing army.

Nor is this fear of such armies merely a political idea, prevalent in enactments and in discussions. It is implicit in the historical facts of the time. After the Treaty of 1783, all the troops in the service of the United States were discharged except guards of twenty-five privates at Fort Pitt, and fifty-five at West Point. For frontier defense against the Indians and to suppress Shay's Rebellion, troops were raised for limited periods only. From the small size and the temporary establishment of the forces raised, it is apparent that the legislators hoped to dispense altogether with professional forces. The basic theory of American defense was to be the ancient British militia theory. A militia act of May 8, 1792, stipulated the enrollment of all "white male citizens of the respective States" between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and required that they be uniformly armed and equipped, and arranged into "divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies." That this militia was never organized is military history, but that the idea of the militia prevailed in legislative halls is political history. Our traditional American method of raising armies has ever been, from the days of the Revolution until the World War, to wait until the struggle came and then to call out citizens untrained in tactics and unseasoned for conflict.

III

Britain likewise began with militia, as reflected in the Assize of Arms and the Statute of Winchester. Nor was this a mere feudal levy. It was true national manpower, called and officered in the name of the King, by county sheriffs or by lord-lieutenants under commissions of array. Although under the feudal system, military tenures did supply the King with troops, although lords constantly furnished scutage to pay foreign mercenaries for overseas wars instead of leading forth their own men-at-arms, it never became law that those not bound by tenure need not fight. Indeed, in military matters as well as in government, centralization and national unity in Britain were forged by direct links between the royal ruler and the plain people. The royal inquest was used for administration. The militia was used for power. The fighting Britons formed a populace in arms. "In this organization of the common folk under royal officers," says Maitland, "there is all along a counterpoise to the military system of feudalism, and it serves the King well. The great families of the Conquest are at length pulverized between the hammer of the King and the anvil of the people."

Even Tudor despotism did not depend upon standing forces. And when the Great Rebellion came in the middle of the Sev-

enteenth Century, there was no standing army to be maneuvered by the King as Louis XVI tried to maneuver the royal forces in France in 1789. The quarrel finally reached the stage of armed force, and then traditional means were used, the commission of array for the King and the militia for Parliament. In 1644, at the insistence of Cromwell, the New Model Army was formed. In the clash which followed, Parliament was finally victorious and continued to maintain troops against the possibility of a Stuart return. But until this time, England had no regular forces, only inconsequential castle and garrison guards, like the yeomen of the guard established by Henry VII in 1485 solely for personal defense. England was traditionally averse to professional soldiers. During the Seventeenth Century this aversion broke forth into bitter political discussion, recrimination, and violence. (We should not forget that it was during this same century that the American colonies were being founded and political ideas first being introduced upon the distant western continent.) During the incipient years of the Great Rebellion, the Convention Parliament passed an act disbanding the army. Clarendon was impeached for maintaining a standing force. Danby was impeached for diverting funds to such a force. Soldier rule finally for many years dominated legislation. The Anglo-Saxon prejudice against standing armies was getting its most severe modern lesson. "At the Restoration," declares Maitland, "the very name of a standing army had become hateful to the classes which were to become the ruling classes."

The Liberals of that age feared the point of a bayonet as bitterly as the early Communists and Socialists contemned the standing troops of more modern times. The soldiers who suppressed the Manchester riots in 1819, who fired upon the workingmen of Prussia in 1848, who effected Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in 1851, who fired on marching laborers in Russia on Red Sunday of 1905, who were used in the United States in the labor troubles of 1877 and in the railroad strikes of 1894—all were hated. When William and Mary assumed the throne of England in 1689, it was made plain by the Bill of Rights that "the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against the law." In the same year, the British adopted the custom of voting the Mutiny Act each year, the act upon which the discipline and very maintenance of the army depended. It definitely determined that the people controlled the army. It enacted into statute form the provision of parliamentary consent, provided for annual reënactment, and prescribed that funds for the pay of troops should be voted only from year to year, "an invariable and wholesome usage," says Hallam. No longer would Englishmen be ruled by force of arms. No longer could Kings keep troops for internal use. Such standing British troops as might be raised were to be, as was said at the time, not for home service but "for better preserving the balance of power in Europe."

In that participial phrase lies the secret of the existence and the form of British standing armies. Militia was for local defense: the obligation was merely to combine for national protection. But British wars have not been fought at home. They have been overseas wars, fought to settle colonial and continental difficulties. There has been no proximate danger of home invasion to require the maintenance of compulsory service in time of peace, or of large standing armies. Men engaged to garrison distant posts and savage frontiers must be professional soldiers. Just as Henry II and Richard I had to use paid fighters to keep up their long struggles overseas, so Marlborough, Wellington, Kitchener, Roberts, and the other modern commanders had to have regulars—men enlisted for long periods of time.

The character of British military organization and of her military policy is conditioned by this dominant fact: that her

wars have been fought far from the shires and boroughs of England. Her regiments have been practically dual in character: a recruiting and training dépôt at home and an active force abroad. It was so in 1809, when Wellington went to Spain. "The infantry of the line," relates Fortescue, "consisted of one hundred regiments, nearly every one of which had two battalions, the design being that the second battalion should remain at home and feed the first battalion on foreign service."

Heavy commitments overseas, the demand for many garrisons, for many expeditions in Zululand, Afghanistan, India, Abyssinia, East Africa, China, and along the Nile—these required a considerable establishment. When times were quiet, troops might be few. When wars were on, they must be many. At many times the British force has dwindled amazingly. It has also increased amazingly. Its existence has been characterized by the maintenance of substantial standing forces and a volunteer system of providing replacements. The British doctrine has been well phrased, and well described as applying to British needs, in the words of Viscount Wolseley, uttered in 1872: "The test of any peace organization must be its power: 1st, To place in the field immediately on the outbreak of war, in the best possible state of efficiency, as large a force as is possible compatibly with the peace military expenditures; 2nd, To maintain that force throughout the continuance of hostilities undiminished in numbers and efficiency."

To this doctrine Britain has clung. In exceptional cases, she has resorted to wartime conscription, even for overseas fighting, as in 1802 when troops were raised by levying on the parishes, and in 1915 when compulsory enrollment succeeded a failure of volunteering to bring forth enough men. But, generally speaking, the British system has been a regular-volunteer standing army system. Since the World War, and indeed since 1907, with the acts creating territorial forces and reserves, there has been a tendency to create a reservoir of semi-trained civilian manpower, enrolled on a voluntary basis. But in general, in spite of political prejudices, in spite of popular prejudices, England has clung to the idea of a standing army. Her traditional militia defense has become a mere tradition. Save for rare exceptions, regulars have done her work in war.

IV

In America, likewise, the prevalent idea has been to get along without substantial military forces. The initial theory that a big standing army was undesirable has persisted. But the early policy was faced with immediate necessities. Harmar's expedition against the Indians in 1790 was followed by St. Clair's expedition of 1791. In 1794 came Wayne's expedition and the Whiskey Rebellion. Troops were raised because of these, and the enlistments and the establishments overlapped. Then came the wars of the French Revolution, and America seemed likely to become involved in the continental struggle. War appeared probable with France in 1798; from 1807 onward with England. A few troops had been kept in service, and they have continued throughout our history.

But in 1790, the total provided was 1,216. In 1805, it was 2,576. Even in 1812, it was only 6,686, on the eve of an almost certain conflict in which we employed 528,000 troops. We started the Mexican War with less than 8,000 and had to use eventually 104,000. In 1898, a little regular army was suddenly expanded to 280,000. In 1916, we mobilized our entire National Guard on the Mexican border; then, when the peril was over, we mustered it out; and with the coming of the World War we called it, and hosts additional, back into service again, until our total armed force jumped from an approximate 100,000 to 4,000,000. Our history is a militia history, the building up of sudden forces as emergencies arise. By and large we have depended upon volunteers. The militia envisaged by the act of 1792 was never organized. In the

Spanish War of 1898, which we entered deliberately to drive Spain from Cuba, there were 60,000 regulars and 220,000 volunteers.

All the time the little regular army kept on living its life and doing its tasks, protecting the frontiers against the Indians, scattered about in isolated posts. But it was so scattered and so small that it was not a single force, capable of prompt and powerful action. Its chiefest single achievement was the taking of Santiago, for the troops in Cuba were mostly regulars. But still it continued, a professional, voluntary-service army, built in great degree upon British traditions, and maintained, like the British army, in spite of popular aversion and even contempt. The constantly recurring failures of this American policy have been the consideration of statesmen for many decades. In a nation which depends upon sudden military expansion to resolve great crises, the matter of organization is all important. As far back as 1820, on the eve of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, Calhoun declared:

> The leading principles in organization ought to be, that at the commencement of hostilities there should be nothing either to new-model or to create. The only difference, consequently, between the peace and the war formation of the army ought to be in the increased magnitude of the latter, and the only change in passing from the former to the latter should consist in giving to it the augmentation which will then be necessary.

This, it is apparent, is quite different from the British policy as enunciated by Viscount Wolseley. The British figured upon a sole dependence upon regular forces, reënforced with replacements. The American idea was to provide the real manpower in addition to the pitifully small regular force. Sometimes the war-time volunteers consisted of already organized State militia coming forward *en masse*, as when the Eighth Massachusetts and the Seventh New York moved towards the Potomac in 1861. Sometimes units were separately raised, as when Ingersoll's Fireman Zouaves in 1861 and Roosevelt's Rough Riders in 1898 offered their services. Sometimes conscription was resorted to, as in the draft of 1863, and the selective service of 1917. But the problem has ever been the same: how to mould the feeble regulars, the organized militia or national guard, and the unorganized militia, untrained and unenrolled, into an effective force. Broad organization was lacking and there was little supervision or uniformity of equipment or instruction.

In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century and the early years of the Twentieth, the tendency has been toward centralization in government. States' rights have ceased to be vital. The long arm of Federal control and influence has reached into many avenues of commerce and social life. So it has been with military matters too. The Dick Bill of 1903 gave a new basis for the National Guard, providing for standardization, for Federal equipment to be issued to State troops, for an organization to consist of four regular and twelve guard divisions, and for joint field maneuvers. Certain defects in this system would have been eradicated by the act of 1916 had not the World War broken into the process. During that struggle a new arrangement was effected for the period of the emergency, and everyone came home to be demobilized and to let the legislators start all over again.

In 1920, a new National Defense Act was framed in the form of extensive amendments to the act of 1916. There was created a single Army of the United States with three components, Regular Army, National Guard, and Organized Reserves. The regulars were to be professional soldiers, sufficient to garrison foreign possessions, to furnish instructors to other components, to inhabit a few of the old home stations, and to make up a small force capable of meeting minor emergencies. The national guard was to consist of the organized State militia, with Federal aid and Federal instruction, citizens formed into home town units, ready to answer a call and form a second line of defense. The

organized reserves was to consist of volunteer reservists grouped into units purely skeletonal, provided only with officers and with a very few enlisted specialists. They would not be fully recruited except in great struggles demanding the entire manpower of the nation.

The personnel of these components has been divided into nine corps areas in the United States, determined in accordance with the distribution of population as revealed by draft experiences of the World War, and grouped permanently into brigades, divisions, and corps, in the proportion of nine regular, eighteen guard, and twenty-seven reserve divisions. The scheme thus combines the elements of the Anglo-Saxon militia system (*i.e.*, citizen service in time of war only) and the idea of a standing army, combined with the support of local pride and local traditions of the long established State militia, or national guard units.

The real significance of this act can be best understood by noting the strengths of the three components on June 30, 1928:

	Regular Army	*National Guard*	*Reserve Corps*
Officers	11,966	12,244	114,824
Enlisted Men	121,103	168,793	5,463

Procurement of personnel for these units is effected by voluntary enlistment of the professional regulars and of the citizen guardsmen, and by voluntary enlistment into the reserve corps, as officers and as soldiers, of young men who graduate from Reserve Officers' Training Corps units at various colleges, and from one-month Citizens' Military Training Camps. Guardsmen have a couple of weeks' field training each year and semi-monthly drills, sometimes slightly more. Reservists can be called to duty for training only with their own consent, and the usual practice is to have as many as possible (usually about 25%) of the reservists of a single regiment attend camp together and train with men with whom they will organize in case of war.

The United States thus clings partially to its militia tradition. It also clings to its standing army, in spite of Anglo-Saxon prejudice against such a force. Like England, it does not need the intensive nation-wide compulsory training for protection of immediate frontiers as much as do the crowded nations on the continent of Europe. But it has had its trouble with sudden increments, with raw troops, with confusions, and leans toward the skeleton army idea. Its army is skeletonized. Present authorizations of strength for the regular forces have required the demobilization of many regiments and the reduction of many regular units far below their established peace strengths. Indeed, with the heavy burdens of providing overhead and instruction for the civilian components, the regular army is at present so small as to be practically ineffective without reënforcement. But—and here is the difference between American and continental reserve systems—American increases will not consist of such a "stream of educated soldiers" as von der Goltz described. They will be raw increments requiring training: superior to the drafted men and volunteers of 1917 only in that they will have over a hundred thousand partially initiated reserve officers to start their training immediately.

V

It is not possible to leave any discussion of modern armies without some reference to the rage for mechanization which is sweeping the world, whether in the forces of repressed Germany, ardent Britain, conscripted France, or volunteer America. War, Clausewitz says, consists in using the means at hand to accomplish the end in view. Since the rise of applied science and the developments of the industrial revolution, machines have done much of the work of man. In the Civil War, the telegraph, balloon, and railroad were first actually useful. In the war of 1870, Germans employed the telegraph and railroad with such superior skill as to demonstrate their

values on campaign. Then came the airplane and the motor vehicle. The nations are in a frenzy over mechanization and motorization. So much is this accepted that it is having a profound effect upon organization and will have a greater effect upon tactics. The tank made its mark on the battlefields of Europe. The armored car is being perfected. Rapid movement of large bodies over long distances has been accomplished in maneuvers in Germany, France, England, and America. The machine takes the place of slower means of transport. The caterpillar tread and the wheel take the place of slogging army boots and clattering cavalry hoofs. Not completely, of course, but to a great degree.

The effect of this mechanization can be studied in a single instance. It has been decided in the British army to organize the infantry battalion for fighting purposes into a headquarters wing, three rifle companies, and one machine-gun company with sixteen machine-guns, half animal-drawn and half mounted on cross country rapid-moving vehicles. A British major has pointed out that of the 856 enlisted men in the present war establishment the British battalion commander will have available 120 rifles, 24 Lewis guns, 16 machine-guns, and 2 anti-aircraft Lewis guns.

The motor vehicles must be cared for. Only 14% of his enlisted strength will be rifle strength. In 1892, according to Home's "Précis of Modern Tactics," the British battalion had a total strength of 1,096, of which 894 were privates or rifle-and-bayonet men. The function of infantry is to close with the enemy and destroy him, to conquer him with bayonet or threat of the bayonet, to shoot him into terror and to advance on him with cold steel. On defense, fire alone may stop a foe. On offensive, there must be aggressive movement as well. And the British are now beginning to wonder if 120 bayonet-and-rifle soldiers can be expected to do the work of 894.

In the American army the tendency is somewhat similar. Although the low percentage of riflemen has not yet been very much affected by military mechanization in the United States, where the decline is due more to complexity of command, and the carrying out of signal communications duties, there is still a greater discrepancy than in the days of Gettysburg and Santiago, when a battalion meant a battalion of shooting soldiers. The American major has a total enlisted strength of 824. Of these only 546 are armed with rifles. And many rifle-armed men are not used as riflemen, but as messengers, guides, and section leaders. Of rifle-and-bayonet men designated to act as such he has only 378, less than half his personnel. The discrepancy is not so great as in the British battalion, but it is still far below the proportion of 1892.

Now, the American army is not yet motorized, or mechanized. We have merely been experimenting with it. In this experimentation, one fact has leaped to light. On a rapid motor trek of over 200 miles, it took 75 soldier chauffeurs to operate and repair and "service" a train of trucks which carried only 334 enlisted men. This may be a hint as to how low the proportion will be reduced in a motorized battalion of the future. Motorization is a sign of the times. Its proper place in modern armies has not yet been settled. It has nothing to do with general historical policy. It is not history. It is history in the making. Tank and truck on field and road, planes in the air, and submarines in the water are vital weapons. Perhaps, many years hence, when we come to discuss the making of modern armies of that era, we shall talk of factories and machines more than of conscription and of men.

Already, even in the relatively simple times of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century, manufacturers were not ready to make implements of war. Ordnance authorities had not been able to give them "educational" orders sufficient to insure proper stocks of dies and measuring devices. Pro-

duction of weapons of all sorts was extremely slow in 1917 and 1918. In future wars, with more complicated machinery and more numerous patterns, the problem will be all the more pressing. Even today the Assistant Secretary of War is talking of his plans for industrial mobilization. It is said that preliminary studies have resulted in the preparation of contracts for future work, effective upon the declaration of war. This saying has aroused much criticism. Alarmists, and also honest peace-lovers, have expressed a fear that such contracts will make warmongers and junkers out of our manufacturers.

And thus we leave off as we began, the official and the pacifist at odds again, but now over machines, not men. The history of the development of fighting manpower and its rapid mobilization according to the needs of a nation is practically closed. The story has reached its end. Methods are settled and organization is practically perfected. But the history of industrial mobilization in this mechanical age has but just begun. Developments of means and methods for it will perhaps be worked out in this century as the human problems of modern armies were worked out in the past century.

STATION B-U-N-K

BY H. LE B. BERCOVICI

A SMOOTHLY swift elevator brings you up to the seventeenth floor as effortlessly as if you were lint being sucked up by a vacuum-cleaner. It disgorges you into a beautifully carpeted apartment of rich hangings and rococo furniture all compact.

You are in the reception room of Station B-U-N-K of the World-Wonder Broadcasting Corporation. Curtains and hanging lamps like those in the lobby of a movie cathedral beguile your senses. The telephone switchboard, discreetly placed in a corner of the room, is disguised as an early Jacobin chest. But its attendant, her red lips streaking across her face like two roan fillies racing as she chews her gum, is not Jacobin: she is Bronx, and the tapping of the typewriter which engages her spare moments is a jarring note in the thickly carpeted stillness.

As you look around the room you see queer drums with taut cone-shaped skins and black-lined borders. The lisp-touched drone of speech is now heard, and this speech comes from the drums. You notice, then, a glass door unobtrusively showing at one end of the reception room.

You look through, pushing the grey silk curtains apart, and see a huge square room with a piano at one end, naked electric wires running through it, fierce lights blazing, and a man facing a round piece of metal surmounting a pole, on which you can read the letters B-U-N-K. The room looks like the execution chamber in Sing Sing, and the microphone through which the man is talking seems to be a new kind of killing tool.

The man consults his wrist watch nervously. The big silent room and the glaring lights make him uncomfortable. He looks at his watch again: only a minute and a half to go. Suppose he is left alone with this word-hungry microphone before him! But a few seconds before the time is up, a lean young man strides through the reception room, gestures to the speaker to finish, and wildly waves his hands. His signal is seen by two youths in a chamber beyond.

These youths face a large keyboard, the control. They deftly manipulate its plugs and buttons, and wave their arms in return. The young man shakes the microphone, thus dislodging the packed carbon, then puts it down, and waves his arms again.

"This is Station B-U-N-K," he says, "operating on a wave length of 294 meters, equal to 1020 kilocycles, by virtue of the authority of the Federal Radio Commission. This Station is owned by the World-Wonder Broadcasting Corporation, with broadcasting studios and offices at 479 West 49th street. Our transmitting station and plant is located at Kitzmiller, New Jersey. This is Station B-U-N-K. Stand by, please. . . ."

The studio, you suddenly perceive, now contains a pianist ready to play, a violinist tuning up, and a cellist relieved at being free from his heavy burden.

The cellist hands the young man a slip of paper, and he reads into the microphone:

"This is Station B-U-N-K. We are now presenting the Rosenguilder Trio, composed of Mr. Jacques Rosenguilder, violinist; Mr. Lloyd Sunnenstein, cellist, and Mrs. Rosenguilder, pianist, in a selection of popular and classical music. The first

number of this popular trio will be 'The Beautiful Blue Danube.' One minute, please. This is Station B-U-N-K and you will now listen to the Rosenguilder Trio in 'The Beautiful Blue Danube'."

The energetic young man dashes out, the Rosenguilder Trio heaves into the music, and the bosom of Mrs. Rosenguilder (which, unfortunately, cannot be broadcast) keeps time to the song's bulging rhythm.

Is this the reason, you wonder, for the existence of the magnificent Station B-U-N-K? Is it for this that there was conjured up the ornate reception room, the padded studio, the complicated electric machinery with its two guardian angels, the mysterious transmitting station in New Jersey?

No, there are higher things awaiting.

II

These higher things are the hours that Station B-U-N-K has for sale. They are its stock in trade, as similar hours are the stock in trade of its brothers and rivals, Stations J-U-N-K and B-O-S-H.

It gets ten dollars a minute for them from its clients, the advertisers. The ten dollars a minute pays only for the bare time: the advertisers have to pay for their own programmes, though if they use a sufficiently large amount of time the studio may help them out.

The station itself faces a serious problem. When it doesn't sell enough time to keep its hours full,—and they must be full, or it will be taken off the air and its wavelength allocated to some anxiously waiting rival—it must give a fairly decent programme at its own expense. Once it was able to get by by playing classical selections on its phonograph, but it knows if it does so too often now the Federal Radio Commission will take it off the air. That is why there is all the feverish activity that you see—all the hard hunting for amateurs willing, for the glory of art, to fill in unsold time. It is the director's job to find the obscurest musical groups, the aspiring trios and chamber quartettes and neighborhood sopranos, and induce them to come and sing and play or yodel for the publicity he promises, but seldom furnishes. This publicity he reserves as much as possible for his paying clients or his girl friends, and, beside, what rotogravure editor wants the meat-ball face of Madame Gatalani, even though her spaghetti and olive-oil fed voice may be as smooth as gold?

The boys and girls of the home talent are always eager for broadcasting, and many of them are repeaters. The studio even allows small college-boy orchestras and parish choral societies to indulge in a little restrained free advertising between numbers: anything to fill up the air with "real" music, *i.e.*, any music that does not come from a phonograph record.

The selling of time keeps the go-getting salesmen of Station B-U-N-K on the run. They have to sell something more intangible than any other form of advertising, and they have to compete with bigger stations and the chain systems that blanket the country.

Their chief problem is showing some sort of concrete result to advertisers who have come in because of the novelty—and the joy of hearing the announcer's smooth voice proclaim that Gerk's Gimlets Are the Best Gimlets, between numbers played by Gerk's Popular Gerker's Orchestra. (Joe Gerk feels very proud every Tuesday at 9.30 P.M. when the orchestra is on the air, and he imagines the whole nation tuning in.)

In the office marked Commercial one of the star salesmen of B-U-N-K is talking to the general manager.

The star salesman is a former newspaper man with grey hair and weary eyes, and the general manager looks like a has-been wrestler, which he isn't.

There is bitter complaint in the salesman's voice.

"How can we keep that Beatall Luggage account if we don't show any results? I

talked to the boss yesterday, and he said that $1500 a month for a few minutes a day was a lot of jack, and he wanted to be sure he got something for it. You know that with all the swell programmes being put on by the other stations they're tuning us out all the time. I'd hate to lose Beatall. It's one of our best accounts."

The general manager smiles.

"What can you do? Say, you don't know this game yet; I can see that easy. Your guy wants letters, uh, inquiries? How many? If he gets a few hundred a week, would it make him happier?"

"It sure would," says the salesman. "You see, they're running a contest which they announce every night for the best name for their new trunk. They only get about a hundred letters a week on that, and they think they can get more by spending the same money in newspapers or magazines or even car cards. See? We have to show them."

"Nothing easier," says the manager, and presses a button.

A stenographer comes in negligently, pencil in her ear.

"You called me, Mr. Glauberman?"

"Sure, I called you. Take down this memo for everybody on the staff:

"'All members of the staff are asked to have five letters sent, under the names of five different friends or relatives of theirs, every night for the next week to the Beatall Leather Contest, care of this station. All members are asked to sign this. Stamps will be given to everybody. S. G.' "

The salesman certainly needs this help, for his job is no easy one. First of all, he has to combat the depressing fact that one-fourth of the advertisers using radio dropped out in 1928. According to the Standard Advertising Register, the industry's statistical authority, 222 advertisers were on the rolls in 1927, and 51 dropped out in 1928.

Then, the salesman has a hard job selling because he can't tell just what he has to sell. The figures on radio sets and the number of listeners-in have never been exactly determined and differ widely. According to the National Broadcasting Corporation, the Department of Commerce says that there are 61,000,000 listeners-in in the United States on about ten million sets, but recently the corporation dropped the estimate to about 45,000,000. *Radio Retailing*, a trade paper, estimates the sets in the country at 7,500,000 and the nightly audience at 35,000,000—and *Radio Retailing* has no desire to minimize the figures.

How does the advertiser know how his advertising pulls? He very seldom relies on radio alone, but uses newspapers, magazines, and perhaps billboards and direct mail advertising also. Which brings home the bacon? Letters, applause cards, etc., are generally acceptable symptoms of a public response, but letters can be manufactured, though this is a practice not indulged in by all the stations.

Radio advertising's rôle indeed, seems rather vague even in the minds of advertising men directly interested in it. For instance, Roy S. Durstine, of the agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, of New York, in an interview with the *American Press*, a newspaper and advertising trade paper, lately declared that it is the "humanizer" of the regular advertising programme. Mr. Durstine does not recommend it to his clients in its undisguised commercial state, but hooks the entertainment value of radio programmes on to regular advertising schedules in order to create good-will. He says:

> In our Socony programmes, historical high lights of New York State and New England are broadcast. In this manner automobile travel and the use of gasoline are encouraged. This indirect advertising, which leaves an impression of good-will to the corporations advertising on the public consciousness, also greatly stimulates the activities of the dealers, and is probably the most human of all the advertising mediums. A radio programme given by a large company makes friends, and when taken in conjunction with the usual advertising programme, gives the sales appeal a personal touch.

Unfortunately, many advertising men do not agree with Mr. Durstine, and it is difficult for the salesman to sell a hard-

boiled manufacturer the idea of giving his "sales appeal a personal touch."

Many of these manufacturers, after spending $20,000 or so for radio entertainment that may or may not reach about ten million people, find that though they have contributed to the ego of their retailers and employés listening in they haven't done much selling, and selling is what they want to do. Ungratefully, the radio audience accepts, with all the calmness of a democracy, the entertainment offered over the air. And it resents even the slightest plugging of the trade-mark or name of the philanthropic sausage or cigarette manufacturer engaged in "cultivating goodwill."

In the reception room of B-U-N-K, the Swami Yoganda, attired in an English sack suit and white turban in which a ruby gleams, is patiently awaiting his turn to broadcast, while Eddie Koo-Koo Jones, formerly on Pantages Time, is ad-libbing in front of the microphone in the following humorous vein:

> You know, I have to watch my step, because they're so clean over here, if I say anything dirty they will just take me off the air. Now, I understand that a lady just died who was a hostess in night clubs, and she left a million dollars to her daughter. You know it takes a good woman to make money from nuts who hang around night clubs.

Eddie now picks up his uke and pulls its strings, chanting the meanwhile in a singsong:

> Now Jack and Jill
> Went down the hill
> To fetch a pail of water.
> Jack saw Jill
> As she fell down the hill
> And he saw her what-he-hadn't-oughter!

The Swami listens patiently, smiling feebly.

The announcer then comes on:

> This is Station B-U-N-K. You have just listened to Eddie Koo-Koo Jones, who has given you a little string of witty comment on passing events the same as Will Rogers does. We want you all to remember that Eddie is on the air through the courtesy of Silverland Cigarettes, not a nosebleed in a ton. This is Station B-U-N-K. You will now have the pleasure of listening to the Swami Yoganda, one of the wise men of the East, in his regular weekly talk on interpreting the East to the West. Stand by, please.

A sickly smile radiates from the Swami's face, and he approaches the mike in a fawning fashion, closing his eyes. Then he pours his oily voice into the receptive ears of his unknown audience:

> I am here again, dear friends, to tell you what it is that the East has to give to the West. We in the East have much that you do not have here. You of the West, of course, with your bathtubs and telephones, your wonderful invention of the radio, your automobiles, and so on, begin to think, perhaps, that there is nothing as wonderful as what you have. You forget other things. . .

Thus the Swami goes on, winding up with an appeal to his listeners not to forget that the magazine, *Astral Thoughts*, is published by him every month, and contains a swell budget of philosophy and love stories of the East.

The energetic young announcer strides in, and behind him there are fifteen girls, ranging from six to sixteen, accompanied by the station pianist, and a lean, sharp-nosed gentleman.

The announcer waves to the engineers in the glass-separated room, shakes up the mike, adjusts it at a slightly lower level, and speaks into it:

> This is Station B-U-N-K. You have just listened to Swami Yoganda on the wisdom of the East, his regular weekly series of lectures. You will now listen to the little dancers from the Mike Morris School of Dancing. The Morris School, while giving professional dancing lessons to those anxious to get on the stage, and aiding people to get jobs on the stage, also conducts popular dancing and gymnasium classes for men and women who want to keep in trim and reduce. Mike, as his friends call him, knows all there is to know about the dance, and the exercising of the human body. This is Station B-U-N-K. Mike, himself, will now speak to you . . .

Mike advances bashfully to the mike, and begins in a good-uncle voice:

> Hello, everybody! I will now present my little cuties in a special number of singing and dancing. You will be able to recognize the dance steps as they do their stuff. I wish you could all be here with us at the studio to see these little sweet girls, or at the classes in the school. . . . The first number will be the Mike Morris Child Dancers in an imitation of the Eddie Leonard "Honey Boy" minstrels . . .

One little blonde girl, a vision poured out of a peroxide bottle, has just stepped on the toes of another little damsel whose cruel narrow eyes sit uneasily on her plump-cheeked face. "God damn you to hell!" says the plump-cheeked lass. "You know what you can do," the other girl cheerily replies.

The children assemble in line, conscious of their legs. But their voices are pleasant, and their feet do a neat and snappy tap dance as they sing the sweet words:

Honey Lou,
I love but you.
Honey Lou
Lou . . Lou . . Lou . .
Yes, indeed,
It's you I need;
I love you, dear,
And want you near

The girls weave in and out of one another's footsteps deftly as they half hum, half sing:

Honey Lou,
I love you, Lou,
Honey Lou,
H-o-n-e-y L-o-u . . .

The Swami Yoganda, meanwhile, has gone to the room marked Programmes, and is talking to the Programme Director. This plumpish, slightly bald gentleman, who wears a white piping to his dark grey waistcoat, once had ideals. In his younger days he was director of a People's Orchestra that was heavily patronized by beer-fed German Socialists and the more liberal *Turnverein*. Today, he looks like a cross between an actor and an ardent Wagnerite whose soul is in Bayreuth, but whose body lies in Hoboken.

The Swami voices his complaint in unmystical language.

"What shall I do? I'm paying my good money for this weekly time, and I don't get any letters, any subscriptions, any invitations to lecture to ladies' clubs! You see, it's this way, it seems to me, though I may be wrong, of course. . . ."

The Programme Director waves his hand deprecatingly.

"Go on, Professor; talk as much as you want to; it's your money."

"Well, at first," says the Swami in an energetic business-like fashion, "the people wrote in, and it certainly gave me a lot of business, both for the magazine and my lectures. I knew why, of course. It was the novelty of the thing. But what can we do now to recapture their interest?"

The Programme Director frowns importantly.

"I'll tell you what to do. It will cost you a little more money, but it will be worth it. What about devoting most of your weekly half-hour to a programme of Eastern music? Of course, between you and me," and the Programme Director puts his well-kept hands on the knees of the slim Hindu, "it won't be *real* Eastern music, see? Things like 'The Song of India,' in the jazzy version, the 'Scheherazade' suite, the 'Orientale,' even the 'Marche Slavé,' and a little odd Oriental music in between. I am sure that will wake your listeners up, Doctor. What do you think?"

The Swami seems convinced, and shakes hands with the Programme Director.

"I think that's a good idea, very good. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon and go into the details with you. Goodbye, Sir."

III

The Programme Director goes on with his work of making up the programme. His title is no empty one.

"Let's see, next Saturday to work on . . . mmm . . . In the morning, that's not so hot . . . Oh, yes, get me Miss Lillian Ward, Rhinelander Hotel, Room 3509, please."

Miss Lillian Ward, the beautiful daughter of an old New York family, has figured in the newspapers hundreds of times in the past five years through her divorces, marriages, engagements, stage jobs, and various escapades in Gotham and Paris. Her name and rotogravured portrait are known to every woman and most of the men of the country. Of late, the poor beauty has gone bankrupt, and her cruel creditors allow her only $12,000 a year to live upon,

so she has had to go to work. She has made some money by endorsing coughless cigarettes, wrinkle-less sheets, and vanishing cold cream. Now she lends her much photographed face to the blind radio.

The Programme Director has her on the telephone:

"Miss Ward, I'll tell you the gag. We want you to give us a talk for ten minutes twice a week on the proper care of a woman's person. At about eleven in the morning, when the women we want to reach are just about getting up, see? We'll follow up your talk with ads of toilet products, toilet waters, perfumes, cold creams, powders, etc. Your agent said that would be O.K. for you. But I got another proposition that has come up since then. That's another talk on beauty, and we'll fill that hour with dresses, silks, hats, negligées, etc. See? I think it's a swell idea, and the board of directors have endorsed it. Beside giving you a hundred dollars a week for each talk, we'll give you five per cent of the money we get on the ads. That'll be another hundred. . . . Oh, you want ten per cent? What about seven-and-a-half? Well, I wouldn't hesitate, Miss Ward, but it's not up to me, see? Yes, I'll call you up tomorrow morning. Goodbye."

The Programme Director now glances at a typewritten ruled sheet.

"Miss Katz, is that string trio booked? And the Miglia Opera Hour? And that new Russian cantor? He's out? Well, call up somebody else on the cantor file. Saturday we must have a cantor!

"Miss Katz, it's not so bad. . . . Patriotic American League speaker in the morning, kitchen talk by these electric icebox people, household utensil talk by the vacuum-cleaners, a little semi-classical music by the Hotel Beach Orchestra. Then from two to four . . . mmm. . . . Let's see. . . . From two to four . . . We can put that Starving Armenia speaker on then . . . at two, then the woman candidate for Alderman from the West End, then a half-hour of Wagner music by our own ensemble . . . That's three . . . one more hour till we sign off the afternoon . . . Let's see . . . Let's see . . . Oh, yes, the poetry readings, the Rightway School talk, the What Chiropractic Is series and the studio ensemble in light opera airs . . . That fills the afternoon fine . . . Well-balanced, well-balanced . . . Then, let's see . . . We go on at six in the evening, Miss Marcelle Le Maire, the Florida Bluebird . . . in popular songs, half-an-hour, I'll cut her down to fifteen minutes. Cut her down to fifteen minutes, Miss Katz. Thanks, call her up.

"Then, six fifteen . . . I'll let that lawyer talk on Legal Ethics, he's good for fifteen minutes, then the studio accompanist in some nice songs, then we have that home construction talk by the Better Homes Club, for fifteen minutes. That's seven o'clock. Then we'll give 'em late news and sporting results through the courtesy of the *Daily Snooze* and associated newspapers, weather, farming reports. Then seven fifteen . . . a little classical music, that's what they always want, a little classical music now and then.

"Till seven thirty . . . guess the Moonlight Sonata . . . Then we'll act out a little scene from Dickens for them. From 'Bleak House.' No, change that, Miss Katz, that book's too highbrow, nobody knows it. Oh, yes, that old one, the scene where Oliver Twist asks for more . . . That's a hot one . . . And we may work it so they'll get that new oatmeal ad they're after. I better send a memo to the Commercial Department; you remind me please, Miss Katz, when the programme is finally O.K.'d. That'll keep us on the air till a quarter to eight . . . Then we have that concert from the Music Shoppe phonograph store till a quarter past, then the Gotham Light Opera ensemble in 'Madame Butterfly' excerpts till a quarter of nine, then that Universal Automobile Hour till a quarter to ten, then, let's see, a fifteen minute hole to fill in . . . I'll get someone with a ukulele, preferably a wisecracker, but not Koo-Koo Jones, he's too dirty, some of the ladies have sent in letters kicking about him. Miss Katz, please look

through your files and see if we got a clean ukulele player.

"Till ten thirty . . . mmm . . . mmm . . . then we switch to the Spearhead Inn, remote control, till a quarter to eleven, dance music; then we have that charity meeting remote at the Astor where the mayor and Governor will talk.

"Let's see . . . that'll last till a quarter past if we get the speeches of the Governor, and the mayor, if he comes in time. Make a memo on that for the Publicity Department, Miss Katz; it's worth a special story.

"Then, let's see, the studio ensemble on the air in some quiet music for a change; then eleven thirty . . . we switch back to remote for that new hotel in Brooklyn, and dance music . . . till twelve thirty; then some snappy jazz from that Ebony Bottom's Rest in Harlem till one . . . then we sign off . . .

"Whew, that's pretty near all set. Pretty good programme, don't you think, Miss Katz?"

Miss Katz shakes her head and jersey-covered form in assent.

"Pretty varied, eh? That's what they want, variety. Give it to 'em and they're happy. Now, let's take Sunday . . . mmm . . . Let's see . . . We start off with the services at that new Episcopal Church in Brooklyn; then . . ."

IV

In the studio, the hard little girls are still dancing and singing. In the reception room there is only one person beside the gum-murdering switchboard girl. He is a grizzled, poorly dressed man with a broken nose and large ears. He wears a black ready-made bow tie, and looks forty. Underlying his appearance of a retired sparring partner, which he is, there is an odd air of daintiness and wistfulness. His eyes are closed, and he imbibes the noise made by the mouths and feet of the dancing girls. Soon, they come to their end, and the tough bird faces the mike.

He does his own announcing in a practiced radio voice, pitched a tone or two higher than the usual speaking voice, and a little deeper.

"This," he begins, "is Station B-U-N-K. You will now hear all about LOVE. I am Eddie Burns, the man who is preaching a new gospel of love, and I will teach you how to play the game of love and win it. Love in all its forms is something holy and refined, and makes for better men and women."

His voice grows in resonance and power.

Nothing ever worth while has been done without the aid of love. Hate can do nothing. It is sterile. Take the diamond. What is it? Nothing but two elements in love with each other clinging to each other so that nothing can ever take them apart. Coal is composed of the same elements as the diamond. Why is it not as precious, as beautiful? Because the elements therein do not cling together, are not faithful. Thus, even Nature in her wisdom is with the forces of her love. Do you not understand that Love is all? . . .

Love, love, love . . . it is the best thing on this poor earth. Only in love can you find yourselves and find the world!

The Programme Director is in the reception room with the announcer.

"Well," he says, "that Mike Morris is sure a card, he and his tough little babies, say!"

The announcer grins.

"Yeh, he does big things for little girls, all right, all right!"

The announcer strides into the studio as Eddie Burns winds up his speech:

It is Love, as the poets have said, that makes the world go round, love that makes us want to be together, all of life is love, love, love. Goodbye, dear friends, and remember, love, love, love!

The announcer steps up to the mike.

Good evening, everybody. This is Station B-U-N-K. You have just listened to Eddie Burns, the popular philosopher, speak on love. This is Station B-U-N-K, operating on a wave length of 294 meters, equal to 1020 kilocycles, by virtue of the authority of the Federal Radio Commission. This station is owned and operated by the World-Wonder Broadcasting Corporation, with offices at 479 West 49th street, New York City, and transmitting station and plant at Kitzmiller, New Jersey. This is Station B-U-N-K. One minute, please.

The announcer waves his hand, and on receiving another wave from the control

room, shakes up the mike, puts it down, and waves his hand once more. Another wave rewards him.

> This is Station B-U-N-K. We have a very interesting programme and message for you now. Immediately following a short message from the Kraus Motorcycle Company, we will present the Kraus Trio in a programme of popular airs. The Kraus Motorcycle Company, whose motorcycles can be found all over the world, have just made a discovery of the highest value to the scientific world. In their laboratories at Lynn, Mass., they have evolved a new motor that will do nothing less than revolutionize the motor world. These motorcycles are the latest word in speed and comfort . . .

Outside, in the reception room, is a stout German lady with a music roll that looks very worn, and a little roly-poly worn husband carrying a fat-bellied violoncello. Standing a little apart from the husband and wife is a sad, sparse young man with a violin and a faded black bow tie.

The announcer dashes out of the studio, and brings the weary disciples of Melpomene into the brightly-lit room and up to the mike.

> This is Station B-U-N-K. Through the courtesy of the Kraus Motorcycle Company you will now have the pleasure of listening to the Kraus Trio in a selection of popular airs. Their first number will be that ever-popular Southern ballade, "Mighty Lak a Rose." Please stand by . . .

He waves his hands, the man at the controls behind the inner glass door waves back, he nods to the musicians, and the orchestra begins its wailing.

TWO SONNETS

BY S. BERT COOKSLEY

I

Open Page

I HAVE followed flame all my life, holding
It high wisdom to be burned a little,
To show my rural friends the rough moulding
Of fire teeth. (The heart is not yet brittle
Enough to crack in heat, though flame sears—
Held too close.) To have my rural friends say:
"He's a tough man. He's a man without fears.
Nothing on earth can smash his heart away."

Well, it's a small word that holds no lesson;
And I have heard many, and it comes to this:
He is not man who bears no confession,
Nor man who lays it to a woman's kiss.
I've found at last there is more in embers
Than any fire my heart remembers.

II

Lumber

His eyes are black. His hands white. His hair grey.
His body thick. His heart dead. One night the
Crane men, eating, spoke of him: "Feltman's say
In the sticker mill is law. They won't see
Nobody else. He's boozing and lying
And stealing—and they know it. But they won't
Let him out. Why? Because they know dying
Men can bump themselves off so that it don't

Look like suicide. Compensation's made
A law, and Feltman's got a wife. Well? All
They got to do is bounce him—and he's laid
Out under a jam. As it is they stall
And save money." His eyes are black. They line
Too often on the rip-saw slicing pine.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Loyalty.—A nation demands as the first attribute of a citizen precisely that quality that the citizen most venerates in his dog.

Statues.—The trouble with the omnipresent statues to the great is that they invariably present their subjects in an arbitrarily serious and heavily solemn mood. One is thus as much like another as two peas. Surely there is room for a statue or two that will reveal its subject in a different humor. Let us have a Lincoln who looks less like a professional undertaker and more like the eye-twinkling Lincoln that he occasionally was. Let us have the Napoleon of balmy Malmaison evenings instead of the inevitable Napoleon of chill Elba. Why not the Wagner of the farcical "Der Berggeist" instead of the stereotyped Wagner of "An Weber's Grabe"? Let us have at least one George Washington winking at an imaginary pretty girl, at least one General Grant slightly cockeyed, at least one Grover Cleveland with a fishing pole. If biography is becoming increasingly forthright and honest, why shouldn't sculpture to a degree follow suit? Let us have more authentically human statues and not this endless succession of frostbitten marbles and bronzes.

Travelers.—The primary difference between the American and the European traveler is that the former travels for pleasure and the latter for business or professional reasons. Nine Americans out of ten who go abroad do so purely for amusement, whereas nine out of ten Englishmen, Frenchmen or Germans who come over here do so because they have business of one sort or another to transact. In this difference doubtless lies the reason for the Europeans' misunderstanding of the American traveler abroad. The European, failing to comprehend that he is simply off on a lark, cannot reason him out and fathom him and, consequently, he impresses the European as simply an objectionable waster and loafer, and as an intruder upon a serious, working people. If 100,000 Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans were to come to America every Summer and spend the days idly riding around in taxicabs and getting tight, we should look upon them exactly as they now look upon Americans doing much the same thing in their countries.

Alma Mater.—A caucus of sentimentalists have taken upon themselves the mission of apotheosizing the bygone corner saloon, attributing to it a romance and glamour that are meant to make all strong men break down and weep nostalgic tears in recollection. As a matriculate of the institution for more than a quarter of a century and as an eager drinker at its fonts of knowledge, I have the honor to announce that the aforesaid sentimentalists are dispensing a lot of hooey. The old saloon was a tip-top gathering place, a club? For whom? In its more lavish phases, for a number of established stews who were ungodly nuisances, who insistently draped themselves upon one's shoulders, slobbered idiotic gasconade and drove one out when one might have wished to tarry. In its less gaudy phases, for hackmen, longshoremen, coons and such whose company at the bar one could stand for the period of only a quick guzzle. The old saloon was a lovely and enchanting palazzo, brilliant in polished mahogany and dazzling in mirror and glass? News for one's grandmother!

There were a few such, perhaps five or six in the whole country, but the overwhelming majority of them were, if the truth must be told, pretty sad specimens. And even the exceptions, like the celebrated garish Silver Dollar, were surely far removed from the realm of æsthetics. Some of the big hotel bars, like the Knickerbocker in New York, say, or the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, were soothing to the eye, but they hardly came under the head of what the sentimental hangovers wish us to regard as the quondam corner comfort-station.

When the lachrymose gentry speak of the passing of the old saloon, what they really mean to speak of is the passing of the old-time, pre-Prohibition German restaurant, places like Molitor's and the Bismarck in Cleveland, Schneider's and the Fuchshöle in Baltimore, Zeiss' in Philadelphia, Lüchow's, Weber's and Sheffel Hall in New York, and all their happy kind. Those, my boy, were havens! There one might sit leisurely with one's cronies and revel in the grandeur of the world. There one might drink, converse and yodel like gentlemen, not like bar bums. There, were peace and quiet and contentment and unction to the soul. There, were the real gathering places, the real clubs—the realest that we veterans ever knew. The old saloon, on the other hand, was simply a place to swill a quick drink and get out of.

American Music.—The weakness of American music lies in the circumstance that its hopeful composers are in the aggregate trivial men. Two or three of them are pretty sound artists in a technical direction but as men, that is, as human beings, the bulk of them are psychically, mentally and—this in particular—emotionally commonplace. I am not speaking of the jazz boys, obviously enough; they do not greatly matter the one way or the other. They are diverting clowns, often exceptionally competent and, in their little way, entirely praiseworthy. I allude rather to those Americans who are setting themselves to loftier aspects of the muse. In all their number you will have difficulty in finding more than one or two with half as much heart as any one of six American poets, with half as much intelligence as any one of a like number of American critics or with one-fifth as much depth of feeling as any one of a dozen or more American novelists and short-story writers.

Candy.—It occurs to me that some enterprising fellow might make a lot of money manufacturing once again the candies that were so close to the fancy of youngsters thirty and forty years ago and that the children of today are strangers to. The small boy and girl of the present time must sorely miss the humor and fun that reposed in the sweetmeats of a couple of decades ago, for, with the lone exception of the lollipop, or all-day sucker, they haven't a single piece of candy that is anything but a piece of candy. In the old days, there was an assortment of sweetmeats that played with the fancy of kids throughout the country and made even their consequent bellyaches happy. There were peppermint hearts with a variety of scarlet inscriptions, licorice nigger babies and licorice shoestrings, massive gumdrops attached to rubber strings that could be bounced up and down in the mud before being eaten, taffy balls containing prize marbles, chocolate cigarettes with white peppermint ends (representing ashes) and a little red band below (representing flame), different kinds of hard candies fashioned in the figures of cats, dogs, bears, camels and elephants, stalactites of rock-candy with white string inside that held the crystals together, transparent candy marbles with spirals of wonderful colors coiled within them, plugs of licorice "chewing tobacco" with appropriate red and yellow tin tags, other hypothetical long-cut made of sweet fibrous roots and put up in small mesh bags, horehound pendants, marshmallows made into funny faces, slippery-elm stogies, marshmallow mannikins with the features and general outlines worked out in cochi-

neal, fluted colt's-foot-rock columns, lemon candy sticks with white spirals that one could suck lemonade through,—a hundred and one candies that were as entertaining to the youngster eye as to its middle. All of them seem to have disappeared in some strange way; of them all perhaps only the chocolate cigarettes remain, and these without the realistic peppermint tips and fire bands. The little boy and girl of today have nothing but formal chocolate-drops, gum-drops, candied fruits, peppermint lozenges and coated almonds to thrill them. Their little stomachs get all the old aches without the old compensatory amusement.

Progress.—In the last fifteen or twenty years, what has been devised that has contributed most greatly to man's everyday personal comfort? I allude not to the larger comforts but to the little ones that even more materially safeguard his momentary peace of body and mind. I nominate the following: the flexible derby hat, the booklet of matches, the cork-top non-leakable cocktail shaker, the necktie minus the old wrinkling soft cotton filler, the mechanical pencil-sharpener, the balanced ash-stand that doesn't tip over, the oxford shoe that doesn't scrape at the heel, the coat shirt in place of the pull-over, the thin-stemmed pipe in place of the thick old mouth-filler, the rubber-heel, the skeleton-lined coat, and the unbreakable shoe lace.

Interviews.—The average interview published in the newspapers is the dreary and meaningless thing it is, not because the subject of the interview has only dreary and meaningless things to say but, generally, because the interviewer comes to his assigned task as poorly prepared as a doctor without a stethoscope, a clinical thermometer and a couple of stale smutty stories. The average interviewer may think up one or two questions to propound, but he usually leaves the rest to dumb luck, with the result that the interviewee loses patience with him at the end of three minutes and, after a few polite remarks on irrelevant topics, hints to him to clear out. A good interview must be carefully prepared in the interviewer's mind before he tackles his subject, for, after all, a good interview depends a whole lot more upon the questioner than upon the answerer. Many a first-rate and immensely readable interview has been pulled out of a person who has had little worthwhile to say but who has been jockeyed into saying it by a competent, perceptive and amusing interviewer. One of the best interviews ever published in America was Jim Tully's with Madame Elinor Glyn, surely no mastermind, and Tully got it in just that manner. The successful interviewer must have the wit and skill of a tricky trial lawyer. The conventional interviewer, as we get him in such large numbers today, is simply a lazy fellow who allows his subject listlessly to interview himself.

The American and Business.—The Englishman, try as he will, cannot understand or sympathize with the American's immersion of himself in business. The circumstance that the American works at his trade many hours a day more than he himself does, the Briton has trouble in reasoning out. Why the American doesn't play more, as he does, he can't comprehend. The fact, of course, is that the American in general regards business as sport; building up his business and making money are to him largely what games are to the Englishman. Aside from a relatively few golf players, the American business man in the aggregate has the same kind of fun working himself into riches that the Englishman has working himself into a snappy cricket player.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Leopard Spot

PHILIP BARRY'S amusing comedy, "Holiday," has fetched forth from the critical kit once again the time-honored nonsense concerning sudden changes in character. Almost without exception, the gentlemen who have passed judgment upon the play have complained over the character of Barry's young woman who, presented in the first portion of the evening as a sweet, affectionate and generous person, subsequently becomes, with a certain degree of abruptness, a rather hard, skeptical and acidulous one. Such a change, the reviewers argue, invalidates the outline of the character, indicates a defect in the playwright and contrives to make the character dubious and unbelievable.

The argument is a familiar one. We have heard it dozens of times. And it persists as one of the silliest of the many silly contentions of criticism as that august art is currently practised. It stems undoubtedly from the ancient dramaturgic text-book rule that a character must remain, throughout the course of a play, more or less a single definite being, keyed to relevantly definite impulses and reactions and recognizable at all times in terms of its psychological and emotional premiss. "Distinct entity" is the phrase, as I recall, that the professors use. Nothing could be richer in bosh. Human nature, unfortunately, is not in the habit of conforming to dramatic text-books. There isn't one of us who doesn't periodically change, if perhaps only for a short time, with the surprising suddenness—to ourselves as well as to others—of a lightning flash. History and one's own house are full of instances. A quirk of mood, an unexpected quirk of mind, a momentary impulse, a jiffyish metamorphosis of self—one of these descends upon the cerebellum or psyche and, *passe-passe*, the trolley-car is off the tracks! Clever playwrights may create characters who remain absolutely and entirely themselves from start to finish, but God is not quite so exact a craftsman.

I can see no reason on earth why the abrupt change that Barry injects into his character of Julia Seton is not logical, rationally irrational and sound. What the reviewers have demanded, and complained of for not getting, is a stage puppet. Barry has given them a girl not out of dramatic text-books, but one out of life.

II

Sensitive Producers

Mr. St. John Ervine, reviewing Philip Goodman's production of "Rainbow," included in his treatise upon that potentially good but badly mishandled musical comedy several paragraphs touching upon Mr. Goodman personally. These paragraphs broached no greater sting than that the M. Goodman, on the word of his own hired press-agent, was in the habit of eating eighteen or twenty rounds of *Gans mit Apfelmus* daily, with seven or eight large extra portions on holidays, and that if he had paid more attention to "Rainbow" and less to *Gans mit Apfelmus* "Rainbow" would have been a better show. Reading the paragraphs in a bulldog edition of the *World*, Mr. Goodman achieved a purple indignation, called up the editor of that paper and demanded their deletion on the ground that they had no proper place in any criticism of his production. They were duly deleted.

It seems to me that, despite Mr. Goodman, the paragraphs in question *had* a

place in a review of his show and it seems to me, further, that the *World* showed a pretty poor understanding of theatrical reviewing when it removed them from Mr. Ervine's article. The self-confessed fact that the boon Mr. Goodman devotes so large a part of his time to *Gans mit Apfelmus* is an important consideration for the critic reviewing his production, inasmuch as otherwise the critic must be at a loss to comprehend the inattention and carelessness observable in its preparation and the show's consequent miscarriage. If one of the actors in "Rainbow" were to have showed himself in an inebriated condition due to an excess of *Schnapps*, Mr. Goodman surely could not have complained if Mr. Ervine had pointed out the fact and noted its dismaying effect upon the performance. If Mr. Goodman himself, as the producer of the show, permits his appetite for *Gans mit Apfelmus*, albeit indirectly, to have an equally dismaying effect upon the preparation of his production, I cannot see that he has any more reason for complaint against a critic who says so, particularly when one remembers that Mr. Goodman has himself freely—indeed, proudly—caused the news of his enviable Falstaffian capacity to be made public property.

A producer is obviously as responsible for a show as the authors, actors, scene painters, musicians, dance directors or anyone else connected with it. Just why these others should be susceptible of personal criticism and the producer not, I can't make out. If a reviewer has a right to say that the leading lady is too old, or that the girls' legs are crooked, or that the tenor has the air of a fairy, or that the orchestra leader's bald head distracted the audience's attention, or that the stagehands were evidently all pickled, why hasn't he an equal right—and a complete justification—in saying that the producer himself is whatever he is? Yet several of the local producers are extremely touchy in the matter. They do not seem to mind anything that is written personally of anyone else connected with their exhibitions, however vicious, but let a reviewer so much as hint that they themselves might have made a better job of things if they had not devoted so much time to golf, French Lick or even *Gans mit Apfelmus* and they get red in the face, rush to the telephone and make nasty whoopee with any managing editor who will listen to them.

III

Ervine Encore

In a review of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," Mr. Ervine vouchsafes us the following critical observation: "The famous 'asides' left me, for the most part, unimpressed. In any event Mr. O'Neill cannot claim any credit for their invention. They are part of the oldest form of theatrical technique, and they were rightly abandoned as the craft of the actor improved. Their revival by Mr. O'Neill is either an attempt to prevent actors from acting or a sign of laziness in the author."

With all due respect to friend Ervine, I have the honor to believe that on this occasion he has pulled what may politely be described as a boner. In the first place, while he is perfectly right in saying that O'Neill cannot claim any credit for inventing asides, as they are part of the oldest form of theatrical technique, he exposes himself, by the very nature of his statement, to the charge of criticizing "Strange Interlude" simply on the ground of its novelty or lack of novelty, surely—as he would be the first to admit—the most trifling and defective of critical viewpoints. Secondly, when he says that asides "were rightly abandoned as the craft of the actor improved," he not only argues that the forthright dramaturgic genius of Ibsen proceeded less from within Ibsen's dramatico-literary conscience than from Ibsen's external consideration of mummers, but, also, by implication, that the craft of the actor improved as asides were abandoned. The fact that the greatest actors since Ibsen's time have in the majority of cases achieved their eminence and reached

the highest peak of their craftsmanship in classical plays full of asides appears to have escaped Mr. Ervine. In the third place, our friend's assertion that the revival of the asides "is either an attempt to prevent actors from acting or a sign of laziness in the author" must, so far as the first of its allegations goes, be big news to the ghosts of Coquelin, Salvini, Bernhardt and Mantell no less than to all the living Moissis, Bergners and Anglins and, further, in the case of its second, must appear to many an exceptionally dirty crack at such lazy dogs of the past as Shakespeare and Sheridan and at such low loafers of the latter day as Edmond Rostand.

The objection to the old aside is simply another critical symptom of the lamentable over-sophistication that has come upon the theatre of our day and age. We have arrived at a point where familiarity with the theatre and consequent satiety have brought about a critical *Katzenjammer* of which the most conspicuous characteristics are a tendency to hail what is merely new, however essentially dubious, and to disparage whatever is old, however sound. Personally, I list myself a champion of the sophisticated theatre, but only when that sophistication has marks of integrity, experience, understanding, culture and wit. The so-called sophisticated theatre of the present time is, on the contrary, largely a bogus thing, with the air of a movie actor imitating an English gentleman and with the smarty manner of a Bernard Shaw talkie.

The belief that the theatre must be sophisticated or play to empty seats has impelled a horde of undertrained, unpolished, dumb-bell play concocters to leave off the writing of their erstwhile species of innocent balderdash and to posture a recherché sliding-panel, false-bottom drama as idiotic and common as it is integrally spurious. Europe is full of playwrights who imagine that sophistication is simply a matter of denying what everyone has believed for three thousand years and setting their denial in front of some bughouse scenery, while America is hardly poorer in stage scribblers who believe that the height of sophistication consists in making faces at adultery and transferring the scene from Shore Acres to Park avenue. The so-called sophisticated stage of today, as a consequence, is sophisticated largely in the sense that a college boy out with a chorus girl and reinforced with some very bad liquor is sophisticated. It is worldly in speech and juvenile in mind. It has the aspect of a grandfather in diapers.

The really sophisticated playwrights active in the contemporaneous theatre may be numbered on the fingers of both hands. The others who affect sophistication run into the hundreds. These, unable to transscribe life in terms of authentic character, seek to pleasure their little reputations by an arbitrary nose-fingering at life and character as the latter are depicted and portrayed by their superiors.

IV

A Guild Offering

"Wings Over Europe" is the joint work of Robert Nichols, an English poet, and Maurice Browne, an American little-theatre impresario. Its weakness lies in the circumstance that Mr. Nichols' poetic gift and Mr. Browne's sense of the theatre are inferior to the size of their theme. They have taken a young man, half dreamer, half physicist, who discovers the secret of the release of atomic energy and who, with the power of remaking civilization in his grasp, comes before the Privy Council of Great Britain and demands what it will do with what he has found. Its equivoke, cowardice, doubt, selfishness and indetermination go to constitute the body of the play, which comes to an end in the murder of the young man that the danger from his imagination may be ended and in the subsequent revelation that the scientists of the world, gathered at Geneva, have still his secret in their hands and are proceeding to employ it as a guarantee of international amity and peace.

What we have here, obviously, is a theme that may be handled in one of three different dramatic ways. It may be made the basis of Kapekian melodrama; it may be made the basis of poetic fantasy; or it may be made the basis of an evening of Shavian dialectic. But it is hardly to be made, because of the extravagance of its thesis, the basis of what we know as straight drama. With Mr. Nichols' deficiency in a poetic direction and with Mr. Browne's deficiency in the art of forthright dramaturgy, the play that the Guild presents becomes neither fish, flesh nor herring. For all its momentary lapses into fantasy, poetic flight, melodrama and dialectic, it moves from first to last in terms of straight drama without achieving the effect of straight drama. It is as vacillating and as indeterminate as the British Cabinet members it deals with.

More, save in occasional detail as, for example, when Mr. Nichols gives himself over for a few moments to poetic meditation or when Mr. Browne remembers his melodrama sufficiently to borrow the effective clock-ticking device from "Raffles," the William Gillette exhibitions and other such good old-time thrillers, the play is dramatically dull. Its authors' imagination and dramatic invention are not up to the requirements of their thesis. After they have posed that thesis at the very beginning of their play, they find themselves in the position of a tight-rope walker who, having done his best trick first with the aid of a balancing umbrella, goes on trying to entertain the spectators by throwing away the umbrella and balancing himself with a substituted crowbar. Their second act is a repetition of their first; it adds nothing to the movement of either their theme or their play. And their last act, except for a slice of the familiar awaiting-doom melodrama —borrowed from a score of melodramas all the way from "The Girl I Left Behind Me" to the periodic Grand Guignol sunken submarines thrillers—hardly comes under the head of dramatic turpentine. Once the novelty of their premiss wears off, there is nothing more theatrically stimulating than the endlessly reiterated statement of the control of atomic energy on the part of the central character and the endlessly reiterated skepticism alternating with concern on the part of the subsidiary characters. One has the impression of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne getting together for an evening's session with a woman's club and concluding, after the first five minutes, that it were better for them to go into the backroom, tackle the whiskey bottle and play checkers.

The play has been admirably staged by Rouben Mamoulian. Indeed, as an example of dexterous producing, Mamoulian's job has not been surpassed in some time.

V

Ibsen and the Actor

While it may or may not be true that no actor has ever failed as Hamlet, it is pretty generally true that no actor or actress, however bad, ever fails to get away with murder in an Ibsen play. To the public in general and to the large majority of professional reviewers a bad actor or actress always seems surprisingly good when he or she appears in an Ibsen rôle. This season alone in New York we have had three different Ibsen productions, all of them atrociously acted, that have none the less found their mummers praised for high proficiency.

One may speculate as to the reason. That reason, I daresay, lies in the ambiguity and symbolic delicatessen promiscuously attached by dunderheads to everything that Ibsen wrote and in their consequent confusion as to what he was definitely driving at. This self-imposed bepuzzlement and self-distrust allow an actor or actress to indulge in any number of interpretive monkey-shines without fear of being found out. Since neither public nor critics are certain what they know and want, the player may take advantage of that uncertainty and, under cover of it, go the limit in the way of imbecile interpretation. Every actor or actress who undertakes a specific Ibsen rôle

is known to have a different idea of it; no single rôle has, to my knowledge, ever been played by two different actors in exactly the same way. Some of these interpretations, taken singly, have been rational, sound and meritorious. But the great majority of them have been senseless and absurd. Yet how many such performances have been denounced as being senseless and absurd? I ask you to look up the records for yourself.

VI

Hanlon Redivivus

The widely published news that, in "Mima," Mr. Belasco has accomplished something extraordinary in the way of modern scenecraft and stage production is water on this particular duck's back. Mr. Belasco, it seems to me, has accomplished nothing of the sort. He has, true enough, mounted a remarkably intricate and smooth production; he has, as is his custom, lighted it beautifully; and he has provided a decorative scheme impressive in detail and in color. But he has developed nothing in the direction of modern scenecraft, save superficially, that has not been known to the stage before. As a matter of fact, the scenecraft he has employed is not modern at all, but harks back thirty years to that of the Hanlon Brothers in such of their extravaganzas as "Superba" and "Fantasma" and that of Charles Yale in "The Devil's Auction." To these famous spectacular exhibits, as well as to such others of the time as "The Twelve Temptations" and "The Evil Eye"—all fond memories of childhood—the Belasco "Mima" bears in many respects a striking resemblance.

What Belasco has done is simply to perfect the scenecraft of the extravaganza of three and four decades ago. His production, save in the matter of lavish expenditure and greater taste, is essentially not much different from the kind of thing that the theatre was familiar with years back. Aside from an appropriation of the constructivist scenic idea, utilized by him in his last scene, there is small trace of modern scenic design in what he offers. Here and there one observes a faint echo of the Reinhardt theatre, but in the main the production, for all its strain at modernity, belongs to the stage of another and bygone era. The trapdoors belching smoke illuminated by red gelatine slides, the lamp-post that suddenly comes up out of another trap, the set-in scenes, the boxed sets revealed alternately to the left and right of the front scene—surely there is nothing new in such devices. They were part and parcel of all the devil-and-good-fairy extravaganzas of the early 1890's. Nor is there any development of modern scenecraft in the architectural borrowings from Moscow and Berlin, from Stanislavsky and Jessner, which Mr. Belasco employs on his upper stage. He has, as I have written, put on an intricate and painstaking spectacle, but aside from its mere intricacy and painstaking he has shown nothing authentically and originally modern. He has simply taken most of the scenic devices of the old Christmas pantomime and, by the expenditure of a lot of money, dolled them up.

The play upon which he has wasted his time and effort is dreadful claptrap. Adapted from Molnar's "The Red Mill," it amounts in its present incarnation, at least, to nothing more than still another commonplace modernization of the old morality play, with the characters given such names as Mima, Janos, Ilonka and Alfons in place of Temptation, Virtue, True Love and Greed.

VII

Critical Sagacity

The latest of Edith Wharton's novels to reach the stage is "The Age of Innocence," in a dramatization by Margaret Ayer Barnes. The resulting play is a very bad one, but it is a considerable box-office success. It is this considerable box-office success despite all the sound and convincing arguments of the reviewers, including myself, on the impossibility of making a

satisfactory play out of any novel like the one in point. A delicate embarrassment accordingly arises. That the play is not satisfactory either to a person who has read the novel or to one who has not seems clear to the critic. It neither captures the mood and spirit of the novel nor does it substitute theatrical and dramatic virtues of its own for those elements of the novel that are absent. The presence in the cast of Miss Katharine Cornell cannot account for the play's prosperity, since Miss Cornell's presence in the cast of Maugham's "The Letter" last season brought no prosperity to that play. We have then a dull and disappointing play made out of the novel and a star actress who, despite her talents, has, save in the instance of a piece of popular junk called "The Green Hat," never proved herself a particular box-office draw. Yet we have, too, for all the eloquence and integrity of logic, something that stubbornly persists in pulling in paying audiences. What, the abashed critic meditates, is the reason?

With my customary penetration, I offer the longed-for answer. Briefly, it is: God knows! It would be easy to argue facetiously that the public likes bad plays, but that isn't true. The public may occasionally admire some such slice of whim-wham as "Abie's Irish Rose" or "Daddy Long-legs," but for every bad play it makes rich it reserves its trade for half a dozen that are really pretty good. Such big popular successes as "Broadway," "The Front Page," "The Royal Family," "Coquette," "Strange Interlude," "The Constant Wife," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "What Price Glory?", "Burlesque" and "The Bachelor Father" certainly do not come under the head of tripe. The outstanding new dramatic popular successes of the current season are such plays as "The Front Page," "The High Road" and "Holiday," hardly such as "He Understood Women," "Girl Trouble" and "The Great Power." It would also be easy to argue that a popular star always draws the boobs, but Miss Cornell, as I have observed, is not a box-office star. Jane Cowl has proved herself vastly more popular at the ticket-window than La Cornell, yet this season she has failed to attract audiences in paying numbers. It would, furthermore, be easy to argue that Mrs. Wharton has so many devoted readers that they are brought willy-nilly to any dramatization of her novels. But that, also, is not so, inasmuch as other dramatizations of her novels, one of them not at all bad, have been failures. It would, in conclusion, be equally easy to say that perhaps the dramatization of "The Age of Innocence" is not so poor as the critics assert it is. But it is undeniably poor, not only from the critics' point of view but from that of experienced theatrical men, including Mr. Gilbert Miller himself, who has sponsored the production. Under the circumstances, therefore, we are brought back to our initial masterly solution of the mystery: The Lord alone knows!

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Portrait of an Immortal

MEET GENERAL GRANT, by W. E. Woodward. $5. 9½ x 6¾; 512 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

THE dreadful title of this book is not the least of its felicities. If they had been saying such things in his day it seems unquestionable that Grant would have said, "Meet the wife." He was precisely that sort of man. His imagination was the imagination of a respectable hay and feed dealer, and his virtues, such as they were, were indistinguishable from those of a police sergeant. Mr. Woodward, trying to be just to him, not infrequently gives him far more than he deserves. He was not, in point of fact, a man of any great competence, even as a soldier. All the major strategy of the war, including the final advance on Richmond, was planned by other men, notably Sherman. He was a ham as a tactician, and habitually wasted his men. He was even a poor judge of other generals, as witness his admiration for Sheridan and his almost unbelievable under-rating of Thomas and Meade. If he won battles, it was because he had the larger battalions, and favored the primitive device of heaving them into action, callously, relentlessly, cruelly, appallingly.

Thinking was always painful to Grant, and so he never did any of it if he could help it. He had a vague distaste for war, and dreamed somewhat boozily of a day when it would be no more. But that distaste never stayed his slaughters; it only made him keep away from the wounded. He had no coherent ideas on any subject, and changed his so-called opinions overnight, and for no reason at all. He entered the war simply because he needed a job, and fought his way through it without any apparent belief in its purposes. His wife was a slaveholder to the end. At Appomattox he showed a magnanimity that yet thrills schoolboys, but before he became President he went over to the Radical Republicans, and was largely to blame for the worst horrors of Reconstruction. His belief in rogues was cogenital, touching and unlimited. He filled Washington with them, and defended them against honest men, even in the face of plain proofs of their villainy. Retired to private life at last, he sought out the worst scoundrel of them all, gave the fellow control of his whole modest fortune, and went down to inglorious bankruptcy with him. The jail gates, that time, were uncomfortably close; if Grant had not been Grant he would have at least gone on trial. But he was completely innocent. He was too stupid to be anything else.

Mr. Woodward, as I have said, is very generous to him. There is, on almost every page of this book, an obvious effort to make the best of his good impulses, and to gloss over his colossal imbecilities. Sometimes the thing comes close to special pleading: Freud and the unconscious have to be hauled in to make out a plausible case. There is some excuse for that attitude, for Grant, for all his faults and follies, was at least full of honest intentions. Like Almayer, he always wanted to do the right thing. The trouble with him was that he could seldom find out what it was. Once he had got beyond a few elemental ideas, his brain refused to function. Thereafter he operated by hunches, some of them good ones, but others almost idiotic. Commanding his vast armies in the field, he wandered around like a stranger, shabby, uncommunicative and only defectively respected. In the White House he was a primeval Harding, without either the diamond scarf-pin or the cutie hiding

in the umbrella closet. He tried, in his dour, bashful way, to be a good fellow. There was no flummery about him. He had no false dignity. But he was the easiest mark ever heard of. It was possible to put anything over on him, however fantastic. Now and then, by a flash of what must be called, I suppose, insight, he penetrated the impostures which surrounded him, and struck out in his Berserker way for common decency. But that was not often. His eight years were scarlet with scandal. He had a Teapot Dome on his hands once a month.

Mr. Woodward's portrait, despite its mercies, is an extraordinarily brilliant one. The military automaton of the "Memoirs" and the noble phrase-maker of the schoolbooks disappears, and there emerges a living and breathing man, simple-minded, more than a little bewildered, and infinitely pathetic. Grant went to the high pinnacles of glory, but he also plunged down the black steeps of woe. I don't think that his life was a happy one, even as happiness is counted among such primitive organisms. He was miserable as a boy, he was miserable at West Point, and he was miserable in the old army. The Mexican War revolted him, and he took to drink and lost his commission. For years he faced actual want. The Civil War brought him little satisfaction, save for a moment at the end. He was neglected in its early days in a manner that was wormwood to him, and after luck brought him opportunity he was surrounded by hostile intrigue. He made costly and egregious blunders, notably at Shiloh and Cold Harbor; he knew the sting of professional sneers; he quailed before Lee's sardonic eye. His eight years in the White House were years of tribulation and humiliation. His wife was ill-favored; his only daughter made a bad marriage; his relatives, both biological and in-law, harassed and exploited him. He died almost penniless, protesting that he could no longer trust a soul. He passed out in gusts of intolerable pain. It is hard to imagine harder lines.

If, in this chronicle, he sometimes recedes into the background, and seems no more than a bystander at the show, then it is because he was often that in life. Other men had a way of running him—John A. Rawlins during the war, Hamilton Fish at Washington, Ferdinand Ward afterward. His relations to the first-named are discussed in one of Mr. Woodward's most interesting chapters. Rawlins was the Grant family lawyer at Galena, and had no military experience when the war began. Grant made him his brigade adjutant, and thereafter submitted docilely to his domination. Rawlins was a natural pedagogue, a sort of schoolma'am with a beard. He supervised and limited Grant's guzzling; he edited Grant's orders; he made and unmade all other subordinates. "I have heard him curse at Grant," said Charles A. Dana, "when, according to his judgment, the general was doing something that he thought he had better not do. . . . Without him Grant would have not been the same man." Gossip in the army went even further; it credited Rawlins with actually sharing command. "The two together," said James H. Wilson, "constituted a military character of great simplicity, force and singleness of purpose, which has passed into history under the name of Grant."

Rawlins gets his due in Mr. Woodward's story, and so do many of the other great characters of the time, most of them already grown fabulous. The book shows hard study and great shrewdness. It would be hard to surpass, for sound sense, the analysis of Andrew Johnson's vexed and murky personality in the twenty-fourth chapter, or the picture of the Negro freedman which follows it. Here is not only good writing; here is also a highly enlightened point of view. Mr. Woodward is a man of Southern birth and grew up in the midst of the Confederate katzenjammer, but there is no sign of it in his narrative. He is magnificently impartial. The fustian of the Federal patrioteers does not deceive him, but neither is he deceived by the

blather of their opponents. He knows how to be amusing without departing from the strict letter of history. He conceals erudition beneath a charming manner. He has written a biography of great merit. It more than fulfills the promise of his "Washington."

The Origin of Life

WHAT IS LIFE? by Augusta Gaskell. $3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 314 pp. Springfield, Ill.: *Charles C. Thomas.*

Who Mrs. Gaskell may be I don't know. In an introduction to her book Dr. Karl T. Compton, professor of physics at Princeton, certifies that "her discussion of modern atomic physics is accurate, well balanced and worth reading for its own sake," and in another introduction Dr. Raymond Pearl, director of the Institute of Biology at the Johns Hopkins, lets it be known (somewhat more cautiously) that her "discussions of biological problems, particularly that of evolution, have a refreshing novelty and shrewdness which gives them a value by no means negligible." But "Who's Who in America" is silent about her, and I can find no news of her in any other reference book, nor do my spies bring in anything more, save the vague report that she lives somewhere in New Jersey.

Whatever may be said against her theory of the origin and nature of life, it at least has two merits: it posits no force outside the range of atomic physics, and its truth or falsity may be conceivably determined (I say conceivably, not probably) by experiment. Life, as she sees it, is born of the meeting of "a hydrogen ion . . . and an atom or ion of electropositive tendency, crowded together and with their domains overlapping." What follows is complicated, but the end is a union of a positive electron and a negative electron—"not as a hydrogen atom, but as a new and different unit." This unit is the basis of life. "It cannot enter chemical combinations, nor become a charge on an atom," but it can "capture both negative and positive electrons and build up a new structure." And then:

> This new unit that can neither become a charge on an atom nor enter into chemical combination with atoms becomes an intraatomic quantity, by reason of its peculiar constitution, its erratic path, and its peculiar electromagnetic properties. There has then been formed a dual system, a system that is made up of two systems, one of which is material, built up of atoms; the other of which is immaterial, that is, not patterned after the manner of the chemical elements. The immaterial system is intraatomic, and is the determining system: it organizes the material system.

As I hint, it is possible that the atomic physicists, who now talk very confidently about the paths of electrons and even draw diagrams of them, may be able to determine experimentally whether this unnatural marriage of electrons really takes place, but I confess that I'd not like to take the contract to do it, nor even engage myself to read the report of him who does. The physicists have swallowed metaphysics and launch gaily into the highest realms of fancy; their tracts become as hard to read as the monographs of astrologers and theologians. But Mrs. Gaskell does not wait for them. Having set forth her theory, she proceeds to run down its implications. Obviously, one of them is that the creation of life is going on all the time—that new protoplasm is being formed all about us, where the conditions are favorable for electrons to run amuck. Such conditions, the author believes, are to be found in what the surgeons call pre-cancerous lesions. Here there is "indifferent cell material that constitutes a solution of great chemical complexity and contains free ions, and in which a critical concentration of ions develops." The result is a neoplasm. But just how the new "intraatomic system" organizes itself into the highly complicated cells which pathologists recognize—this is not explained.

However, Mrs. Gaskell does not seem to believe that the world's population of higher organisms is reinforced by any such process. The existing species, she says, do not belong to series that are still evolving, but represent series that have reached the limit of their evolution. All of them were started in the remote past, and each

was foreordained, from the beginning, to stop at a certain point. Every one of them, it appears, reached that point long ago, and today we have only completed series. The chimpanzee cannot hope to evolve into a Tennessee Baptist. He must remain a chimpanzee forever, as the Baptist must remain a Baptist. You and I are completed works—botched but completed.

Mrs. Gaskell's tome is not easy reading. The first part of it, a miniature treatise on atomic physics, may seem simple to Professor Compton, but I confess that it strained my seams very badly. However, the book may be mastered by diligence. It is full of cocksure and saucy stuff, but it is also full of genuine novelty. The author has made a wholly new approach to an old problem. Whether or not the physicists will ever be able to put her theory to the test of experiment I don't know. They talk very cheerfully of splitting atoms and heaving electrons about, but I suspect that much of it is mere talk. But if they can really do such things, then Mrs. Gaskell shows them how to do it to some purpose. If she is right, the day it is proved will be a sad day for Genesis.

A Good Man Gone Wrong

DOOMED SHIP, by Judd Gray. $2. 7¼ x 5; 251 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

Mr. Gray went to the chair in Sing Sing, on January 11, 1928, for his share in the butchery of Mrs. Ruth Snyder's husband. The present book was composed in his last days, and appears with the imprimatur of his devoted sister. From end to end of it he protests pathetically that he was, at heart, a good man. I believe him. The fact, indeed, is spread all over his singularly naïve and touching record. He emerges from it as the almost perfect model of the Y. M. C. A. alumnus, the conscientious husband and father, the Christian business man, the virtuous and God-fearing Americano. It was his very virtue, festering within him, that brought him to his appalling doom. Another and more wicked man, caught in the net of La Snyder, would have wriggled out and gone on his way, scarcely pausing to thank God for the fun and the escape. But once poor Judd had yielded to her brummagem seductions, he was done for and he knew it. Touched by sin, he shriveled like a worm on a hot stove. From the first exchange of wayward glances to the final agony in the chair the way was straight and inevitable.

All this sounds like paradox, but I offer it seriously, and as a psychologist of high gifts. What finished the man was not his banal adultery with his suburban sweetie, but his swift and overwhelming conviction that it was mortal sin. The adultery itself was simply in bad taste: it was, perhaps, something to be ashamed of, as stealing a taxi driver's false teeth would be something to be ashamed of, but it was no more. Elks and Shriners do worse every day, and suffer only transient qualms. But to Gray, with his Presbyterian upbringing and his idealistic view of the corset business, the slip was a catastrophe, a calamity. He left his tawdry partner in a daze, marveling that there could be so much sin in the world, and no belch of fire from Hell to stop it. Thereafter his demoralization proceeded from step to step as inexorably and as beautifully as a case of Bright's disease. The woman horrified him, but his very horror became a kind of fascination. He resorted to her as a dry United States Senator resorts to the jug, protestingly, tremblingly and helplessly. In his blinking eyes she became an amalgam of all the Loreleis, with the Rum Demon peeping over her shoulder. Whatever she ordered him to do he did at once, like a man stupified by some diabolical drug. When, in the end, she ordered him to assassinate her oaf of a husband, he proceeded to the business almost automatically, wondering to the last instant why he obeyed and yet no more able to resist than he was able, on the day of retribution, to resist his 2,000 volts.

In his narrative he makes much of this helplessness, and speculates somewhat heavily upon its cause. That cause, as I

hint, is clear enough: he was a sincere Presbyterian, a good man. What is the chief mark of such a good man? That he cannot differentiate rationally between sin and sin—that a gnat gags him as badly as a camel. One hears members of the fraternity arguing quite seriously that bootleggers ought to be hanged—that it is quite as bad to supply the wine for a wedding feast as it is to burn down an orphan asylum. One hears of others chasing fancy women with the fury appropriate to mad dogs, and damning Darwin as a man as bad as Jack the Ripper. So with poor Gray. His initial sin shocked him so vastly that he could think of himself thereafter only as a sinner unspeakable and incorrigible. In his eyes the step from adultery to murder was as natural and inevitable as the step from the cocktail-shaker to the gutter in the eyes of a Methodist bishop. He was rather astonished, indeed, that he didn't beat his wife and embezzle his employers' funds. Once the conviction of sin had seized him he was ready to go the whole hog.

He went, as a matter of record, somewhat beyond it. His crime was of the peculiarly brutal and atrocious kind that only good men commit. An Elk or a Shriner, persuaded to murder Snyder, would have done it with a certain decency. Moreover, he would have demanded a plausible provocation. But Gray, being a good man, performed the job with sickening ferocity, and without asking for any provocation at all. It was sufficient for him that he was full of sin, that God had it in for him, that he was hopelessly damned.

His crime, in fact, was a sort of public ratification of his damnation. It was his way of confessing. If he had any logical motive it was his yearning to get into Hell as soon as possible. In his book, to be sure, he speaks of Hell under the name of Heaven. But that is mere blarney, set down for the comfort of his family. He was too good a Presbyterian to have any illusions on the point: he was, in fact, an amateur theologian of very respectable attainments. He went to the chair fully expecting to be in Hell in twenty seconds.

There are some confusions in his story, and not unnaturally, for it was written mainly in the death-house and its last pages were done less than an hour before his execution. His sister has deleted certain "matter without meaning" and "occasional hysterical religious expressions," but the narrative, we are assured by the publisher, is otherwise unmolested. It seems to me that it is a human document of immense interest and value, and that it deserves a great deal more serious study than it will probably get. Its moral is plain. Sin is a dangerous toy in the hands of the virtuous. It should be left to the congenitally sinful, who know when to play with it and when to let it alone. Run a boy through Sunday-school and you must police him carefully all the rest of his life, for once he slips he is ready for anything.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

JOHN ARMSTRONG *was born in Chicago. He has been a hotel waiter, an usher in a Harlem vaudeville theatre, and a doorman. He is now working on a novel.*

H. LE B. BERCOVICI *is the son of Konrad Bercovici. He has had much newspaper experience, and is at present on the staff of the* American Press, *a magazine for newspaper publishers and advertising men.*

ELBRIDGE COLBY *is a captain in the United States Army. His article in this issue is to be reprinted next Fall in the first volume of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.*

S. BERT COOKSLEY *was born in England and educated at the University of California. He has been a hobo, a sailor and an editor.*

H. L. DAVIS *is a native of Oregon but now lives in the State of Washington. He has worked as printer's devil, sheep-herder, harvest hand, deputy sheriff and country editor.*

KNIGHT DUNLAP, Ph.D. (Harvard), *is professor of experimental psychology at the Johns Hopkins. He is the editor of the* Journal of Comparative Psychology *and of* Comparative Psychology Monographs. *His early assaults on the old introspective psychology have done much toward making the science really scientific, and his experimental work has broken many new paths.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, Ph.D. (Harvard), *is a frequent contributor to* THE AMERICAN MERCURY. *His article in this issue is to form a part of a book, "Studies in American Music."*

EMORY HOLLOWAY *is professor of English at Adelphi College. He has for many years been known as a Whitman specialist, and his "Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative" was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1927.*

B. VIRGINIA LEE *is a Californian and was educated at Mills College. She was for three years editor of the* Overland Monthly *at San Francisco, and has written books for children.*

MALVINA LINDSAY *was born in Kansas City, and is a graduate of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. She was employed on the Kansas City* Post *from 1911 to 1922 and has been on the staff of the Kansas City* Journal-Post *ever since. She is also staff feature correspondent of the Universal Service.*

CAREY MCWILLIAMS *was born in Colorado, and is now living in Los Angeles, where he is practising law. He has been engaged for some time upon a biography of Ambrose Bierce.*

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN *was born in San Juan, Porto Rico, in 1898, his father being at the time the first and only autonomous Premier Porto Rico has had. He was educated in Porto Rico and at Georgetown University. He has been editor of* La Revista de Indias, *a Pan-American magazine formerly published in New York, and of* La Democracia, *the oldest daily paper in Porto Rico. Last year he was appointed Economic Commissioner of the Legislature of Porto Rico in the United States.*

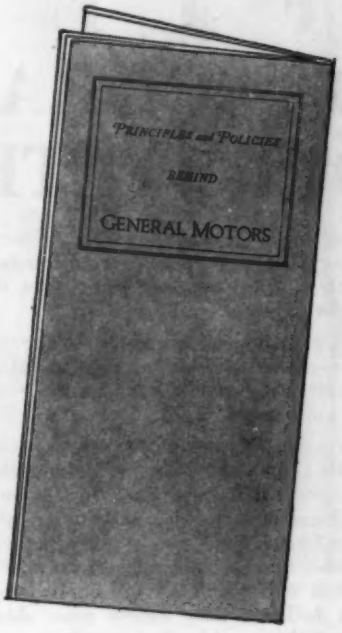
MURIEL MOORE *is the great-granddaughter of Thurlow Weed. She was born in Boston, but spent most of her childhood abroad.*

ALBERT LINDSAY O'NEALE, JR., *was born in Dallas, Texas, where he now lives.*

H. H. SAWYER *is a judge of the Municipal Court at Des Moines, Ia. He was educated at Morningside College, Sioux City, and practised law for a number of years.*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *is assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore. He was formerly on the staff of the Baltimore* Sun.

PRINCIPLES *and* POLICIES *behind* GENERAL MOTORS



"OUR PRINCIPLES completely expressed, as I see them—and they apply to every other business as much as they do to that of General Motors—are: Get the facts; recognize the equities of all concerned; realize the necessity of doing a better job every day; an open mind and hard work. The last is the most important of all. There is no short cut." . . . . . .

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.,
President of General Motors

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, it is the custom of General Motors to issue special booklets from time to time for the information of its stockholders, employees, dealers and the public generally. Many of the principles and policies outlined in these booklets apply to every other business as much as they do to that of General Motors.

This booklet, "PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES BEHIND GENERAL MOTORS," together with the series of booklets to stockholders, will be mailed free, upon request to Department Q-1, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th St., New York, N. Y.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
BUICK • LaSALLE • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS and COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator *DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants*

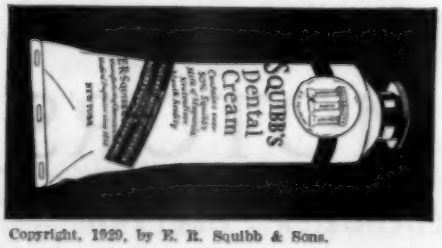
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH?

Every day—probably twice a day—perhaps even oftener, you clean your teeth. And then, with a sense of duty done, you dismiss all thought of your teeth.

Now, if all you care about is the appearance of your teeth, that *may* do. But if you want sound teeth and healthy gums, you must consider another point:

The most important reason for cleaning your teeth is to neutralize the dangerous acids in your mouth that cause decay and gum infections. These acids form in pits on the grinding surfaces of your teeth and at The Danger Line, the crevices where teeth and gums meet. No tooth-brush can reach all these pits and crevices. It follows, that unless your dentifrice neutralizes these acids they continue to attack your teeth and gums regardless of your brushing.

That is why millions of people are turning to Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Milk of Magnesia positively prevents acids from harming the teeth or gums. When you brush your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream, tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia get into all these remote pits and crevices, thoroughly neutralizing mouth acids and protecting the teeth and gums. Use it regularly and be safeguarded. Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—only 40 cents for a large tube.



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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Editorial NOTES

Dr. Logan Clendening's article, "Health Audits," in the October issue, has brought the following caveat from Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whose article, "Life, Death and the Negro," in the September, 1927, issue will be remembered:

> In the fourth section of his article Dr. Clendening does Dr. Knight and me the kindness to refer to our writings as the only scientific warrant for any favorable consideration of the periodic health examination as a method of prolonging life. But, unfortunately, he must have read our writings very hurriedly. He makes the point that the 6,000 persons "when originally examined, constituted a highly selected group—they were, by the terms of the case, without symptoms and, therefore, considered themselves well. . . . Therefore, it was assumed to begin with that this group would have an extremely low death rate."
>
> Nothing could be further from the truth. On page 15 of Dr. Knight's presidential address before the annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors in October, 1921, he pointed out that the 6,000 examined persons could be classified under four main heads. The first consisted of 1,620 policyholders, or 27% of the total, whose defects on examination were so trivial that we would not hesitate to consider them preferred risks. There was a second group of 1,269 persons, or 21%, who showed minor impairments on examination which would justify issuing Ordinary insurance on their lives. There was also a third group of 1,728 persons, or 29% of the total, whose examination showed such defects as albumin in the urine in such amounts that the great majority of them would have been limited to sub-Standard policies.
>
> The fourth class, however, is the crux of the whole matter. There were 1,370 people, or 23% of the total, who on this examination were found to be so impaired that they would have been rejected for Standard insurance policies. "They include persons with high blood pressure, or-

Continued on page xxxvi

There is no standing still . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

During the past two years 6000 switchboards have been reconstructed in the larger cities served by the Bell System to enable the operators to give a more direct and faster service.

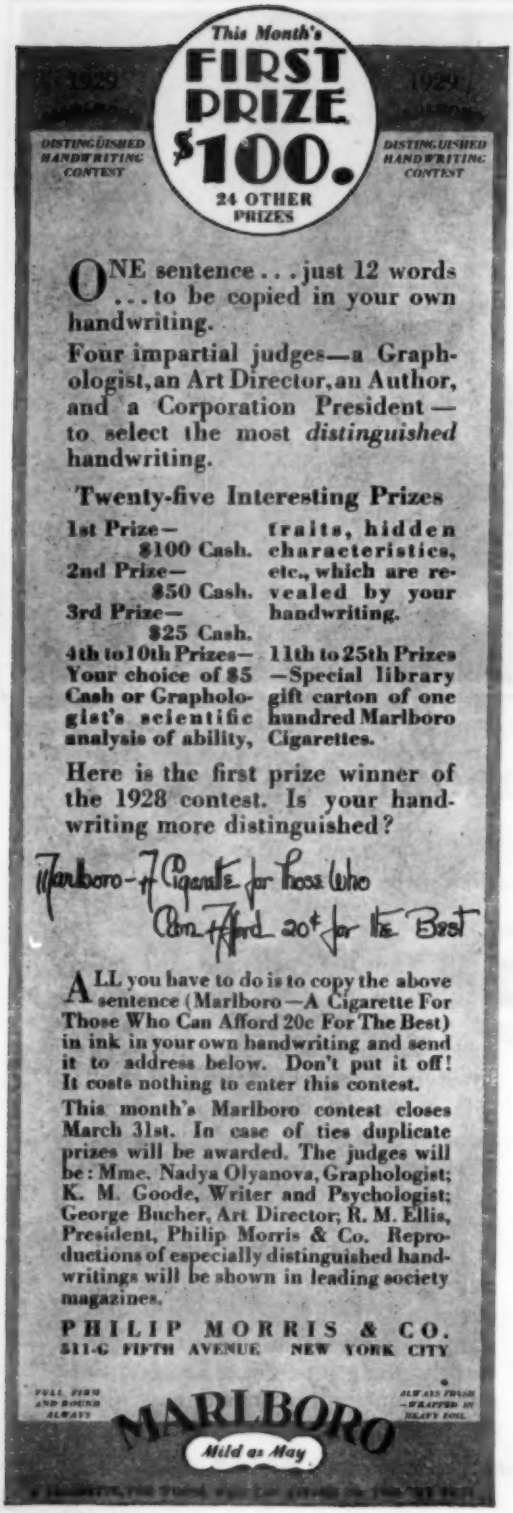
Previously in towns where there were more than one central office, your operator would hold you on the line while she got the operator at the other central office on an auxiliary pair of wires. Now she connects directly with the other central office and repeats the number you want to the other operator. You hear her do this so that you can correct her if there is any mistake.

This little change cost millions of dollars. Likewise, it saves millions of minutes a day for the public and it has cut down the number of errors by a third.

It is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give direct, high-speed telephone service.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"


This Month's
FIRST PRIZE
$100.
24 OTHER PRIZES
1929
DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING CONTEST
1929
DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING CONTEST
ONE sentence . . . just 12 words . . . to be copied in your own handwriting.
Four impartial judges—a Graphologist, an Art Director, an Author, and a Corporation President—to select the most distinguished handwriting.
Twenty-five Interesting Prizes
1st Prize— $100 Cash.
2nd Prize— $50 Cash.
3rd Prize— $25 Cash.
4th to 10th Prizes— Your choice of $5 Cash or Graphologist's scientific analysis of ability, traits, hidden characteristics, etc., which are revealed by your handwriting.
11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of one hundred Marlboro Cigarettes.
Here is the first prize winner of the 1928 contest. Is your handwriting more distinguished?
Marlboro—A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best
ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.
This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
511-G FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
FULL FLAVOR AND ROUND ALWAYS
ALWAYS FRESH—WRAPPED IN HEAVY FOIL
MARLBORO
Mild as May

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

ganic heart disease, lung troubles and other organic diseases." On pages 18 and 19 of this report, Dr. Knight gave the details of the defects of these 1,370 people. No one who had read these pages could possibly have made the mistake that Dr. Clendening has fallen into, namely, to suppose that these were well people who had availed themselves of the privilege of the health examination. A quarter of the entire group of 6,000 were very far from well. They had *selected* themselves for this examination to be sure, but not because they were well but because they were sick and in need of a diagnosis of their condition which many were not getting in the ordinary course of their medical contacts.

The reference that Dr. Clendening makes to the experience of young insurance companies is, therefore, far from the mark. It is true insurance companies experience low death rates on their new policyholders. That is because their applicants have been recently examined and the sick people excluded. But these Metropolitan policyholders were not recently insured. Of the 6,000, 55% had been insured for a period under five years and 45% over five years, or after the selection period was over, that is, after any benefit might accrue from the selection exercised by the company. There is, therefore, no analogy between the newly accepted risks of a young insurance company and the experience of these 6,000 matured policyholders of the Metropolitan, nearly half of whom had been insured for a considerable period. Moreover, these 6,000 men were not in the freshness of life, a third of them were over 45 years old. They were, in fact, a fairly good sample of the insured to whom the offer of the examination was made in 1914, no better, no worse. But it is interesting to observe that the greatest saving in mortality was found among the older men. Thus, among those who were between 40 and 50 years old, the saving in mortality was 22%; among those who were between 50 and 60, it was 53%. These facts confirm the very prevalent impression that it is at these ages of middle life that the periodic medical examination can accomplish its greatest good.

Dr. Clendening falls into another error when he minimizes the significance of the saving of 18% in mortality which we believe resulted from the periodic examination. He is under the impression that this 18% saving was on the basis of an insurance mortality table. But we were very careful to say that it was on the actual experience of the whole body of Ordi-

Continued on page xxxviii

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

"LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS." *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* SERGEI SOUDEIKINE

While there are still differences of opinion regarding Stravinsky's famous ballet, it is interesting to note that in 15 years the critical fraternity has come to accept it almost to a man. The public estimate is scarcely less enthusiastic. Its influence upon contemporary music has been widespread and profound.

* * *

THERE is such a wealth of enjoyment in the ownership of a fine piano . . . such a plenitude of power, and companionship, and beauty, that in cultivated homes it is numbered among the necessities of life.

Such people realize that music is as vital to the soul as air and food are to the body. They find in the piano the most personal and intimate means of ministering to that need. And in the Steinway they find the most exquisitely responsive, the most superbly endowed of all pianos.

For more than 75 years the Steinway has been the acknowledged leader among pianos, wherever good music is performed. Its extraordinary qualities of tone and sensitivity have placed it in a class by itself. Virtually every musician of note, from Wagner to Igor Stravinsky, has chosen it both for personal and concert use.

Yet despite its striking superiority, the Steinway is actually among the most economical of pianos. For 30, 40, and even 50 years or more it will serve you well, as only the best and finest things can do. Calculated on the basis of cost-per-year, it is *less expensive than any other instrument.* . . . And you need never buy another piano.

* * *

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

STEINWAY & SONS

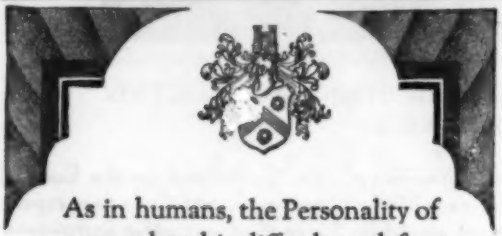
Steinway Hall

109 West 57th Street, New York

CHARLES
OF
LONDON

OLD
PANELLED
ROOMS

NEW YORK: 2 West 56th St.
LONDON: 56 New Bond St.



As in humans, the Personality of a great hotel is difficult to define . . . At The ROOSEVELT one senses this subtle quality in the character of its surroundings—the spirit of interested attention—the nuances of service—which have won such favor among cultivated people.

1100 Rooms—Single or En Suite

THE ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

nary policyholders of the Company. In other words, these 6,000 persons in spite of the impairments we found to exist among them, had a mortality 18% lower than other Metropolitan policyholders of the same ages and of the same insurance years.

Therein lies the significance of the finding of the saving of 18%. If we compared the actual mortality of these 6,000 men with the tables usually used by the companies to evaluate their mortality in their gain and loss exhibits, the saving would have been not 18% but 47%. That figure appears very clearly on page 14 of Dr. Knight's address. "The group as a whole gave a mortality rate of 53% of the American Experience Table."

With Dr. Clendening's conclusions as to the efficacy of periodic health examinations I have no concern. He and many other doctors prefer the good old way of practicing medicine, namely, to wait until people break down and then to treat them for their troubles. But this point of view has very little vogue these days in the better medical schools and among the leaders of the profession.

To which Dr. Clendening replies:

As to the statistical points which Dr. Dublin brings up, the chief difference between us seems to be that he says his group were unselected and I think they were a selected group. They were able to be up and about; none were sick in bed, nor thought they were in imminent danger of death. Dr. Dublin points out that after the examination they were classified into four groups, one of which was so impaired as to be unavailable for life insurance. But it must be plain that the selection occurred *after*, not before, examination. And if, as Dr. Dublin says, 23% of his group were sick and came for the examination because they were in need of a diagnosis, then this vitiates the very terms of the nature of periodic health examinations, which are that the applicants are to be examined *before* symptoms have made their appearance, that it is to be "preclinical." Dr. Dublin's correction seems to consist in pointing out to me that in his group 77% could pass a life insurance examination and 55% had actually done so within five years. If that does not constitute a selected group, I own my confusion.

As to his point about the difference between the comparative saving between the total experience of the company and the American ex-

Continued on page xl

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Reproduction from a painting made on the estate of John N. Willys, Center Island, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, by Frank Swift Chase

Among prominent persons and institutions served by the Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

LORADO TAFT
GROSVENOR ATTERBURY
LOUISE du PONT CROWNINSHIELD
WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE
STANLEY RESOR
ANDORA NURSERIES, INC.
BAPTIST BIBLE INSTITUTE
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
FRANK VANDERLIP
OMAHA COUNTRY CLUB
INDIANA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

There is no half-good in Tree Surgery

You would not employ a blacksmith to treat your teeth nor a carpenter to operate on your body. However expert they may be, they deal with inanimate objects and have no technical knowledge or skill with reference to the problems of living things.

You must buy Tree Surgery service on faith. Living trees of any reasonable size are almost priceless. If they require attention you cannot take any chances. This is a highly specialized profession, requiring adequate scientific knowledge and high personal skill that can come only from thorough training under master Tree Surgeons.

The Davey Company says to you with all possible emphasis that there is no half-good in the treatment of trees. This statement is made after more than half a century of experience by a national institution now doing a business of nearly $3,000,000 a year, and having in its employ more than a thousand real experts.

And yet this reliable service costs less than any professional work in America. 76% of Davey clients pay less than $100 each. 21,608 clients were served last year—between Boston and Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf.

Furthermore, Davey Tree Surgeons are actually local to you. They are not sent to you from Ohio for your individual work: they are trained in Ohio and are carefully supervised regularly, but they live and work in your vicinity.

The Davey Company guarantees satisfactory service. You pay only for actual working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage. Your trees are certainly worth this reliable service.

Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for address of nearest representative, who will examine your trees without cost or obligation.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 175 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe . . . kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. -:-Palaces, chateaux, gardens.-:-The wars of Clovis, the fetes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette.-:- What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been? . . . and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat . . . with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard.-:-Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth . . . then Le Havre, a covered pier . . . three hours . . . *Paris itself!*

Mediterranean Cruises by the "France", Feb. 7th and March 14th

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

perience table, I regret that I know quite as well as Dr. Dublin the difference between the two. I took some pains to point out that as time went on the percentage of saving on the basis of the company's experience was getting smaller and smaller. Nor am I able to see how Dr. Dublin takes much comfort in the figures of his group by quoting Dr. Knight to the effect that the saving was 53% of the American Experience Table when the Gain and Loss exhibit of the insurance companies (1927) gives precisely that figure of saving for all companies, irrespective of periodic health examination. The actual fact, as I first stated, is that on account of the smallness of their numbers and shortness of the observation period Dr. Dublin's figures prove nothing and neither he nor I will know the real facts as to the value of periodic health examinations until 1988.

Dr. Dublin takes occasion to inform me what way I prefer to practise medicine and designates it as old fashioned, adding that it is little in vogue these days "in the better medical schools and among leaders of the profession." I must ask Dr. Dublin to nominate these schools and these leaders. I am fairly well acquainted with most of the men who teach medicine in the better and even some of the worse medical schools and I have yet to hear one express views favorable to Dr. Dublin's cause. To be specific, Dr. M. L. Harris of Chicago is president-elect of the American Medical Association and hence may fairly be termed a leader of the profession. He read in my hearing a few months ago in Omaha a paper on periodic health examinations in which he expressed an opinion by no means favorable to such procedures. Again, the McGill University Medical School might be called, without hyperbole, "a better medical school." The present incumbent of the chair of medicine there, formerly occupied by Sir William Osler, is Dr. Jonathan C. Meakins. In conversation with me lately he said that he had made up his mind that except for picking up a few cases of glycosuria, periodic health examinations were utterly useless, even harmful.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March will be the following:

"More Money for Less Education," by *H. E. Buchholz.*

"Americanization in Samoa," by *Margaret Mead.*

"Bible Engineers," by *Arturo F. Ratti.*

"The Sports Section," by *William Henry Nugent.*

I smoke a Lucky

whenever I crave over-rich pastries which fatten"

George Gershwin

George Gershwin
composer of the famous "Rhapsody in Blue"

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

George Gershwin
Noted Composer

"When people ask me how I keep in physical trim—with no excess weight, my answer is, 'I just smoke a Lucky whenever I crave over-rich pastries which fatten'. There's nothing to equal that wonderful toasted flavor, so appetizing, yet never interfering with one's normal appetite for healthful foods."

GEORGE GERSHWIN

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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Chicago

lifts her mighty bridges with electric power supplied by this company. With remarkable rapidity, electricity performs a duty otherwise difficult—thereby helping speed vehicle traffic without hindering river commerce. This task well accomplished is another significant manifestation of Edison Service in the daily life of this great city.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 137 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

Go to Soviet Russia

Intellectuals, social workers and professional men and women are welcomed most cordially in Soviet Russia. . . .

. . . . where the world's most gigantic social experiment is being made—amidst a galaxy of picturesque nationalities, wondrous scenery, splendid architecture and exotic civilizations.

Send for Booklet A which explains how it can be done with little money.

AMALGAMATED BANK

Travel Dept.

11-15 Union Sq. New York City

The INVESTOR

FOREIGN SECURITIES

By Rudolph L. Weissman

Until the offering of the five year 6% Argentine loan in May, 1915, and of the famous Anglo-French joint loan in October of the same year, the United States was regarded chiefly as a field for investment, rather than as a market for the sale of foreign securities. The wealth which poured into this country as a result of the war, coupled with the impoverishment of Europe, has made the United States a creditor nation. About $2,700,000,000 net was owed by us at the outbreak of the World War. We are now, on balance, a creditor nation to the extent of at least $17,500,000,000.

The foreign government obligations offered in this country in the period 1915-1926, and especially in the post-war period, were characterized generally by high coupon rates, extremely favorable sinking fund and redemption provisions, and, in the case of the nations ranking below the highest credit standing, by special security. The high coupon rates were, in part, the result of credit conditions prevailing throughout the world. Despite the favorable features of these loans, distribution was not an easy task. It was made more difficult by the condition of the domestic bond market. Newspaper accounts of political disruption and economic chaos in Europe were not helpful. In addition, once the war ardor had subsided—it had never been raised to fever pitch in financial matters—American investors regarded skeptically the bond issues of the newly created States.

The early issues were, as a whole, genuine

Continued on page xliv

No. 2 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

Fruit Jars and Dividends . . .

ONE glass plant used the electricity furnished by a subsidiary of the American Water Works and Electric Company in the making of 25,000,000 fruit jars last year.

A necessity serving another necessity. . .

Basic industries in 17 states, depending upon our economical and reliable service of water or electricity, help to pay the interest and dividends of the American Water Works and Electric Company and its group of public utilities.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished upon request.]

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what a whale of a difference just a few *words* make

YES
and what a whale of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

bargains, and American banks and investment institutions used educational publicity in a manner which would have done credit to the intelligence offices of Great Powers.

With the partial recovery of Europe, and the return of London and other capital lending centres to a competitive position, borrowers were enabled to ask for less onerous terms. American investors profited by advancing prices for many of the early bond issues. Aided by the plethora of capital seeking investment and lower interest rates, foreign offerings mounted to a startling degree. South American, German and Italian bonds were most numerous. The situation reached a point where evidences of laxness, growing out of the eagerness to procure issues, were in evidence. Broadly speaking, issues with a lower investment rating, priced relatively high, were in 1926 and 1927 absorbed more readily than sounder obligations had been three or four years before. The reports of the Agent General for Reparations, and of the Advisory Council in the Summer of 1927 chilled the market in German issues. French offerings were held back because of the ban placed against them by the State Department. English bankers, in private conversation, have questioned the security of a number of foreign bonds sold here.

The factors to be considered in testing the attractiveness of a government loan are well-known. Among the leading features sought for, although not, of course, in the same degree, are a balanced budget, a stable currency redeemable in gold, a sound internal economic status and favorable trade relations with other nations, a capacity for self-government which will survive the transfer of political power without turbulence and bloodshed, large productive resources, a growing national income, a fair distribution of wealth, etc.

Continued on page xlvi

Some day a Town!

JUST as hundreds of American towns today occupy spaces which were open and unsettled within this generation's memory, so many open spaces of today will be thriving towns tomorrow. New requirements of trade, new transportation arteries, new discoveries of natural resources create towns almost overnight in this country of growth and change.

Widely diffused electric power, available wherever it is needed, clears the way for these developments. As communities come into being they call for the efficiencies of electric service and the living conveniences which electric light and power make possible. Their growth is accelerated by the swift satisfaction of this basic community need.

The transmission lines of the Middle West Utilities System serve more than three thousand communities—most of them small and medium-sized. And further, they blanket the countryside of large areas of twenty-eight states, ready to serve almost instantaneously the demands which may arise along their course.

Middle West Utilities Company

"HEALTH" is written between the lines of a typical HAMBURG-AMERICAN MENU

GOOD food is no small matter aboard Hamburg-American liners. The choicest viands prepared by the most expert chefs, served by experienced stewards in tastefully decorated salons, combine to make every meal an anticipated occasion when going "Across the Atlantic".

PLEASURE CRUISES

To the West Indies
S. S. RELIANCE
From New York
Feb. 23 — 27 days Mar. 27 — 16 days

To Northern Wonderlands
S. S. RELIANCE
From New York
June 29 — 36 days to Iceland, Spitzbergen, Norway and the North Cape.
Rates $800 up include return passage to New York

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xliv

Against this there should not be a disproportionate *per capita* debt. The most deceptive element is that of wealth. Repayment of interest and principal cannot be made out of undeveloped resources. Statistical tabulations, although involving painstaking effort, should not be taken too seriously.

Government obligations, or as they are sometimes called, public securities, differ fundamentally from the obligations of private corporations. They are issued principally on the basis of the good faith of the debtor. Special security is often of little value. Repudiation may occur when revolutionists refuse to recognize the obligations incurred by the over-thrown government; depreciation in the purchasing power of the currency in which the obligations are made payable, is, in effect, partial repudiation, or there may be an outright default. Russia has become the classic example of the first, Germany, and to some extent France and Italy, of the second, and Mexico of the third.

Currency inflation has been a continued source of controversy. For example, an external Costa Rican loan issued before the war was made payable in French currency. After the franc had depreciated, the bondholders claimed payment of interest in gold francs instead of currency. Finally, an agreement was made between the Republic of Costa Rica and the National Association of French Bondholders, providing for the purchase of the bonds outstanding by Costa Rica at the rate of $50 a bond of 500 francs, together with accrued interest. The bondholders thus received at the rate of 10 cents a franc, although the franc was quoted around one-half this figure in the foreign exchange markets.

It is thus not surprising that internal obligations have not been popular, and that practically all the offerings in recent years

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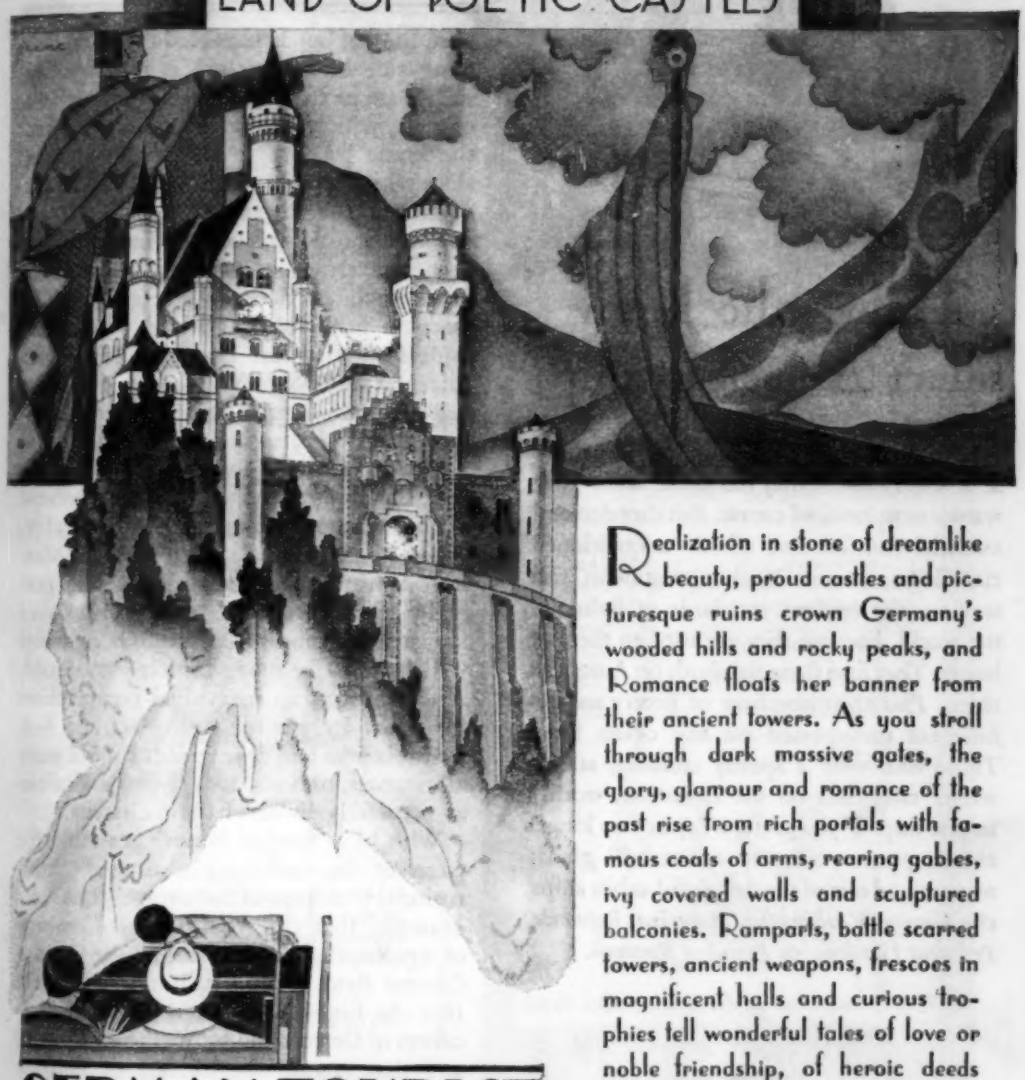
GERMANY
LAND OF POETIC CASTLES



Realization in stone of dreamlike beauty, proud castles and picturesque ruins crown Germany's wooded hills and rocky peaks, and Romance floats her banner from their ancient towers. As you stroll through dark massive gates, the glory, glamour and romance of the past rise from rich portals with famous coats of arms, rearing gables, ivy covered walls and sculptured balconies. Ramparts, battle scarred towers, ancient weapons, frescoes in magnificent halls and curious trophies tell wonderful tales of love or noble friendship, of heroic deeds and glorious fights. Each castle has enchanting legends, inspirations for the world's sublimest poetry. German castles revive and reveal more of the past than all written history. You live history when traveling in beautiful Germany.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlvi

have been of bonds payable in dollars. The other side of the picture is presented by such loans as the Kingdom of Denmark 6's of 1922, which were made at a time when the krone was worth less than 18 cents, since which time it has recovered to its par of exchange, 26.8 cents.

As a class, government obligations have been the safest investment. Self-interest alone dictates that honest attempts be made to fulfill obligations. Nevertheless, aside from the vast losses resulting from currency inflation, the number of defaults has been sufficiently large to warn investors against indiscriminate purchases.

External obligations are, as a rule, preferred to internal bonds, not only because of the currency factor. Where a general revision of debt is made, such as in the Mexican Agreement, external obligations generally fare better. A nation backward industrially knows that future borrowings will have to be made principally abroad. Again, just as an individual compromises his debts by paying strangers, and feels that relatives and dear friends should make allowances, nations, too, regard difficulties as peculiarly those of their citizens.

Who buys foreign bonds? Scanning the pages of the 1928–1929 edition of "Institutional Holdings of Securities," I find, for example, that the Apollo Trust Company of Apollo, Pa., has invested in the German Central Bank for Agriculture 6's of 1960, that the Finland loan is held by the Maccabees of Detroit and by Wellesley College, and that among the holders of Bolivian bonds are the Erie Trust Company, the Imperial Life Assurance Company and Vanderbilt University. Individual investors with small means hold aloof from foreign securities. Wealthy investors are more likely to place 10 to 15% of their invested funds in foreigns, for in this way they raise the return on the total.

Continued on page l

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The INVESTOR

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The bonds of mortgage institutions in Germany seem to me to be more secure than some of the municipal loans. I am more favorably inclined toward the bonds of the weaker South American countries than toward those of the same class in Europe. The pre-war, low coupon, sterling bonds of a number of nations are equally secure as the high coupon American dollar bonds, and sell at prices which make the return greater. German internal obligations can be bought at lower prices than the same issues denominated in dollars.

According to a recent compilation published by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the total of foreign corporate bonds sold in the period 1914-1927 was approximately $3,000,000,000 out of a total of $11,600,000,000 of all securities publicly offered in this country. Corporate stocks, both preferred and common, were offered in the amount of only $473,000,000. Of 1571 different bond and stock offerings, only 174 were stock issues. Public utility, railway and financial securities have been preferred by American investors.

For the same reason that government flotations in this country have been, almost without exception, dollar bonds, those of private corporations have also been denominated in dollars. Paralleling attractive government offerings in the first years of large foreign offerings, corporate obligations belied the maxim that high yield and security cannot go hand in hand. Conversion privileges and warrants for the purchase of common stock are not generally given away. The investor usually pays for them. To aid in the distribution of the earlier corporate bonds, conversion privileges and warrants were attached, many of which proved to be extremely profitable.

A committee appointed by the New York Stock Exchange advised that only foreign securities payable in currency possessing a

Continued on page lii

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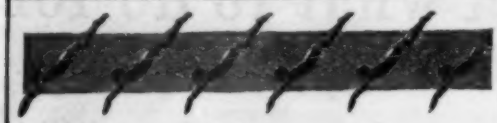

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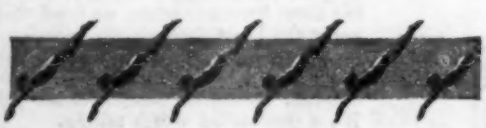


The INVESTOR

Continued from page l

definite and official gold value, or securities of a country with a gold currency, be accepted for listing. With recent experience in currency inflation in mind, many years will have elapsed before American investors place funds in internal securities of countries whose currency is in a doubtful position.

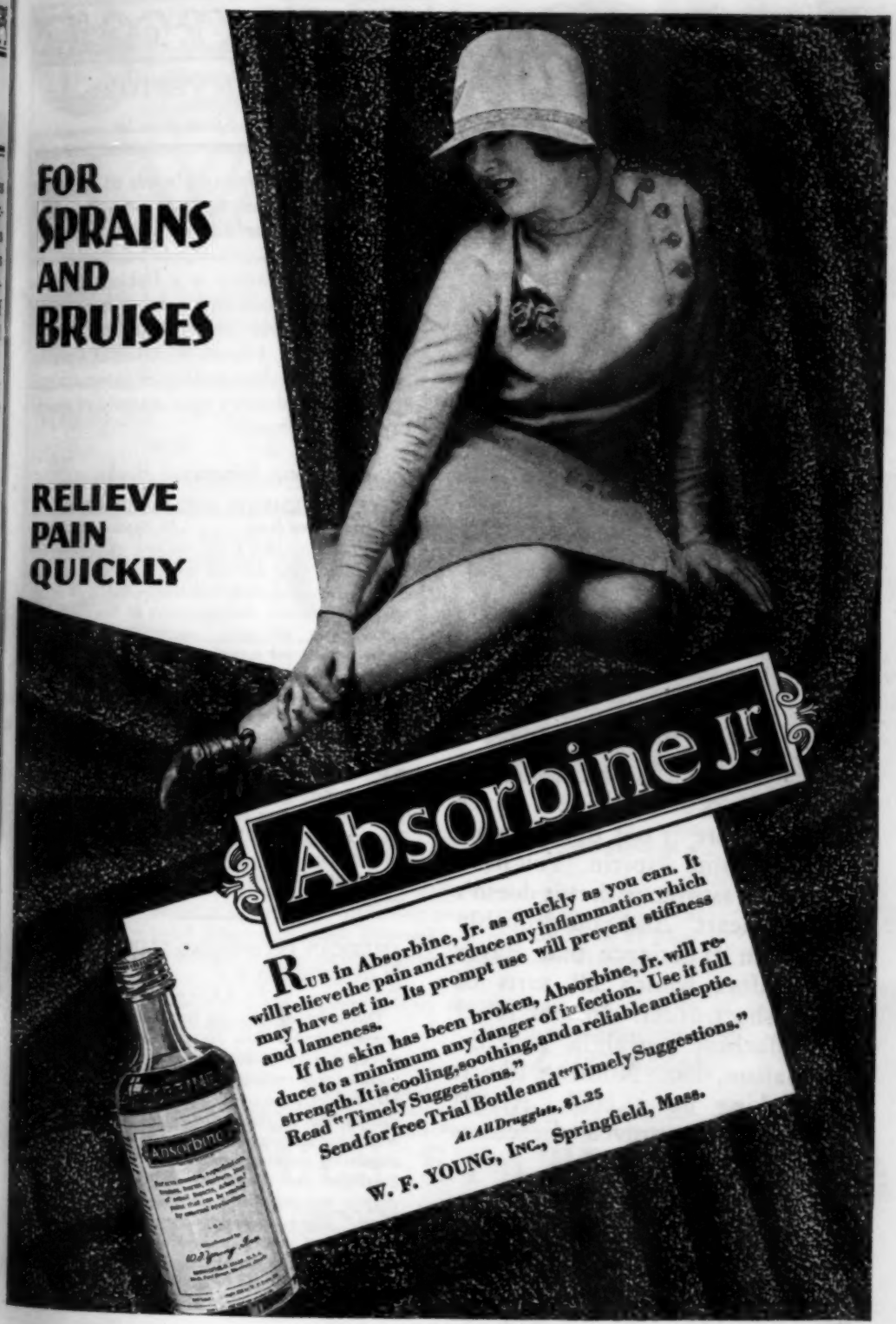
American investors have cause to complain about the balance sheets and income accounts of many domestic corporations. Yet, the reports issued by Continental corporations make statistical analysis even more difficult. It is common knowledge that the real estate holdings of the principal French banks are carried in the balance sheets at only a small fraction of their actual worth. Income accounts, as a rule, show profits only slightly in excess of dividend disbursements. Wherever taxes are heavy, the tendency is to understate net income. In many foreign countries legal reserves have to be established. The German Reichsbank in 1927 charged off for special reserves RM. 47,900,000 from operating profit, compared with total operating expenses of RM. 75,000,000. In the three years ended 1927, the Rhine-Westphalia Electric Power Corporation deducted 27.3% of its gross revenues for depreciation, maintenance and renewals. English accounting practice is a byword for conservatism.

Moody's Investors Service has published an index of the average yield of bonds in various classes. Recently, the yields obtainable were as follows:

Rating	*Railroad*	*Utility*	*Industrial*	*Foreign*
Aaa	4.47	4.63	4.61	5.19
Aa	4.66	4.82	4.95	5.73
A	4.98	5.20	5.14	6.57
Baa	5.37	5.54	5.87	7.24

It will be observed that in the Aaa class the average yield of domestic railroad, public utility and industrial bonds was

Continued on page liv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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lii

4.56%, whereas foreign bonds of the same group sold at an average price to yield 5.19%. A similar disparity existed in the other groups.

Capital migration is a fascinating subject. It has a cultural value which those who do not invest in foreign securities may not appreciate. I know of no better starting point to an understanding of international economic tendencies than a study of world capital movements.

New Financial Books

STOCK MOVEMENTS AND SPECULATION.
By Frederic Drew Bond — *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 — 8¼ x 5¾; 194 pp. — *New York*

Mr. Bond is at his best when discussing the psychology of speculation, the manipulation of stocks, speculative tactics, and the errors of the public. His comments on "averaging," successful imaginary trading and disastrous actual ventures in the market, are shrewd, and the chapters on "Corporate Control," "Market Control" and "The Floating Supply" are excellent. Mr. Bond estimates that 95% of stock transactions are speculative. The chapter on "The Trend and the Market Discount" and that dealing with the credit and stock prices are, however, inadequate. The writer has succumbed to the theory that the Reserve system has "swept away the old cycle of business." There are a selected bibliography and an index. The bibliography omits reference to Dewing's work on corporation finance, which is easily the best work on the subject.

AMERICAN INVESTMENT TRUSTS.
By John Francis Fowler, Jr. — *Harper & Brothers*
$5 — 8¾ x 5¾; 415 pp. — *New York*

This is by all odds the best study of American investment trusts thus far published. It is marked throughout by a realistic treatment and an intimate knowledge of the internal problems of administration. Mr. Fowler is an officer of an investment trust, and the manager of the statistical department of a firm which has sponsored a number of issues. Particularly interesting are the chapters on "Management of the Portfolio" and "Promotion Policies," as well as the chapter entitled "How to Invest in an Investment Trust." There are appendices embracing a classified directory of American investment trusts, specimen charters, by-laws, indentures and financial statements, also a comprehensive bibliography. John Moody contributes an introduction. The book has an index.

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Preventing Cancer and Tuberculosis

These ravaging foes need not be dreaded if they are fought in the early stages. Dr. J. H. J. Upham tells, in the February HYGEIA, unmistakable signs by which they may be recognized.

How to Keep Well in the "Danger Months"

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